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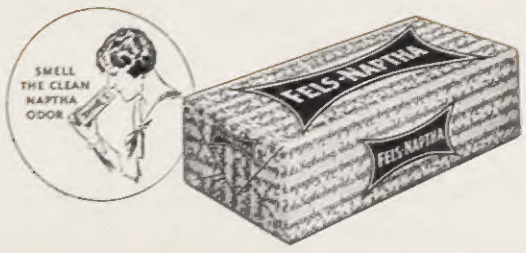

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher

VOL. XXX. No. 10 JULY, 1929

EDITORIAL

The $5,000.00 Achievement Award

ON AUGUST 1st, recommendations must be in for Pictorial Review's Annual Achievement Award of $5,000 to the American woman who, in the opinion of our committee, has made the most distinctive contribution to American life up to and including the year 1928. Another name will be added to the roster of our woman's Hall of Fame.

Reviewing the awards already made, we find that this tribute to women's endeavor is becoming an ever-growing factor in the encouragement of American culture.

In 1923 it was given to Mrs. Edward MacDowell, whose colony at Peterboro, N. H., has enabled many of our most distinguished artists to do their best work in an environment away from the distraction of an interfering world.

In 1924 it went to Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, whose "moonlight schools" in the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky have removed the blight of illiteracy from the lives of thousands of older men and women.

In 1925 Miss Sara Graham-Mulhall received it for her efforts in fighting the traffic in narcotics.

In 1926 Miss Eva Le Gallienne was recognized for her accomplishment in the Civic Repertory Theater of New York, whereby the best drama, well directed and admirably acted, has been brought within reach of even the poor.

In 1927 it was bestowed upon Miss Martha Berry of Mt. Berry, Ga., for her fine work in founding and maintaining the Berry Schools, making it possible for thousands of girls and boys in the rural districts of the South to receive an education that would otherwise have been denied them.

These decisions by our competent judges have been more than pleasing to us.

But there are a myriad worlds in which women have become conquerors. There is a host of women in this land who have won their way to greatness. And there is no finer way of paying them the honor they deserve, and of encouraging other women to real achievement, than by the recognition afforded by our award.

Two questions naturally arising, and which have been asked of us many times, are: "What, in the pattern of the award, constitutes a real achievement?" "What must a woman have done to be an eligible candidate?"

Any American woman, by birth or naturalization, who, by her own personal effort, has carried forward or completed a piece of work which, by its power for good, has furthered the well-being of our nation as a whole, is a qualified candidate.

This does not necessarily signify that she must be a woman of renown. It is often the way of the great to hide their light under a bushel. We have many women who have made lasting and definite contributions to the fields of art, science, education, and social welfare who are known to only a few. But it does mean that the work for which a candidate is recommended, in order that she may be eligible for the award, even tho it be local in its application, must be far-reaching enough in its effects to have accomplished a general good.

It is not enough, for example, for a woman to have been a successful trained nurse. There are thousands of these fine women throughout the country, all of them deserving of high praise. But their work is not distinctive unless through it they have devised some new method of easing pain or caring for the sick which has been accepted and applied over a wide area with proved results to a large number of people. Neither is it sufficient for a woman to have been a teacher unless she has developed a method which has been accepted in the broad fields of education as an improvement over older ways.

Nor is the fact in itself that a woman is a research-worker, and is supporting her family, an achievement equal to the winning of the award. But if, by her diligence and ability, she has isolated some insidious germ, leading to the cure of a disease, or discovered a serum which is an antidote, then, of course, she is an eligible candidate. We cite these instances because, in the past, local pride has often dictated recommendations which fell short of our provisions, and there has been consequent disappointment.

Another point which we wish to bring to the attention of those wishing to present candidates is that of attempting to influence the committee. It is our desire that each candidate should have the same even chance for victory. This can not be so if zealous advocates approach the judges with a view to obtaining a pledge for a particular candidate. It seems to us that this is neither fair to the judges nor ethical in its intent. The members of our committee are men and women of distinction and of wide affairs. They have consented to act because of their interest in the advancement of women. It is an intrusion and an imposition to besiege them with requests to pledge themselves to one candidate above another.

In other words, the work for which a woman is recommended should be of a fiber to stand by itself. The names of all the candidates, with a full account of their achievements, are submitted to the judges without comment or suggestion on our part. All we ask is that the candidates, share and share alike, may be given a fair and even chance.

There are so many women of high deeds, so few of whom have been accorded an order of merit, that those making recommendations should not have to go far afield. We have women scientists who have made various contributions to the life of the land. We have women sculptors, women who have done fine things in social-service work, and women without whom the women of the entire world would not have had suffrage. We have those who have devoted their lives to bettering the conditions of the poor and the afflicted—of the deaf, of the blind, and of others who have entered life wofully handicapped, or who through some odd whim of fate have been made so by accident or disease.

We have women painters, several of whom have helped to make beautiful the public halls throughout the land. We have women settlement-workers, women who have mothered laws which have loosened the chains which held their sisters in bondage to old and obsolete customs. It is to these tribute should be paid as the years go on, so that when in the not so far distant future woman has come into her full heritage of freedom, all women may point with pride to that long line of illustrious ones who have led the march and kept up the pace which has speeded us on toward the high goal of our ultimate fulfilment.

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The vivid record of a daring experiment in teaching, aided by a typewriter

"THE FIRST LETTER TO A GRANDMOTHER WAS A MOUNTAIN OF CONCENTRATION AND EFFORT"

EDUCATION À LA CARTE

By Helen Thomas Follett

FOR ten years I have had the unheard-of good luck of watching and guiding the intellectual life of a child without the rustle of an interruption from the outside world. Think what this means! No books on "The Education of the Child" were forced upon me; no visits from the Department of Education or from the truant officer; no criticisms, suggestions, and no "reports" demanded. My personal responsibility included two people—the child and myself.

Even now I don't know how it all happened—how we avoided both the curious and the indifferent, and how we escaped those whose duty it was to break through the door and haul away the child to school, and those whose interest in progressive education would lead naturally to an "investigation." The plain fact is, however, we did escape, and my personal ideas about the training of a child's mind were allowed perfect freedom to develop in a natural environment and to change their direction without notice or warning.

For I perceive that I did have some ideas about education. I didn't jam note-books with comments, new schemes, or with the child's reaction to this or that interest. I didn't commit myself to a plan of teaching, or to a definite method, or to any prescribed or guaranteed system. My own record in this two-sided intellectual transaction remains a blank page, as blank as if I had never existed.

Does that mean there has been nothing but irregularities and confusion during the ten years, and that an absence of reporting means an absence of material worth reporting about? The real significance of the blank page means something quite different to me; it convinces me that, early in the game, I discovered that notes and comments were inadequate and meaningless, and that a daily and abrupt change in plans was the fundamental sense and privilege of this experiment in education.

At the outset I decided definitely that the child's own work should prove the ultimate decision as to the failure or success of the plan, and should tell the story, should there be one, of what was happening during the successive years. Instead of destroying or of carelessly throwing aside the child's attempts to express herself in words, in plaster, in water-colors, in music, in worsteds, or in numbers, and in any other imitative or imaginative way, we decided to put away all such attempts where they would be quite safe and unmolested. And they have been safe for ever so long. Only recently have I been prying into them and have found them exciting and valuable.

This is not the place to analyze their contents, but it is the place for me to declare that upon such accumulation do I rely for the unfolding of the story of the past ten years. Looking backward—yes, if you will; but it is my only way of transporting myself to the beginning and of looking forward. It is a reliable source that I am using; marginal notes, with date and complete reference, might, easily, accompany the details of this story. Without such a source I should be alarmingly dependent upon a very wabbly memory.

It goes without saying that, when I started ten years ago, I didn't *know* I was to be free from all interruption, free as air to carry out all my plans, however eccentric they might be; but it is evident that I went ahead as if such freedom were already granted to me. I discarded deliberately and joyously all books on education, and I threw to the winds all the various guide-books for teachers. And I did more: I set to work, again deliberately, to free my own mind of all sorts of intellectual encumbrances that included definite opinions about the child and his mind, personal prejudices against this subject or that, and all kinds of pedagogical information.

To begin at the beginning again, with a child for friend and companion in this adventure—this was going to be my particular privilege and my private lark. There should be no such words as "teacher" and "pupil"; and I would find out things in the child's own way, allowing that way to indicate the development and continuity of all plans. And, finally, I would proceed as if I had eternity ahead of me, and, with that, the freedom to fail or to succeed.

In discarding deliberately the forms and systems of the school as it existed, I was, at once, enlisting myself on the side of a small minority of parents who disliked what the school process was doing to their and their neighbors' children. A catalog of the results which we, as parents, disliked would look something like this:

(a) The children promptly learned to dislike their school, their teacher; they were bored by any attempt to teach them; they learned as little as could be got along with, rather than as much as there was time for; and they soon put the whole affair on a footing to outwit the teacher.

(b) The schools, as they seemed to us, gave the boys and girls an artificial and unwholesome conception of what knowledge is; they thought of it in terms of arbitrarily imposed subjects to be learned because the teacher said so, or because they wanted to be promoted, or because the causes of not learning them were unpleasant; they never absorbed the idea that a given fact was once a living experience, and had inherent sense and reason; education seemed to them to be entirely off the plane of reality, and so their minds became servile and incurious.

(c) They got, apparently, from all their studies put together nothing that was worth the expenditure of five hours a day five days a week.

(d) Their education developed in them no resources for making an intelligible use of the time that was their own, and they were always jumping around hysterically from one thing to another.

(e) Education did nothing to develop their taste—to encourage them to make rational choice between the things to be taken seriously and those to be amused by.

(f) The child's curiosity was dampened and discouraged rather than fed and utilized, and, as time went on, and promotion followed promotion, the boy or girl became progressively dull, dispirited, blasé, and automatic as far as any intellectual pursuits were concerned.

A long list of grievances, to be sure, but indicative, at least, of the abuses to which most children were subjected in varying degrees. There was, of course, the other side of the picture: regular hours, daily schedules of work, the development of a group consciousness and of social responsibilities were excellent features. Some of these qualities were transportable to the home; others would have to be sacrificed. The school was distinctly a group institution: small blame to it for its failure to recognize the individual and his peculiar characteristics, and small blame to it for producing a herd-like crowd of boys and girls all strangely alike.

We, as parents, had once been part of such a group, and we couldn't bear the thought of having to watch the same process work itself out again on our child. The truth of the matter was, I am sure, I didn't want the education of this young child to be a bore to *me;* I was quite as much concerned over that as I was over what might or might not happen to her. It was taking a chance, but there was something very attractive in taking such a chance with a normal four-year-old. At least I should escape the pretense of being interested in a deadening and standardized school process.

My problem and interest, then, centered themselves upon the child, not as one of a crowd, but as an individual. I do not know what the books of child psychology would advise me to do, but the matter to me was a simple one. I must become acquainted with the child through whatever ways she chose to reveal herself; the child must become acquainted with herself through a knowledge and realization of her own special resources. My particular service was going to be in offering her all the ways and means I could think of for the encouragement of both.

Certain public-school characteristics I would adopt at once. This home education must be no shilly-shally affair, subject to unwarranted moods and interruptions. There must be time for work and time for play, and there must be no masquerading one for the other. It pleased me to think that all children had played from the beginning of their short time, and that the very word "work" should appeal as something important and exciting. Work, then, should become the thrilling innovation in the child's cosmos, work at a fixed and scheduled time each day.

BEING a parent is not such a bad thing, after all, if you can be something more than a parent as that word is commonly used. I can see very well now that I should never have been content to limit my relationship with the child to that of nurse, social secretary, cook, or general adviser. I wanted something more permanent and lasting than any of these things; I wanted a friend and intellectual companion.

A common penalty which many parents have to accept when they send their children to school is nothing more nor less than the moral loss of the child. Everybody recognizes the moral gap between successive generations, the tragic disparity between their points of view. And, perhaps, there is no help for it; certainly the realistic novels since Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh" have been filled with this clash between younger and elder—a lack of fundamental sympathy.

But it always seemed to me that parents were too ready to lie down before the fact—supposing it to be a fact—and

Continued on Page 46

"Pink Tooth Brush"?

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KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By Corinne Lowe

Sketches by John R. Neill

Miss Corinne Lowe, who will occupy this page each month with informal comments on current events, worth-while books, plays, motion-pictures, or anything else of general interest, should need no introduction to our readers. She has written for Pictorial Review during recent years many amusing and brilliant special articles.

With Samuel Goldwyn Miss Lowe was coauthor of a book entitled "Behind the Screen," dealing with the early history of motion-pictures. She has written "The Confessions of a Social Secretary" and a novel called "Saul." Under the guidance of Miss Lowe's penetrating mind and clever pen our readers will be able to get a general close-up of the important topics of the day.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

Some Girls' Camps Go Feminine

GIRLS will be boys nowadays, and an emphasis upon athletic prowess both on campus and in camp has led to the Awkward Age of Woman. For several decades we have lost sight of the grace that was once associated with our movements. We have loped over the ground with the dainty tread of the buffalo and we have been clumsy when left alone with a fan as a bachelor left alone with a baby.

Once again, however, has that balance between masculine and feminine accomplishments which distinguished the great women of the Renaissance—did not Queen Elizabeth play the virginal and dance with a stately grace as well as ride horseback like a man?—dawned upon us as an ideal. Nothing reflects this better than the number of girls' camps which inject some esthetic elements into the familiar round of boyish activities.

One of such elements is rhythmic dancing. This expression, so rapidly finding its place in our modern educational system, is a basic one involving individual response to all beauty of rhythm. Through it one is bound to *feel* graceful—not merely to affect graceful movements. And to see the girls at one of these modern camps go out to greet the sun in garments and with movements beautiful as those of the Elgin marbles is to take heart. We are emerging from the Awkward Age.

The New Feminine Gold-Rush

THE recent statement that 41 per cent. of the wealth of America is in the hands of women has called out a great deal of what one might call airy purse-iflage among certain men. One, for instance, remarks flippantly, "Why not? But wait until they have to pay alimony too."

But we incipient Rockefellers can afford to smile in the face of some attendant statistics. Nowadays we are not merely receiving money—we are creating it for ourselves. Furthermore, we are creating it in man's former exclusive domain, the stock-market.

In ten years women's investments in stocks have increased from 2 to 35 per cent. This increase has resulted in the installation of special women's departments by certain New York brokerage houses, departments where girls, putting up the quotations for the benefit of women speculators, bespeak a new man-disinfected world of finance. Nor is the speculative impulse limited to New York. All over the country numbers of women are neglecting stockings in the interest of stocks.

There is no reason why we should not develop into good speculators. For the market requires two qualities in which we are highly developed. One is a shrewd shopping instinct—the realization that a cheap thing is often a poor bargain. As for the other, what is the patience demanded by watching a ticker compared to that of watching a husband's face—for exactly the right moment when we dare mention that we need a new frock?

Our Heroes' Responsibilities

LINDBERGH, Tunney, and John Coolidge all picked out nice girls for wives. In this fact a sophisticated New York periodical finds grounds for great uneasiness. This periodical would "see more hope for the country" if at least one of these prominent young men had fallen in love with "some quite impossible goddess," if one of the girls were "an actress or a prisoner or a barmaid."

Our poor young heroes! To think that they can no longer fall in love with a nice girl without betraying their country! Consider, in fact, the terrific responsibilities that yawn before the present-day hero.

Can't you see him in the future battling with the sinister magnetism that draws him to some "sweet maid and good," gritting his teeth as he mutters, "I will fall in love with the wrong person," announcing at last with the flaming patriotism of a Nathan Hale, "I have just married 'Gum Shoe Sal' or the leading adventuress of the Riviera"? And, to continue this Nathan Hale idea, some pure young patriot will probably say some day, "I regret that I have but one wife to give to my country."

Joking aside, here's the type of criticism for which New York is becoming famous. Nothing makes the Gotham moralist so blue as somebody's irreproachable conduct. The only time that he ever brightens up is when you arrive on the scene with your hands stained with a recent crime.

Modern Freedom Vs. Romantic Love

THAT buried kingdom in each of us, that unconscious mind where lurk desires of which we ourselves are unconscious—is it not like a delicate and tyrannical old lady? Let any counter-draft from the conscious mind blow upon it and the dowager falls ill and complains.

Now men and women seem to have caught cold in their unconscious from the breezes of freedom. Dr. Edward Sapir, learned savant of the University of Chicago, writes in an article that way deep down inside of us we do not want modern sex equality. As a result the "pal spirit" which has replaced Romeo's frenzied love is setting up a new kind of complex.

Dr. Sapir is indeed very gloomy anent the "pal spirit." He says that the old romantic love suited our civilization, that by satisfying an intuitive craving it brought men and women close together. Now that we are granting each other privileges that the unconscious does not really want we are strangers. Furthermore, the sexes "are hating each other with a new and baffling virulence."

That the madness of good old-time love was really sanity, that frenzy is the proper climax for the worth-while emotion—these are concluding thoughts of an article upon which we may all meditate with profit.

Great Scandinavian Women

LATELY I have begun to feel that things would have been very different with me if I had only been—well, let us say, Hungrid Foodquest. Perhaps—who knows?—I shall adopt the name. And perhaps I shall soon begin boxing-exercises with the letter "j" on my typewriter to see what that will do for my style.

This frivolous beginning is anent a serious subject. Why is it that "The Axe" and "The Snake Pit," those first two books of Sigrid Undset's tetralogy of medieval life in Norway, make much of contemporaneous literature look spectral, its experiments mere fidgets? And why is it that another Scandinavian woman, Selma Lagerlöf, working in far different territories of human exploration, gives one the same feeling of solidity, of space, of eternal values?

An answer is supplied by Nina Saemundsson, a young Icelandic sculptress who has been working in New York this past Winter. "I think," says she, "that we are closer to the earth in the north. And it is the earth which is bathed in light—clear light. Always in thinking of my home I see it—that clear light. When the sun is up it falls from the sky, and through the long darkness it pours from the arc-lamp of the sitting-room on men who are reading the old sagas and women who are weaving and spinning."

What a picture of an old culture unruffled by modern civilization, of a life where people are compelled through lack of external stimuli to draw from the springs of their own beings for artistic and intellectual life! Is it any wonder that Sigrid Undset and Selma Lagerlöf are writing cosmic—not merely cosmetic—literature?

New York Turns to Melodrama

WESTWARD Ho-boken! To this bracing pioneer cry New York has responded throughout the Winter. Those who had not journeyed to Jersey to see Mr. Christopher Morley's revival of melodrama—yes, there was a restaurant near by also functioning in the spirit of the past century—found themselves conversational cripples.

This renaissance which has lifted Hoboken from a terminus to a destination has its roots in a quaint yearning. Tired of Freud and of musical overtones, of cubistic art and modernistic tolerance, highbrow New York has prayed with one mighty voice, "Make me a child again just for to-night." It has asked for the luxury of looking at the villain without saying, "Poor chap, there must be something the matter with his pituitary glands!" of pitying the heroine without blaming her for her inhibitions or her family complex.

But has it succeeded in throwing off the hateful grown-up tolerance, of immersing itself in the guileless spirit of the past? Let us see. The evening I went to see "After Dark" I sat beside a dignified old gentleman. He did not hate the villain. He did not love the heroine. But he was so afraid of not acting in the spirit of the occasion—well, rompers represent the next step in that ambitious career. He ate peanuts; he giggled and he catcalled; above all, he hissed in a way that would have made any gander want to study with him. I feared to pick up the paper next day. Was I going to read "Prominent New York Clubman Dies of Being a Prominent Child"?

Will not Mr. Morley's gifted director take a hand? Will he not coach the audiences for melodrama? For, as it is, they overact their parts. Instead of really being children, they play at being children and—they give a very unconvincing performance.

The best looking girl on the boat

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WOMEN AND COMPANIONSHIP

A generous tribute to the more patient half of society by an old-fashioned man

"WHENEVER THERE IS A MOON WOMEN ARE NOT EVEN FAINTLY POLITICAL"

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Illustration by Erick Berry

THE habits and qualities of women, it seems, have conspicuously changed in hardly more than a decade. That is, I am assured this has occurred. It is difficult for me to believe it; but when I express doubt an overwhelming feminine opinion insists that I am, to say the least, old-fashioned. But then, women add, men are always, they have always been, old-fashioned. Anyhow, about women.

Men are especially stupid where a woman's relation to her own world, the feminine world, is concerned. They will not even admit that it exists. It is, apparently, impossible for men to believe in any reality of feminine affairs aside from a supremacy of masculine fact.

They never, it must be admitted, see women together, that is, without men, without themselves, present. That sharply limits their opportunities for observation and understanding. Women with a man present are totally different creatures from women untroubled by immediate masculine innocence. The affairs of women, it happens, have a reality which no man could gaze upon and survive.

If any husband, for example, overheard his wife, the most faithful of wives, discussing him with close feminine friends he would be appalled. He would be wounded beyond expression. He'd be totally lost. He wouldn't even recognize the tone of his wife's voice. No husband in the world realizes that practically all he hears from his wife is what she thinks he ought to hear. What he hears from her is carefully planned to meet the state of his temper and his wife's necessities. There is nothing absolute, nothing he would recognize as truth, in it.

A wife, except in unguarded moments of accumulated weariness, tells her husband what she knows to be good for him. And for her. He never hears her candid opinions; he never, practically, sees the actuality behind the elaborate feminine defenses that protect and hide her from him.

Women, secretly, regard their husbands with a calm detachment; they realize, usually, the truth about them; but that is a knowledge it would be fatal for them to admit. If a woman actually was candid with a man important to her happiness she'd lose him at once. He would be outraged in every instinct.

Masculine pride where women are concerned is amazing—a man thinks that a woman who loves him loves every particle of him; it is all, he is certain, sacred to her. His opinions, he is convinced, are more important, more final, to her than all the body of opinions of all time. He knows—for her—more about astronomy than astronomers do, more about ships than shipmasters, more about architecture than the builders of the historic world dreamed of. He could have won all the lost battles of civilization, successfully govern any land.

That, the characteristic man believes, is what a woman who loves him thinks of him. The woman who loves him—to repeat that beautiful and indefinite phrase—is very careful to protect that belief in him. It is invaluable to her. It means peace and luxury. The characteristic woman, of course, is not so foolish; in a great many cases she isn't foolish at all; she knows most of the truth about the man she is attached to. She listens to his explanations of the stars without really hearing them; she prefers, where ships are concerned, the voice of the navy. That is not unreasonable; it is, as a matter of fact, wholly sensible; but it must be hidden from any man she is dependent on.

No one knows exactly how this necessity began. It was either the result of an instinct for flattery in women, or of an earlier brutality, the superior strength, of men. No one, as I said, knows which. It is, however, very old indeed. There can be no doubt, no obscurity, about its result: it has made the relationship between men and women an endless burden for women.

The vanity of men, where the fondness of women is involved, is so enormous that it submerges every other quality—all judgment and sense of proportion are lost. The masculine capacity for belief in flattery is monumental. Without a discoverable limit. I do not, here, mean flattery in the obvious sense—the verbal support of a man's best opinion of himself; it is a far more tremendous affair than that; it is a quality within him that really needs no support. His private and incorruptible conception of his virtues.

He is, ordinarily decent, reticent about them, in every circumstance except when he is with a sympathetic woman or a woman fortunate enough to belong to him. Then, he feels, he can be honest. He can, without misunderstanding, explain every minute phase of his superiority. He does this not once, or merely twice, but every time he is with that particular woman. The same explanation of the same superiority.

When a woman marries she hears to the end of her marriage a repetition of her husband's ideas and virtues. She comes to know them, or rather his report of them, so well that when he forgets a detail in his recital she can instantly supply it. A wife knows before he says it almost everything her husband will say. She heard it, without any change at all, when she first met him, when they became engaged, on their wedding-day, throughout their honeymoon, and at all the hours of their later life.

She listens with a show of attention which, as long as she is interested in him, is never allowed to falter. If he neglects to continue his recital, if he exhibits signs of weariness, she suggests the subject of himself. If she can get him started again she is safe. All that she had planned becomes possible.

In consequence of this women, who are supposed by men to be impatient, are patient beyond any measure. Their patience is simply inexhaustible. It has to be. A man may praise a woman, say she is beautiful, or tell her that she is his whole world, but he will never take the trouble to address himself to her actual qualities. He will never tell her how she is individually admirable.

The truth is that he never thinks of her apart from himself. He never thinks of her as an individual at all. She is, simply, the mirror of his own needs and desire. She exists only to complete his own being. It never occurs to a man that the woman he loves has a personality of her own. Not, anyhow, after he has accepted and married her. She may be an ornament to his dignity, but she has no separate, no independent, dignity. Aside from him she has nothing. His firm belief is that aside from him she requires nothing.

The patience of women is even equal to that. It is greater than that; she admits to the man she happens to love that, apart from him, she is nothing. She only lives, she says, in him. His affairs are her affairs. She has none of her own. All the while her existence is as spiritually independent as any man's; a great deal more than half of what happens to her has nothing to do with a specific man; as soon as he is accounted for, materially provided for, she forgets him completely. Absolutely. Or she regards him, speaks of him, with a skeptical affection. An affectionate skepticism. She can, happily for her, interrupt her love for periods of relief.

A husband is firm in the belief that his wife's love for him is constant, that it burns with a secure and undiminished flame until the end of her life. That is not true. Not entirely. There are mornings when a wife's love for her husband doesn't burn at all. Mornings when it simply has no existence. She can't, the melancholy truth is, stand him.

If the state of her affection becomes faintly discernible the man married to her will speak about her nerves; he will point out, probably, that she does not eat enough; he'll think of everything but of the fact that, for the time, she is—to use her own phrase—sick of him. Mostly that is safely hidden, covered by a bright feminine manner, a false impenetrable show of affection. It is quite as successful as love itself; it is more successful—for love is not so orderly; it isn't a domestic, a practical, virtue.

I AM, more or less, competent to deal with the subject and relationships of marriage, but I am at a loss confronted by the reported new attitude between women and men. Between women and women. My difficulty is that I have only met it in report. It is obvious that I am old-fashioned. I have never, for example, been brought in economic relationship with a woman. Except for my secretary, an occasional pleasant encounter with the cook and with a cheerful housemaid, I never personally encounter women in a practical capacity.

Highly educated women, specialists in the sciences, the women who write novels, do not seem to form a part of my existence. The women I see frequently are not abstract, they are not admirable, like that. They are, of course, admirable, but it is in a very different way. They are, rather than logical, arbitrary. And, rather than justice, they demand privilege. I must admit at once that the question of the adornment of their persons fills a large part of their conscious existence. Their minds are not on nobler things.

Nobility does reside within them, but, except at moments of strict necessity, they give it little if any attention. I hear them talking, and their talk largely has to do with perfumes and dresses and the music they dance to. The men they dance with. They discuss servants, grocer's clerks, their automobiles, the lace confections made by Olga Petrovna, the errors of their friends, their children, and, as I have said at length, their husbands. They support a very especial form of literature—novels in the brightest imaginable paper jackets where marriage is satirically treated in the light of alleviating improprieties.

None of that has a very admirable sound, yet they are admirable, they are charming, women. They are, briefly, women. Their biological and social duties are faithfully performed. With, however, certain restrictions. The number of their children is narrowly limited. They are more modern than not in that. They are not women exclusively dedicated to the honor of childbirth.

Continued on Page 51

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

A color photograph

It's the *new way* to buy Pineapple

—Look for DOLE *stamped in the top*
—Choose by number the grade you wish

THOUSANDS of women have been wondering: "How can I get DOLE pineapple?" Thousands have asked their grocers: "Is this brand of pineapple packed by Dole?"

Here is the answer:

Look for the name DOLE stamped in the top of the can — and beneath—the grade you wish.

Dole 1 . . . Dole 2 . . . Dole 3

This is the new, easy way to buy Hawaiian Pineapple—the way to be sure of getting the best fruit—DOLE grown—DOLE canned.

That one word—DOLE—stamped in the top of the can, just as you see it above, tells you the tempting fruit *inside* was packed by the world's largest growers and canners of Hawaiian Pineapple—tells you that fruit, positively *fresh* and *ripe*, went into that can—assures you of maximum *flavor* and *taste* due to the most modern process of canning.

And the number—1, 2 or 3—stamped beneath the word DOLE, tells you exactly what grade of Hawaiian Pineapple you are getting—guides you to the best possible quality for the price you pay.

What about the label around the Dole stamped can?

Significant? Yes. It means that the experienced distributor of canned fruits—whose own label you find around the can—has given his unqualified approval of DOLE pineapple. He has the Hawaiian Pineapple Company pack the pineapple he sells under his label. He knows there is none finer.

One of your favorite labels and DOLE*—double-assurance for you*

AS you shop you will find *different brands* of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple with either DOLE 1, DOLE 2 or DOLE 3 stamped in the top of the can. That is because we supply many distributors—each having his own label or brand—with one or more grades. Your favorite brand of Hawaiian Pineapple may be packed by DOLE, now. But, to be certain of getting the pick of Hawaii's finest fruit, look for "DOLE" stamped in the top of the can. A treat awaits you. Hawaiian Pineapple—at its very best.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—*properly graded and marked*—so you can choose the grade you wish.

Now—you can choose by number the grade of Hawaiian Pineapple you wish— DOLE 1 . . . DOLE 2 . . . DOLE 3

SELECTING the grade of Hawaiian Pineapple you wish is now as simple as 1-2-3. Simply look under the name DOLE stamped in the top of the can for the number indicating the grade you wish.

Grade 1
Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2
Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3
Broken Slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

SOMETHING new in booklets—new in pineapple recipes! Here's a brand new edition of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden," with its thrilling story—its 39 new Hawaiian Pineapple recipes created exclusively for this booklet by four leading food editors. A copy waits for you—and the coupon will bring it.

Mail to HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY
Dept. P-69, 215 Market St., San Francisco

You may send me free, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden," containing the 39 new Hawaiian Pineapple Recipes.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ P-69

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Honolulu HAWAII • **HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY** • *Sales Office:* **215 Market Street San Francisco**

Spotless now . . . but you should see their play-suits!

ANOTHER
ACTUAL LETTER
FROM A
P AND G HOME

(*Father asks, "How do you keep them clean?"*)

Bloomington, Ind.

Procter & Gamble Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

GENTLEMEN: I live in a "house by the side of the road," a snug, small house that you might overlook in your "Actual Visits to P and G Homes." But in that tiny house, set back from the street, lives the happiest family imaginable. Two little girls are forever running in and out, around and about, getting into mischief, and getting out again by the magic of their winsome smiles. Never still for a moment, until they're tucked away in bed!

And you should see their clothes! Their father says it would wear him out trying to keep them clean.

"But I use P and G," I tell him proudly. Being a man, he can't understand that P and G saves me from breaking my back at rubbing and boiling. P and G helps me in all my housekeeping and leaves me free to enjoy my family.

It has given me great pleasure to write this to you, for I have wanted you to know what an important place your soap holds in our home.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. W. P Sarber

Yes, as Mrs. Sarber says, P and G Naphtha is wonderfully good soap—so white, so firm it doesn't waste away in the water — so quick to loosen the dirt whether you use warm water or cold! And if, like Mrs. Sarber, you have colored frocks and rompers and shirts on your washline, you will prefer P and G, which keeps even delicate tints as fresh as new!

How does it happen, then, that this superior soap actually costs *less* than ordinary soaps? This is the reason: P and G is used by more women *than any other soap in the world.*

This unequalled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs proportionately less than small-scale manufacturing, P and G can be sold at a lower price, actually ounce for ounce.

So P and G costs less *because* it is so popular. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! Rescuing Precious Hours—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods,* are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NR-79, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hold a smooth white cake of P and G Naphtha. Compare it with any other laundry soap. See how firm and clean-scented P and G is! And so white. Doesn't it seem *nicer* to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P and G.

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

The largest-selling soap in the world

This amusing story is given complete in just two lively instalments

HIS BIG DAY

BY RICHARD CONNELL

Here is the daring recipe for making a fortune quickly and romantically that worked successfully for one young man

Illustrations by Corinne Dillon

"IT WAS NOT VALOR AT ALL WHICH IMPELLED WILLIAM TO BAWL LOUDLY, 'STOP THIEF!'"

PART ONE

TIME was when, to get a life of himself written, a man had to be one whale of a fellow. Nowadays a biography might occur to any of us. All sorts of humble souls have, of late years, been prodded from their obscure corners by sharp pens. You can read, if you want to, all about the life and loves of the man who sold the horse to Paul Revere, or you can, if interested, follow the career, from cradle to grave, of the man who first discovered how to pack stuffed olives in bottles so that their red noses press against the glass.

When some future biographer approaches the task of writing a life of William Dutton he will be confronted by the problem of how to make a stirring story out of the first twenty-five years of William's life, for they were as flat and unruffled as a duck-pond without ducks.

The facts about William's early days are not many, or meaty. He began life in the regulation manner by being born, the scene of his nativity being the modest white house, built by his great-grandfather, at No. 44 Cherry Street in the semiconscious town of Wemsley, Vt. A pleasant town to look upon is Wemsley, with its lazy winding river and its Green Mountain frame; a placid, comfortable town with wide, elm-lined streets and solid old houses which date from a more prosperous era when the famous, and now extinct, Wemsley buggy was made there, and the Wemsley Wagon Works hummed with the activity of a thousand hands.

To this day the older inhabitants speak of the motor-car as "that pesky, newfangled contraption." It was in Wemsley that the derisive cry, "Get a horse!" was first hurled at a motorist, and it was in Wemsley that it was last heard. It is even said that there are a few ancient die-hards in the community who cling to the belief that motor-driven vehicles are but the mere passing fad of a frivolous generation, and that automobiles, in due course, will be tossed into the limbo of discarded toys, and the carriage, drawn by spanking bays, will come into its own again, and Wemsley will bloom and flourish anew.

Meantime the great works, where once the stoutest swingletrees in the world were fashioned, stand silent, and heedless spiders spin their webs in the counting-room, and Wemsley dozes, a Rip Van Winkle town.

The coming of William Dutton raised the population of Wemsley from 8,753 to 8,754, but created no stir. His father was the last of that proud line, the buggy-making Duttons. Like Casabianca, he had stuck to his post, whence all but he had fled, valiantly making buggies for a world that craved internal-combustion engines. A minor King Canute, Dutton senior had tried to stem the rising tide of gasoline. It swept over his stubborn head, carried away the moderate Dutton fortune, and drowned Mr. Dutton.

He lived long enough to gaze proudly at his last buggy and his first child, and then left for that land where motor-cars and worry are unknown. Mrs. Dutton took to teaching school, and young William devoted himself to the serious business of growing up.

The rise of William Dutton from baby dresses, through knickerbockers into long trousers, was gradual and unattended by thrilling incidents. Time worked on him and turned him into a lanky, rather gangling youth, with a fairly good set of features of a simple sort. His ears were slightly akimbo, and it was his chief cross that in moments of emotional stress they took on a fiery hue.

The people of Wemsley liked William and his slow, good-natured grin, and those of them for whom he did odd jobs, lawn-cutting or wood-chopping, reported that he was conscientious and dependable; but he did not talk much, and he did not glitter; and it is those who glitter who catch the beams of the limelight.

He went through the public schools and the high school of Wemsley, attaining respectable grades in his studies. The only time during his adolescence he figured at all conspicuously in the columns of the local press was when he impersonated George Washington in a high-school historical pageant, and then the Wemsley *Argus* printed his name "Button."

College for him was beyond the Dutton resources, it being one of life's little jokes that school-teachers can more easily send other people's children to college than they can their own. William Dutton wasted no time railing against fate, for he was by nature philosophic.

Finding that he could add, subtract, multiply, and divide without too much mental strain and even with a certain amount of pleasure, he went to work, at the age of seventeen, in the office of Mr. Homer Nesbit, Wemsley's only free-lance expert accountant, and from that moment William reported every day at Mr. Nesbit's office, up over the First National Bank, at half past eight precisely, and added, subtracted, multiplied, and divided diligently all day.

HE LIVED with his mother in the old house in Cherry Street, and his life fell into a pattern, a quiet, blameless pattern as befitted a quiet, blameless young man. On most evenings he went to his room and read, or practised softly on the flute. On Wednesday nights he attended a meeting of the Progress Social Club in the basement of the old brick church, and bowled and drank cider (sweet). On Sundays, in a blue-serge suit, he contributed a well-meant but uncertain tenor to the choir. Sunday afternoons he took long walks in the country with his mother. He was rather afraid of girls.

The picture William Dutton presented to the public in his twenty-fifth year was that of a not bad-looking, normal, steady young man, at peace with the quiet world of Wemsley. To the outward eye this was the case, but there was an inner William. Not even his mother knew that. It was that hidden William that he fed at night in his room with books. It was that hidden William that he blew into his flute and that made emerge from it tunes concerned with

little gipsy sweethearts. The simple truth was that William Dutton was a suppressed romantic.

Not that he knew it. He only knew that he liked to read books in which the hero, preferably a poor young man from a country town, performs a series of spectacular feats, in battle or business, and in the last chapter wins the one girl. Sometimes he would put his book down and wonder why, with his life flowing along so smoothly, he was not content to let it flow along. Why can't people settle down and stay put? he'd ask himself, and the answer, having eluded even profounder minds, eluded William's also.

Being reasonable and logical about it didn't change his feeling. He could tell himself, and frequently did, that he had a most comfortable home, that he loved and liked his mother, that his meals were regular and excellent, that he was making some progress in a congenial job, that he was surrounded by friendly people, that the town was charming and its atmosphere conducive to good health and good habits, that for many reasons he should be satisfied with his place in the world—and yet

This is what happened. On the eighteenth of June, in his twenty-fifth year, William Dutton suddenly got up from his desk in the small outer office, walked into the slightly larger inner office of his employer, and said:

"Mr. Nesbit, I'm going to New York."

Mr. Nesbit looked up from a column of figures and his froggish eyes stared surprizedly at William Dutton.

"Bless my soul, William," he exclaimed, "what for?"

Then William Dutton said the all-revealing word—blurted it out: "Excitement!"

"Well, I'll be jiggered," said Mr. Nesbit. "You astonish me, William; you do indeed. I thought a quiet, steady-going young fellow like you could find all the excitement necessary right here in Wemsley."

William shook his head.

"Nothing," he stated, "happens here."

"But what do you want to happen?" demanded Mr. Nesbit. "Earthquakes?"

"No," said William, "not earthquakes."

"What then?" asked Mr. Nesbit. "Just why do you think anything will happen in New York that can't happen right here in Wemsley? Haven't you a radio? And the movies? And a baseball team? And dances? And as for girls—there are plenty of nice ones——"

"YES," said William, "that's true. But nothing happens. To me, anyhow. I'm sorry, Mr. Nesbit, but my mind's made up. This thing's been coming on me for a long time now—until I feel as if I'll bust if I don't go somewhere—and—and"—William hesitated, his ears grew red, and then he came right out with it—"and have some adventures."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Nesbit. "Adventures, is it? Well," he said this as if it were something he had long kept a secret, "I was once young myself. We're pretty busy, but you can take your vacation now if you want to."

"I'm not going to New York for a vacation," said William.

"You mean you're going to stay there?" asked Mr. Nesbit incredulously.

"I am," said William Dutton firmly. "I'm going to get a job there and bring mother down as soon as I get settled."

Mr. Nesbit wagged his head and unloosed a copious sigh.

"I'll be sorry to have you leave me, William," he said, "real sorry. I was sort of thinking that one of these days we'd be changing the sign to read Nesbit & Dutton. Look here. It will be worth forty a week for you to stay."

"It is not," said William, "a question of money. I wouldn't stay here, no, not if you offered me sixty."

"Which I don't." said Mr. Nesbit. "I couldn't. But I think you're making a big mistake, William. Maybe State Street is no Broadway, and we haven't had a murder here in nine years, but, just the same, Wemsley's a better place to live than some big, noisy, nasty city. I know. I've been to New York. It's a terrible place. The folks I saw there didn't look as if they were having a very exciting time. They look more like droves of sheep on the way to the slaughter-house.

"They just seem to live to grab money so they can keep alive to grab some more. And the prices down there! Forty cents they soaked me in one place for an egg, and, honestly, William, no hen in Wemsley would be guilty of turning out an egg like that. You'd better give up the idea and stay right here. New York is all right to visit, but I wouldn't live there if you gave me the place."

William shook his head.

"You've been fine to me, Mr. Nesbit," he said, "and I like to work for you, but—well, lately I haven't been able to keep my mind on my work. I've thought it all out as best I could, and I've decided that I'm going to New York on the twenty-ninth of June—that's my twenty-fifth birthday—and maybe I'm a fool—but I've got to do it——"

Mr. Nesbit made a gesture of resignation with a fat hand.

"A man can't be arrested for wanting to go to New York," he said, "which is a pity. Well, you know, William," he lowered his voice, "I was young once myself. If you feel you must go, I suppose you must. But I'm not going to get anybody to fill your place for a while. Your job will be here waiting for you—for a couple of weeks, anyway."

WILLIAM DUTTON, late of Wemsley, Vt., stepped out of the train in the Grand Central Terminal at eight minutes past eight on the morning of his twenty-fifth birthday.

There was a time when the country boy arriving in the great city bore upon him unmistakable marks of his rustic origin; but, thanks to chain-stores and nationally sold brands of clothing, that time is no more. His knuckles may be big from milk ng, but to-day's country boy knows his haberdashery. William Dutton's conservative double-breasted blue suit was in no way different from the suits worn by scores of hurrying young business men swarming off the commuting-trains. His new straw hat was in no way bucolic, nor did his plain white shirt and black tie betray the fact that he was a stranger within the gates.

True, he was a bit bewildered by the bustle, and he clutched protectively his luggage, which consisted of one suitcase and the imitation alligator-skin brief-case his mother had given him on his twenty-first birthday. At the parcel-room he checked his suitcase, but he retained his brief-case, for to carry one gave him, he felt, a businesslike, citified air. He had noticed that nine out of ten of the hurrying men carried brief-cases.

Into a fair and sunny New York morning, smelling of asphalt, carbon monoxid, and salt air, and sounding of clanking trolley-cars, peeping taxis, and grinding gears, William Dutton stepped, exhilarated, and even mildly intoxicated, and ready, he felt, for just about anything. He had a three-plank platform—to get a job, to find a place to live, but principally to see the city and turn the corners around which, he hoped, thrilling experiences awaited him.

But first he must fortify himself with some breakfast, and to this end he turned into a restaurant near the station. The wan fluid called coffee gave him a twinge of homesickness for his mother's pungent brew, and the soft-boiled egg fulfilled Mr. Nesbit's most dire predictions, for it cost forty cents and was distinctly not the egg it had once been. He paid his check with a five-dollar bill taken from his wallet, which contained his stock of ready cash—one hundred dollars. He was moving toward the door when a voice addressed him, a voice which slid out between the tight lips of a small, jockey-like man with quick eyes and a lavender shirt.

"Lissen, Mac, my pal here is sick—got a fit or something—and I need help to get him into a taxi. Give us a hand, will you?"

William Dutton automatically said, "Sure," and turned to the table where the stricken man was sitting. Rather he was slumped over in his seat, his nose perilously close to the butter-dish. William suspected that the stranger's plight might be due to alcohol. However, the man was obviously incapable of getting to a taxi unaided, so William helped the jockey-like man lift his companion, and together they bore him out of the restaurant and deposited him in a taxi.

"Thanks, Mac," the jockey-like man called as the taxi whisked away.

William Dutton glowed a little, as even the most altruistic person glows when he has done some deed he knows to be slightly noble, and he smiled to himself. Already things were beginning to happen—and to him. A clock told him it was eleven minutes to nine.

He turned up Madison Avenue for no particular reason. Stopping before the window of a lingerie-shop, with the half-formed notion of buying a pair of stockings to send to his mother for a present, he noted in the polished plate glass that a blond stubble was showing on his cheeks and chin, and it occurred to him that in the excitement of getting to New York he had forgotten to shave, the first time he had neglected that operation since he harvested his first crop of adolescent down.

HE STROLLED on, his eyes on the alert, until he saw the red-and-white sign of a barber-shop. It was a dazzling place, with lines of white chairs and plump barbers stretching as far as the eye could reach, and William was somewhat overawed; but he managed to convey to the milk-fed Athenian in whose chair he sat that he wanted a shave—just a shave, and no haircut, singe, manicure, shine, tonic, massage, or shampoo—and stretched himself out to receive it.

As the barber daubed on liberal gobs of lather, William wondered how much shaves cost in New York and how much he should tip, and his fingers, under the white shroud, wandered to his breast-pocket, where his wallet was stowed. Then a sudden sickish feeling smote him. The wallet was not there. He remembered positively that he had put it there after he had paid his check in the restaurant. He tapped all his pockets wildly. No result.

"Anything the matter?" inquired the barber.

"Oh, no," said William. "Oh, no."

He spoke thickly through the lather. What was he to do? The barber had steely, skeptical, New York eyes. William had visions of policemen and cells. As to the whereabouts of his wallet, containing all his money, his baggage-check, and a letter from the Rev. James Addison Purdy testifying that he was a young man of sterling character, he had scant doubts now. It was somewhere in that large city in the possession of the jockey-like man and his companion.

Meantime, with the inevitability of fate, the barber was applying a second coat of fluffy lather. Panic for a moment numbed William Dutton. His eyes peeped out from their fringe of lather, seeking help, and he saw only himself in the mirror, prone and penniless, and looking like a youthful Santa Claus. Then his eyes saw something else in the mirror.

Across the street from the barber-shop was a small jewelry-store, and its door was open, and what was happening inside the store was reflected sketchily in William's mirror. What he saw was an oldish man with a goatee, looking very frightened indeed, and holding both hands toward heaven, for the very excellent reason that a burly man was pointing a shining revolver at his stomach with one hand, while with the other he was sweeping sparkling objects from the counter into a satchel.

It can not be said for William Dutton that he was any more of a hero than most men. Indeed if his biographer cares anything for accuracy, he must record the fact that it was not valor at all which impelled William to do what he did do. His most exigent desire at the moment was to escape from the barber's chair before his insolvency was discovered. So he seized upon this opportunity, thrust so providentially under his very nose.

He leaped up from the barber's chair, bawling, loudly if not distinctly, "Stop thief!" and, throwing off the winding sheet, he caught up his hat and brief-case and raced across the street and into the store just as the burly man with the gun was closing his bulging bag.

WILLIAM had no particular plans, but the man with the gun did. He set the bag down on the counter, and reached out and tapped William firmly on the forehead with the butt of his gun. William saw the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air and sat down abruptly in a corner. The oldish individual with the goatee, his stomach temporarily removed from the danger-zone, dived out of sight behind the counter, taking with him the bulging bag.

The man with the gun, noting that the shop across the street was ejaculating white-coated barbers like pop-corn from a bursted bag, did not linger to recapture the fruits of his toil. He sauntered out into the morning air, made a gesture with his gun, and the embattled barbers froze in their tracks. Then he darted deftly into a passing saffron taxi, which vanished in a cloud of other saffron taxis and was seen no more.

William Dutton opened his eyes to gaze into the severe, rubicund countenance of a good-sized policeman.

"I guess," remarked the policeman, "this will be about all the sticking up you'll do for a while, my bold bucko."

William's mind was far from being perfectly clear, but he gathered the import of the officer's remarks, and he began to protest in a weak, distant voice which came out of him as sounds come out of a ventriloquist's dummy:

"But—but—I'm—not a robber."

"Oh, no!" said the officer. "Oh, no! At any rate, you ain't a very good one."

He hauled William to his feet.

"You're coming with me," he said.

William cast an appealing glance toward the counter, but the proprietor, his gems and stomach safe, was not visible, for he had unostentatiously fainted.

"I tell you, Officer," said William feebly, "I'm not a robber."

"Then why," demanded the policeman, pointing sternly at William's bedaubed visage, "are you disguised?"

"Oh, don't be a dunce, Officer," said a voice. "You ought to be able to tell he's honest just by looking at him."

The voice came from what William had thought was a bundle of pink silk, tied up with ropes, which lay in the corner of the store. The officer gaped.

"H'mmm! A girl!" he said brightly.

"Stop standing there goggling," said the bundle, "you big sap, and untie me."

"You stay where you are," said the officer to William, and began to tug at the knots, while keeping one menacing eye on his prisoner.

Presently the girl stood up and smoothed out her dishevelled dress. She was a small girl, and even in his condition William observed that she had an alive, pretty face. Tho no judge of such matters, he would have said she was about twenty. She was not in the least hysterical. She picked up her hat—which seemed to be made of thin wood—set it on her close-clipped auburn head, and addressed the policeman:

"I came in here to have some pearls restrung, and a large dark man—not this one—came in and pointed a revolver at me and told me to put my hands up. So I bit him. Then he tied me up and stuffed a handkerchief in my mouth."

The officer turned to William.

"What do you mean," he thundered, "by tying up this

young lady and stuffing a handkerchief in her mouth? That's assault *and* battery, that is."

"But—" began William.

"Oh, come to life, Officer," the girl said. "Take this in. This young man was not the robber. He bounced in to stop the hold-up and got himself hit. Ask Mr. Opperton."

"Who's he?" said the policeman.

"The man who owns the store. I think he's under the counter—resting," the girl said.

THEY rolled Mr. Opperton out of his resting-place and revived him by pouring ice-water on his head. He moaned a little at first, but, discovering that his hand still clutched the bag of loot, he brightened swiftly.

"Is this the lad who stuck you up?" asked the policeman, with a jerk of his thumb toward William.

Mr. Opperton peered at William.

"I was quite upset," he said cautiously, "and maybe I didn't see clearly, but I could swear that the man who held me up did not have lather on his face."

"Ah!" said the officer, and wrote down in his little book, "Robber did not have lather on face."

"It's not much of a description to go on," he said plaintively, "but I'll get him, never fear."

He turned to William and the girl.

"You'd better come along to the station," he said gruffly. "Material witnesses."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said the girl. "I'm not going to sit around a stuffy old police station on a day like this."

"Oh, aren't you, hey?" said the officer grimly.

"No, I'm not," she said. "Here's my card. You'll find me at home if you need me."

He scanned the card she handed him. His manner underwent a quick change. Before their eyes he melted, dissolved almost, turned from granite to junket. His voice grew dulcet, deferential. He even removed his cap.

"Now, if you'd only said who you were in the first place," he said. "Shall I get you a taxi?"

"No, thanks," the girl said. "My car's outside. Come on, young man."

She beckoned to William, and swept out of the store. William, still a bit dazed by the thump on the brow, followed, and his ears were pursued by words of gratitude from Mr. Opperton.

At the curb her car was waiting, a creamy-hued roadster, quite the most magnificent car William Dutton had ever seen, for in size it was only slightly smaller than a hook-and-ladder apparatus. She slipped in behind the wheel.

"Hop in," she said to William. She smiled at him, and he felt the fire mounting to his ears. He had a feeling that if she had, just then, told him to stand on his head on the radiator-cap he would have essayed that feat.

"Now where can I take you?" she asked.

"Anywhere," said William Dutton.

"Where were you going?"

"Nowhere," he said.

"Look here," said the girl, "are you tight?"

"No," said William, and felt called upon to add, "I'm not a drinking man."

"You got a mean tap on the head," said the girl. "What you need is fresh air. We'll go for a spin in Central Park."

"All right," said William. Had she said Siam it would have been all the same to him.

"First wipe that stuff off your face," the girl said. "You look like a charlotte russe."

William obeyed. The car slid away. With one eye the girl regarded him critically.

"That's better," she said. "You've a rather good chin."

Again William felt that his ears were getting maroon, but there was nothing he could do about it.

"Nice day," said the girl as she missed a truck by inches.

"Yes," said William, and then his heart stood still, not romantically, but because she had whipped round a corner at forty miles an hour. The great car hummed through Central Park. Near the sheep-meadow she stopped.

"I can drive and talk at the same time," she explained, "but sometimes that's a little hard on the passenger. I thought you looked a bit nervous when I scraped that taxi, so I'm going to stop here a while. How do you feel?"

"Rocky," said William.

"Did my driving scare you?" she asked.

"Yes," said William. "My heart's still up near my collar somewhere." The girl smiled.

"Do you know," she said, "I've driven many a man around this town in my time, and you're the first one who ever admitted he was frightened. You know," she was looking at him, "I shouldn't be surprized if there was more in you than meets the eye."

William felt uncomfortable and at the same time happy.

"Yes," said the girl thoughtfully, "you rushed that man and he had a gun."

"I wouldn't have done it," said William, "if I had had time to think about it. I was stuck in the barber-shop—and couldn't find my money—and I just had to get out—that's all." She laughed.

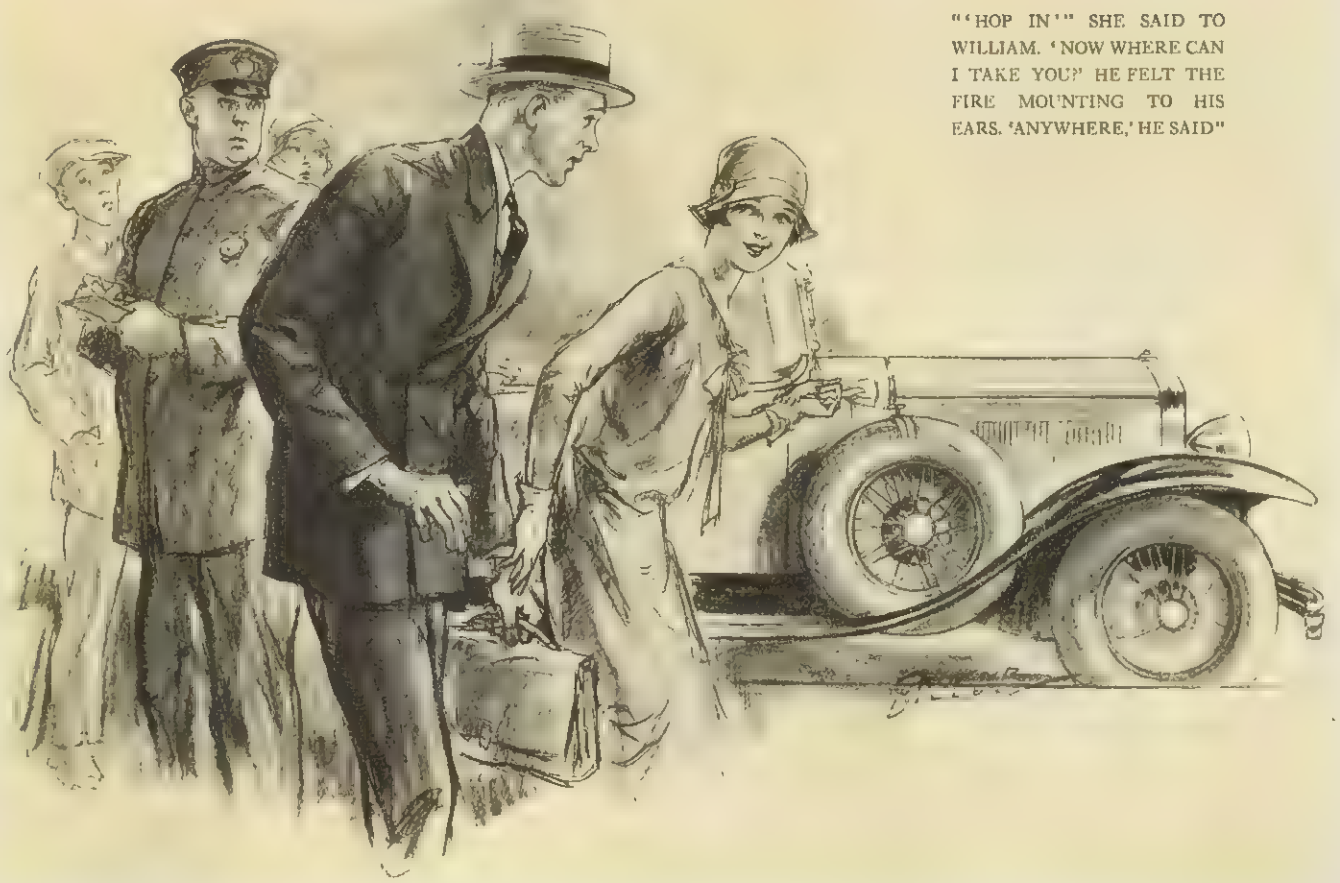
"Who are you?" she asked.

"William Dutton."

"What are you?"

"Nothing," he replied. "Nothing much. I come from Wemsley—that's up in Vermont, you know."

"I didn't know," said the girl. "Please go on."



"'HOP IN'" SHE SAID TO WILLIAM. 'NOW WHERE CAN I TAKE YOU?' HE FELT THE FIRE MOUNTING TO HIS EARS. 'ANYWHERE,' HE SAID"

"I'm an accountant," said William. "That's what I worked at in Wemsley, and that's what I hope to work at in New York. I haven't a job now."

"Why did you leave Wemsley?"

"Nothing happened there."

She nodded. "I follow you. Got any money?"

William grinned. "I've got four hundred and nineteen dollars in the savings-bank back home," he said.

"Play golf?"

"No."

"Bridge?"

"No."

"You're a wow with the women, tho, aren't you?"

"I beg your pardon?" said William.

"I mean you're a success with the ladies."

"I'm not," said William. "I never had a girl in my life."

"What? You're tall and healthy and fairly good-looking, and you tell me that? I'll just bet you've had no end of love-affairs."

"No," said William soberly. "I haven't had any."

The girl shook her head as if she had encountered something beyond her comprehension.

"I didn't think they grew 'em like that any more," she murmured.

"I beg your pardon?" said William.

"Listen to me, William Dutton," she said. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," said William. "I don't."

"Well, I'm Daphne Bellanger."

"I'm sorry," said William, "but I'm afraid I don't know the name."

"Perhaps you've heard of J. K. P. Bellanger?"

"Oh, yes. I've heard of him."

"Well, he's my father."

"That's nice for you," said William.

"Sometimes," she said.

SUDDENLY she ducked her head and crouched down behind the steering-wheel. A man on horseback was cantering along the bridle-path. William Dutton saw him ride by, an impressive and decidedly handsome man of maybe forty, elegant in a faultless fawn riding-coat and a spiked raven mustache. William took that in in a fleeting glance as he bent toward the girl.

"What's the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Sick?"

"Sort of," the girl said. "Has he passed?"

"Who?"

"The man on horseback."

"Yes. He's out of sight by now."

She sat up again. On her face was a troubled look.

"I didn't want to see him," she said. "And I didn't want him to see me."

"Why?" asked William. "Who is he?"

"The man I'm going to marry."

"Oh, are you?" said William, and frowned.

"Yes. Middle of next month." Then she added, "Heaven help me!"

William was still frowning.

"He—looked all right," he said finally.

"Oh, yes," said the girl miserably.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm going cuckoo, I guess," she said. "Here am I telling my troubles to a perfect stranger." She paused. "And yet," she said, "I have a feeling you aren't as much of a stranger as, considering the circumstances, you should be. I've got a hunch about you, and it seems to me, at the moment, it would be perfectly all right for me to call you 'Bill' and pour out my sad story and get your advice. Does that make sense, or doesn't it?"

"Yes," said William gravely, "it does. Perhaps I couldn't explain why, but it does. I don't understand much about people, especially girls, but I guess maybe this is something you don't understand. You just sort of know. Tell me what the trouble is."

"I will, Bill," the girl said. "And I'm not one of these chronic shoulder-weepers, either. But I haven't been able to talk to any of my own crowd about it. They'd think I'd gone milkmaid, or something. First, tho, I'm going to tell you why I'm going to tell you."

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"'I'LL HAVE IT IN WRITING,' URSULA SAID"

THE GIFT

How Ursula was sacrificed to the demands of Madam Grundy

BY DOROTHY BLACK

Illustrations by E. F. Ward

LADY WARLOW would sigh when she mentioned Ursula. Gently. Ursula was a disappointment to her. When she was a baby in frilly frocks, what plans her mother had made! What dreams she had dreamed of conquering London a second time, through her daughter's charms!

Lady Blanche Warlow had been one of England's most beautiful women. Only now it was rather a long time ago. People used to stand on chairs to watch her go by at garden-parties. Young men fought for her smile. She had been credited with at least one suicide.

How she had looked forward to living through it all again in Ursula! But from the age of fourteen it was obvious Ursula was not going to be any good to her. She had been sweet as a baby, but adolescence only widened a mouth already too wide, and did nothing to darken her sandy eyebrows and lashes. The pale-blue eyes that looked from under them were clear and humorous and full of fun. But few people got so far.

Now it was perfectly clear that the girl was not going to shoot up as her mother had predicted. She remained short and rather stumpy. Funny, broad, capable, boyish hands she had, and her sandy hair was dead straight and cut like a boy's

She wasn't even clever. When she came home for good from her expensive boarding-school it seemed as if all she had acquired there was an abrupt manner and a regrettable taste in hats. She wore tweed skirts and knitted jumpers. She did not care for parties or dancing, nor could she sing.

"Poor Ursula has no gifts," said Lady Warlow.

Lush meadows ran all round the graystone house, and away ahead in the blue of the distance stretched the hills of Connemara. Small wild daffodils carpeted the meadows in Spring, and cuckoo-flowers and white anemones. Ursula asked nothing but to live there for always.

She knew she was a disappointment to her mother. She knew her mother had never loved her very much after she stopped being little. But she came quite happily to maturity for all that, appreciated beyond belief by the horses, the dogs, the ducks, and the pigs.

She had a way with them. The most balky came when Ursula called. She rode Torpedo, the stallion, bareback. There was nothing she could not do with him. And that wild night when he broke loose from his stall, and killed his groom, breaking the back of that man with one cruel kick, they had to send for Ursula. She was only fourteen at the time. They had driven the stallion into a corner with poles. He stood at bay, only waiting for his opportunity, his nostrils splayed, his eyes red in the darkness. No one dare touch him.

It was the stud-groom who said, "Get Ursula."

She came down, little, stumpy, and half asleep, clad in a shabby, short blue-flannel dressing-gown. It wasn't worth while, said Lady Warlow, spending money on clothes for a plain child like that.

"Sure now, be careful," said the men, "for it's the divil there is in him to-night, entirely, wid McCarthy lying there on the cobbles, the back broken on him."

Ursula went past them. Right up to the stallion she went, and caught hold of his nose.

"Now, then," she said, "and what do you consider you're after, creating all this to-do on a wild night like this?"

The stallion whinnied. Whinnied like a little foal, afraid. Nosed at her, eying the men and their poles, as if begging her to protect him from them.

"For the love o' Mike, look out, Miss!" said the stud-groom, white to the lips.

"Begone with the lot of you and your sticks! You've put the fright on him," she said. She grabbed the stallion by the forelock. He whinnied again, and went with her back to the stable and the halter.

"But wasn't that a fool thing to do," she said, rubbing his velvet nose, "and where was the sense in it at all, at all? For they didn't want to harm you, not they. They were just afraid of you, in the way you'd be after being afraid of them, and all the matter nothing but one misunderstanding."

She stayed with him until the men tied him and left him quieted, munching some hay.

"And there's not one of you is to touch him when I'm back to my bed, either," she said. "Mind that. It's just a stupid lot you are, frightening him with your shouts and your long poles the length of a young tree."

She went back over the stable-yard, with its cobble-stones and dancing lanterns, and the groans of the man McCarthy dying there, with the back broken on him.

It wasn't only the horses. There wasn't an animal on the farm she couldn't handle. Even Sallie, the ferret, allowed herself to be lifted out and draped round Ursula's neck like a small, unfashionable fur. Sallie, who bit all other passing fingers to the bone.

"Sure, it's an awful, crying pity you won't let Miss Ursula remain to work at the farm," said the bailiff. "It's a wonderful way she has with animals, and a fine understanding of them, in a manner that no other one here has got. It's a gift."

Lady Warlow shuddered. She saw Ursula, in her mind's eye, blowzy, with manure on her boots, wet about the forehead with excessive exertion.

"Miss Ursula has got to come to town with me and be presented at court, and learn to be a young lady."

"I'm afther thinking London town could do fine without our Miss Ursula, and her so wanted here. For there are many grand young ladies there already with nothing to do but dress themselves up to go visiting, as I've been told. But 'tis as your ladyship will—and what are the orders about the new pigsties?"

In the matter of London the bailiff was right. Ursula went there in June. From the first the visit was a failure. Nobody noticed Ursula with her sandy hair and eyebrows, her stumpy figure, and her jolly laugh. People tried not to look surprized when she was introduced to them as Lady Blanche Warlow's only daughter.

The only bright spots in Ursula's season in town were the dogs in the park, and the zoo. She went out and talked to the former to try to forget her homesickness for the open country and the wild blue hills of Connemara. She spent every available minute she could in the zoo.

"Don't do that, Miss!" warned the keeper when Ursula put her hand through the bars of the sea-lion's cage and tickled the crown of Caruso's head. "He's the oldest and the fiercest of the lot of them, that fellow. He'll have your finger off."

"He'll not be after hurting me," said Ursula, "for we're friends these many days. Aren't we, you grand, fine fellow?"

Caruso looked at her with sawney eyes and made strange gurgling noises at her.

"Well," said the keeper, "just fancy that! You ought to take a job here. A young woman with a gift like yours could make herself jolly useful."

"I'd not be allowed to. You'd never be after thinking myself was a young lady of fashion now, would you?"

She smiled at him, the sun catching the light in those pale-blue eyes of hers.

"You never would, and that's a fact," said the keeper with good nature. After she had gone he stared after her. "Poor thing," he thought. "Balmy."

Meanwhile, in drawing-rooms, Lady Warlow was bewailing her lot as a mother.

"I feel so humiliated. When I see other people with their girls marrying all around me— I shall never make anything of poor Ursula. What am I to do with her, Tabby?"

Lady Tabby Crabtree was stitching virtuously at crêpe de Chine underwear, never having lost a good habit acquired in early maidenhood. She was preparing with her own fair hands a trousseau for the tropics. Her husband had just been appointed Governor of Inner Rajakhera. She was little and round and good-natured.

She said, "Better send her with me."

"Tabby, you wouldn't——"

"Why not? She isn't much to look at, but I'd probably marry her off for you. Standards aren't so high out there. The bidders are many, dear, and the market is small."

"She's quite amiable, and easy to get on with. In many ways she's a dear girl. Her accent is trying, but I can't get rid of it, and perhaps in India it won't matter so much." She hesitated. "If only she'll go."

"Why not? She hates London."

"She's mad about Connemara and the farm. The animals there are like brothers and sisters to her. She can do anything with them. I told you about Torpedo."

"Animals? She couldn't come to a better place than India for animals. You tell her that, Blanche. She can go off into the jungle and croon to the tigers. When you tell her that, surely she'll be anxious to come."

Ursula was not anxious to come.

"Now, what is the good of your sending me off half round the world, Mother, when you know fine I don't want to get married, and no one will ever want me to? If you'd let me go back to Connemara and look after the farm——"

"'BEGONE WITH YOU AND YOUR STICKS! YOU'VE PUT THE FRIGHT ON HIM,' SHE SAID"

"Strategy," thought Lady Warlow, "strategy. That's what I must use." She said, "Listen, Ursula. You go with Tabby for the cold weather, Mavourneen, and when you get back I'll give you over the farm entirely for your own."

Ursula's pale-blue eyes lit up. She got up and gave her mother a pencil and a sheet of clean paper on a book.

Lady Warlow sniffed delicately at her handkerchief. "Dear me," she said, "and what is this for?"

Ursula said, "I'll have it in writing."

"SHIREZ KHAN, MORE WILD THAN EVER, HAD FIRED AT THE GOVERNOR. HE WAS SHOUTING, AND ABOUT TO FIRE AGAIN, WHEN URSULA CAUGHT AT HIS HAND"

It would have been fun buying an Eastern outfit for any other girl. Ursula was totally uninteresting. All she asked for were serviceable things, and all she begged her mother was to be allowed to run over to Connemara, before they sailed, to say good-by to the stallion.

"Didn't I tell him I'd be back before they started cutting the corn on Ballymachree? And won't he be waiting for me?"

There were times Lady Warlow really feared the poor girl was a trifle mad. But, almost unwillingly this time, she was off on her dreams again. You can't keep women off dreams. They go to their heads worse than gin. For who knows, said Lady Warlow to herself, they are bound to go out shooting one day and perhaps there will be a nice, sensible man there, and one old enough to realize that beauty is but skin-deep. And a tiger will spring out to maul him, and, indeed, if Ursula is not there— The poor, not-too-young man! But Ursula, of course, will be there.

She will speak to the tiger with authority, "Now, then," as she did to Torpedo that night. The tiger would slink guiltily away. Lady Warlow could positively see it doing so. It would fawn on Ursula, probably, before it went. The not-too-young man would get to his feet.

How could he help being impressed? The charming story could have but one ending. Perhaps Ursula and her husband would bring the tiger home, quite trained, to the house. Lady Warlow looked doubtfully at the hearth. She wasn't sure there would be room for it on the hearth-rug.

Ursula sailed with the Crabtrees at the beginning of October. Lady Crabtree found her extremely easy to look after. She never had to be chaperoned, because none of the young men aboard took the slightest notice of her, being occupied with fluffier matters. But a single water-wagtail accompanied the ship all the way to Bombay instead of leaving it, as usual, at the Scilly Isles. It roosted at night in the port-hole of Ursula's cabin.

URSULA was disappointed with Inner Rajakhera. She liked the sunshine and the palm-trees, and the spiced and lily scents that came in on the breezes, and the view from Government House to the hills, where half-way up the school and seminary kept by the Brothers of St. Ignatius lay like a beleaguered castle in a fairy-tale. She liked the pomp and the bands and the red carpets.

But behind it all there was something different. Times have changed in those sunny lands across the sea. The glamour and the shouting dies. Through broken windows angry faces leer. And all day long in the big bazaar the voice of Shirez Khan, the seditionist, was heard, prophesying the worst.

Ursula said, surprized, to Lady Crabtree, "I don't believe they really like us a bit."

"What nonsense, child!" She drew herself to her full height, adding, "They have got to like us."

Ursula said nothing. You can not argue with the Lady Crabtrees. They live in little worlds they have made for themselves with cardboard scenery. But she talked to Sir Giles. He was a kindly, intelligent man, who never lost his temper, but who placed perhaps a little too much importance of late years on keeping calm.

"Are these things one hears true about the awful conditions they live under?"

"Pretty true, but not so easy to remedy as you would think, Ursula. Here four men do the work of one man. The agitators are telling all those four men they should strike for a laborer's wage similar to rates holding in the West. You can see for yourself such a thing is economically impossible.

"Out here each man does perhaps a fourth of the work an able-bodied man is capable of. He won't do any more. In many cases he is mentally or physically unable to do any more, yet he is being told he deserves more pay. What can one do? If a man will work only a little he can eat only a little. The nice relations between effort and the stomach have never been made sufficiently clear."

"Can't it be changed?"

"Perhaps in two generations, perhaps in three. Certainly not in one afternoon with a bomb. That is the way they want to do it."

"Like children," said Ursula.

"Just like children."

Continued on Page 58

SECRET SINS OF MR. PITT

By Maxwell Aley

"A VERY 'SMART' SET COMPOSED OF PEOPLE WHO WERE TRYING HARD TO LIVE UP TO THEIR SETTING"

Illustrations by Edward Poucher

THE little white kitchen of the five-room flat in the West Eighties, with its built-in dish-cabinet, gas-stove, and sink, differed in only the most minor details from thousands and thousands of other New York kitchens. But the scene that was enacted there every morning probably had no counterpart on Manhattan Island.

It was heralded by the buzz of an alarm-clock—a sound stifled almost immediately, as tho by the swift movement of one whose reaction to time was negligible. Then came the noise of bath-water running, a discreet splashing, the whack-whack of a razor being stropped, and a silent interval during which, presumably, the author of these sounds shaved and arrayed himself for the day.

And then into the early morning grayness of the kitchen came a tall shadow, groped for and found the switch, and in the sudden brightness Mr. Pitt—Mr. Henry Pitt—stood revealed. He was a slender man of forty, with dark hair graying above clear, dark eyes in a thin, ascetic face. He was immaculately turned out in blue serge, white linen, and a polka-dotted blue tie; a white handkerchief stuck perkily out of the upper pocket of his double-breasted jacket.

Henry always managed at this moment to look as tho he should be sitting down to a gleaming breakfast-table, all white damask and polished silver and sparkling glass, with the world's most perfect man servant hovering behind him, concerned as to whether the melon was properly chilled, and if the eggs should be poached or coddled.

But instead of any such thing, Henry prepared to be his own cook and butler by securing from behind the door an incongruous red-checked gingham apron of the sort known as a "bungalow," which he put on over his morning freshness.

Having protected himself by this enveloping garment, he set to work. He filled the teakettle at the sink, put it on the stove and with one match lighted the gas under it and in the broiling-oven for toast. After that he cut four thin pieces of bread and ranged them on the grill, and put a tin pie-plate full of dry cereal in the upper oven to grow crisp.

So far you may say that the scene has many counterparts in New York and other American kitchens, the American husband being what he is; but here the likeness ceases and the novelty begins. For the next thing Henry did was to go to a drawer of the ugly mission-oak buffet in the adjoining dining-room, unlock it with a key on his watch-chain, and take from it an old and quite lovely painted metal tray, on which he loaded, also from the drawer, the following collectors' items:

One Early American pewter teapot of boat shape, with ivory and ebony handle. Sugar-bowl and creamer to match.

One pink-luster cup and saucer, showing bands, small flowers, and reclining lambs as decorations.

One plate of gold-band china with crest on rim.

One bowl, same.

Two spoons and one fork of old shell-pattern coin-silver. Knife, modern.

One goblet, Early Sandwich.

Henry carried the loaded tray to the kitchen and set it on the white-enameled table; then, from the dining-room, he brought a small tilt-top table of mahogany, and on it arranged a square of linen and the rare and beautiful objects of his breakfast-service.

The kettle boiled for his tea. The toast browned, and the dry cereal grew crisp. He simmered an egg in butter and a little milk until it was jellied to a delicate perfection. From the ice-box he brought a baked apple and a jar of orange marmalade.

And then, all these things done, Henry removed his apron, brought in the morning paper, and sat down to as perfect a breakfast—a more perfect one in fact than that of any Park Avenue millionaire or pampered club-man in all New York.

And this breakfast, and the rare things which made up its service, formed the first of Henry Pitt's secret sins.

When, with great deliberation, he had read the morning paper and eaten his fruit, his cereal, his egg, his toast, and marmalade, and drunk his tea, Henry put on the apron again, washed the collectors' items with the greatest care, and returned them to the buffet-drawer, which he locked.

He got his coat, hat, and stick then, and left for the office of Messrs. Briggs&Hutchinson, Ltd., publishers, where he had worked for the last sixteen years, and where he was now the head bookkeeper.

In the flat in the West Eighties he left slumbering the two Ladies Pitt—Winnie, his wife, and Gwendolen, his daughter (aged thirteen). Winnie and Gwendolen never breakfasted with papa. They arose much later, Gwendolen first, and just in time to eat a snack and get off to school; and Winnie about ten, to linger over several cups of coffee and the raw, palpitating scandals of the morning's picture tabloid.

In his pocket, neatly wrapped in wax-paper, Mr. Pitt carried a large sandwich of whole-wheat bread. On some days it contained cheese, on others ham or beef. Rarely it had a few shreds of chicken. This was Henry Pitt's luncheon. He saved thereby—or was able to divert to better uses—something like two hundred and fifty dollars a year; but more important still from his own standpoint, he saved his noon-hours. For the other secret sins of Mr. Pitt took place between the hours of twelve, noon, and one-thirty.

He had arranged long ago—how long he had almost forgotten now—to arrive at the office at eight-thirty instead of nine, and to take, in consequence, a half-hour longer at noon. And he had begun then that round of his secret indulgences, so that he came, in time, to feel that life centered around that period between twelve and one-thirty. Certainly for those ninety minutes of each day Henry *lived*.

Back of the secret life of every man of forty is usually an unrealized dream. Henry Pitt's dream had begun in the New Hampshire village of Canterbury, where the Pitts had lived since before the American Revolution; it had been thwarted in the city, where he had hoped to make it come true.

AT THE end of the 1880's, when Henry was born, progress had left Canterbury a long, long way behind. In the first place it was seven miles from a railroad, which is a hopeless location for any village which expects to go on living. It had almost limitless water-power, and in the early industrial boom of New England it had built woolen-mills, a woodenware-factory, and a needle-works. When Henry was a little boy in the nineties, only the needle-works remained. The railroads' indifference and the general tendency to centralize industry in the big towns had left Canterbury to wither and die.

Half the houses were empty. Many of the old families had moved away or died out. There was nothing to do

but work in the needle-works or scratch a living out of the rocky soil.

Henry's father, Seth Pitt, scratched. Henry's uncle, for whom he had been named, worked amid the strange whirling machines and the emery-dust and sound of grinding in the needle-factory. The results in purchasing power were equally meager. But Uncle Henry, who was a bachelor and lived alone, lived beautifully, and the Seth Pitts lived unbeautifully in the once lovely old Pitt farmhouse, cluttered now with cheap, factory-made furniture, ugly "premium" pictures, and ornate German china—not to speak of far too many children.

Essie Pitt, Seth's wife, was of inferior stock to the Pitts', and never was a good housekeeper, tho her prodigal maternity filled the old homestead with babies. During Essie's reign as mistress of the place the beautiful old things which the Pitts had been accumulating for generations were allowed to be misused and broken, and were then banished to the wood-shed or the attic, and their places taken by shiny products of the machine age.

Many of the old things Uncle Henry had rescued and repaired. His little house in the village was furnished entirely with the quaint and charming relics of an earlier day. Seth and Essie Pitt opined that Brother Henry was somewhat cracked; the village of Canterbury concurred. There were few to say a good word for mahogany and pewter, luster-ware and old glass in the not so long ago of 1895.

But little Henry Pitt couldn't remember a time when going into the peace and order, the quiet and beauty of Uncle Henry's house, hadn't been to him like entering the gates of heaven. Instead of a base-burner and air-tight drum-stoves the little house had great, gracious fireplaces, where the birch logs burned cheerfully, sending out stray wisps of fragrant smoke. Instead of fusty carpets it had wide, bare boards and a few rugs. And always it had peace and charm and beauty.

ONE came first into a tiny hall with a little curving stair that led up to the half-story above. On either side of this hall was a square room, the fireplace end paneled. The one to the left was Uncle Henry's bedroom, furnished with a high-testered mahogany bed, a chest of drawers, and a few chairs; the other was the living-room, and there were Uncle Henry's chief treasures, garnered from the discards of his brother's and many other village households.

A pair of matching corner cupboards of pine with delicately carved shell backs held old luster-ware, quaint little glazed paste figures, and blue plates and platters showing historic scenes. An old secretary of Sheraton lines occupied the opposite wall. A wing-chair of unusually fine proportions stood before the fireplace, and against the walls were some early ladder-backs.

All of the other appointments of the room were in character. The rugs on the wide oak boards, some of which Uncle Henry had hooked himself, were mellow and soft of color. The white frilled curtains were held back by sunbursts of Sandwich glass.

Back of this room was the kitchen, a great, long, low kitchen with a huge fireplace and a Dutch oven, a big oak table and old honey-colored Windsor chairs worn smooth by generations.

Through the simple expedient of buying German china of the most hideous and flamboyant sort and trading it to the local housewives for the old pieces he wanted, Uncle Henry had filled his dish-closet with a priceless hoard. He and little Henry used to discuss which dishes they would eat from—the copper luster, the Surrender of General Burgoyne (in blue), Chinese Canton, mulberry Staffordshire—there was a wide choice.

But better than Uncle Henry's treasures was Uncle Henry himself. Little Henry, when he shut his eyes in church and tried to see angels, always saw them in the guise of this beloved uncle. And there was something bright and celestial about the needle-maker of Canterbury—he had a quality of beauty that came from within. Possibly that was because Uncle Henry's dross (if he ever had any) had been burned away in the fires of suffering.

He was thirty-five or more when Henry first remembered him; and he seemed, strangely, both old and young. His hair was pure white, but his clear brown eyes looked out from a smooth face as unlined as a child's. He had never married. Once, long ago, he and the young wife of an old farmer had been secretly and passionately in love; but those were not the days of easy divorce and remarriage. Suddenly the woman had sickened and died. Uncle Henry's hair had turned white. The few people who had known said it was better this way: her death had saved the pair from a life of sin.

AFTER that Uncle Henry's love for beautiful things had become his one passion. Only little Henry, his namesake, was privileged to share it. And spiritually little Henry became his uncle's child.

When he was eighteen he had gone to a business college at the nearest large town. He had wanted to go to New York to an art school. But that had been impossible, for no one in the family had any money.

What he and Uncle Henry planned was that after he had acquired a business education he would go on to New York, get a job, and at night study art at Cooper Union.

' HENRY COMPARED PIECES TO THOSE IN UNCLE HENRY'S HOUSE IN CANTERBURY "

He got as far as New York and the job. He even started in the beginners' art class. And then Winnie and the old, old lure came along to wreck the rest of the plan.

Winnie was Henry's landlady's daughter, and for some perverse reason she was much attracted to the tall, shy boy from New Hampshire. She was blond and blue-eyed, and had an appealing, helpless way about her that, while not feigned, was anything but revealing of her real character. At twenty she was more than passably pretty, too, and she knew how to dress to make the most of her fragile charms. Pale pastel colors and fluttery things of chiffon. She had had little schooling to supplement a very limited intelligence, but, as her mother said, "When a girl's pretty, brains is no use."

Lottie, her sister, who was not so pretty, but smarter, had already got engaged to bullet-headed Bert Green, who had the expensive front room and a job in Wall Street.

Lottie was always putting it over Winnie, and so Winnie decided to show her. She brought into full play the advantages of her city sophistication and all the instincts of her sex—and Henry tumbled. Her prettiness he mistook for beauty, and beauty to him was truth. He wooed her with a poetic fervor that made Bert Green's heavy love-making seem cheap and clownish. For the first time in her life Winnie felt that she had triumphed over her sister.

Hence the flat in the West Eighties. Hence Gwendolen. And the abandoned art studies and the job as head of the accounting department of Briggs & Hutchinson. But more than any of these, hence the secret sins with which Henry Pitt made life endurable for himself.

For life with Winnie had been a weary business after the first flush of the honeymoon. Winnie was slovenly, and Henry was by nature fastidious. Winnie felt that a man's first duty was to make money—a lot of money; and when Henry didn't she let him know that he was a poor fish—a very poor fish.

But so deeply ingrained were the simple virtues of his early life with his uncle that, suffering all this, it never occurred to Henry Pitt to walk out and leave his wife. As for divorce—no decent man divorced a woman. Of course, if Winnie— But he wouldn't think of that. It was too unlikely. He accepted a loveless marriage and the discomforts of Winnie's housekeeping—and sinned his innocent, secret sins by way of compensation.

At eleven-thirty every morning Henry retrieved the sandwich, supplemented this with a pint bottle of milk delivered to him by the office-boy, and retired to a secluded corner of the stock-room of Messrs. Briggs & Hutchinson to eat his luncheon.

As he ate he scanned the morning paper and now and then made notes on a card. These notes were apt to be of a cryptic character—such things as "Bellows lith. Witt gal." "Don't miss T.'s show." "Pine h. b. Asher's." "Ask Bowles at And's."

AT TEN minutes till twelve Henry brushed the crums from his waistcoat, wiped his mouth on his handkerchief, put the card of notes in his pocket, and returned to the battery of desks that under his direction formed the accounting department. For ten minutes he looked over reports, notes, bills, all the what nots of a tedious business, and saw to it that the department was alive and functioning well.

Then he got his stick, hat, overcoat, and gloves, if it were the season for all these, or just his stick and hat if it weren't, and set forth into the high-walled, high-towered streets of Manhattan on adventure bent.

And whereas the Mr. Henry Pitt of the flat in the West Eighties or the Mr. Henry Pitt of the office had a somewhat dispirited look, *this* Mr. Henry Pitt was jaunty, smiling, even assured. You would have looked twice at him, for it is rare enough to see a man on a New York street whose face shines. At those moments Henry's face had something of the look Uncle Henry used to wear when, the dust and grind of the needle-factory left behind him, he entered the perfection of his own little house.

The whole of the world's greatest city was his—for an

hour and a half. What should it be to-day? A visit to the Metropolitan and the chaste beauty of the Early American wing? The show of that new painter at the art-galleries? The exhibition of Early Americana? Or, if one felt the need of lighter diversion, that new motion-picture at the Rialto, or luncheon at the Ritz or the Plaza.

For these innocent diversions were the secret sins of Henry Pitt. These were his means of escape from the ugliness of home and the boredom of a job for which he had never been intended. To be a gentleman—one who took his pleasures as he would—for an hour and a half! To see beautiful things, touch them, learn their secrets. To go at rare intervals to those places where the upper elect chose to foregather, and eat a few simple viands, waited on with deference by a waiter whose yearly tips were probably in excess of his own salary.

The routine of all this was broken once a year by Henry's two weeks' vacation. This came the last two weeks of August so as to take advantage of the extra day which Labor day gave, and Henry went back to Canterbury to spend it. At first with Uncle Henry. But for the past five years alone in the little house filled with the treasures Uncle Henry had left him.

Winnie and Gwendolen did not go. Winnie had gone once, but her city soul, which rejoiced most in such things as big movie theaters, department stores, and ornate restaurants with deafening music, found Canterbury unendurably "hick" and the absence of a bathroom a calamity. Winnie and Gwendolen went instead for a two weeks' visit with Aunt Lottie out on Long Island.

Lottie's bullet-headed Bert had done well in Wall Street, and they had a bright-pink Italian villa at Great Neck, and went in a very "smart" set composed of people who were trying hard to live up to their setting.

Winnie had a swell time. This was something great. She reminded Henry when she came back just what a failure he was and how much better Lottie had done for herself. After the last visit she had even said, bitterly, that if Gwen was to make a decent marriage, and if she herself were ever to see any life worth while, they'd have to find ways to spend more time at Great Neck; she wished they could go and *live* there.

Things might have gone on like this for years, with Henry living his secret, intense life for ninety minutes each day, and Winnie taking her cheap pleasures of movie palaces and department-store sales and luncheons and visits with Lottie, if Lottie hadn't planted the seeds of suspicion in her sister's breast.

It was ten o'clock of a bright May morning, and Winnie, in a frowzy pink negligée, was having her fourth cup of coffee and reading the exciting details of the latest love crime in the picture paper.

Winnie was not very prepossessing at that hour of the morning. Her fragile charms had worn badly, the ravages of time being aided by a lack of personal fastidiousness. When she was going out and wanted to make the effort, she could still look very pretty. Too often she didn't take the trouble. She never took the trouble if she were merely staying at home.

THE door-bell rang, and when Winnie reluctantly answered it she found Lottie standing there, turned out very smartly in a trim little tailleur and wearing one of those tight felt hats that take ten years off a woman's age. Lottie differed from her sister in that she took a great deal of pains with her appearance—even at home.

They greeted each other with a perfunctory kiss, and Lottie came in.

She looked about the small, cheap, untidy dining-room and managed to give an impression of scorn.

"I'm having my dining-room done over," she said. "Modern. Three shades of green. Cubist du-dads. Green morocco on the chairs, and funny crystal lights flush with the walls. It's all the rage."

"Must be expensive," Winnie sighed.

"Of course it's expensive," Lottie said, "but Bert's made a lot of money in the market lately, and if I don't make him spend it on me he'll spend it on some other woman. Men are like that."

Winnie sighed again. "Well," she said, "Henry's safe, I guess. A hundred and twenty a week and no raise for four years. I know where it all goes. He has ten dollars a week for fares and luncheons and tobacco, and I have the rest. He's not feathering any love-nests on that."

Lottie took off her hat, displaying a tightly marcelled shingle of too bright a blond to be entirely believable. She said, "You never can tell. I thought I knew all about Bert, and then, when he was supposed to be on a business trip to Chicago, Meeta Craig saw him at a cabaret with that snaky, dark secretary of his, Miss Bond."

"Lottie!"

"I never told you at the time. I felt too bad. But did I make Mr. Bert Green *crawl!* That's when he bought the new imported car and added that wing to the house."

"Oh, Lottie! What did you do?"

"I waited," said Lottie coldly, "for two days till he came home—from Chicago; and I was just as sweet as sugar. The next morning when he started to town I was ready to go with him. He says, 'Where you goin' this time of day, baby?' and I says, 'In to see me a lawyer.' 'A what?' he says. 'You heard me the first time,' I told him. 'I'm goin' to protect my interests *now*. You may think you can get away with your Miss Bonds, and Heaven knows how many others,' I says, 'but——'"

"Gracious!" said Winnie. "Think of it—Bert! What did he do?"

"HE EAT crow," said Lottie, forgetting, as she always did in moments of excitement, the more elegant diction of Long Island for the earlier diction of the lower West Side. "I told him I'd go right to his partner, Sam Hefflin, and tell Sam the whole story if he didn't fire that girl and never see her again, and——"

"Did he?"

"I'll say he did! Sam ain't the sort to stand for any monkey-shines goin' on in the office."

"Henry hasn't spunk enough," Winnie began.

"Don't tell me," said Lottie. "What do you know about what he does all day? You don't see him till dinner-time, and then sometimes he don't come home."

"He has to work late."

"Yeah?" Lottie put a concentration of unbelief into that one mutilated word that spread through the room like poison-gas. "And *you* don't know whether he's had a raise or not," she went on. "Head of a big accounting department like that, he may be getting double what he tells you."

"Oh, Lottie!" Winnie said. "Oh, Lottie!"

They had always been like that, Lottie the more aggressive, Winnie the more pliant—and less successful in life.

Lottie said, "You'd ought to follow him up a bit. Did I trust Bert after that affair of Miss Bond? I'll say I didn't. I had a private detective on him for six months."

"But, Lottie," Winnie said, "I couldn't afford a private detective."

"No," said Lottie, "you couldn't. But you could snoop about and see what he does with himself. What does he do at noon? Plenty of men sow their wild oats when they're supposed to be out at business luncheons."

"Oh, Lottie!" Winnie said again, and there were tears in her blue eyes.

"Now look here," Lottie said, "don't be a fool. Don't go giving yourself away accusing him of things and crying all over the place. After all, we don't know anything—yet. Come on down-town with me. I've got Waichi and the car outside. You need a haircut and a finger-wave something fierce. And Madame Crevier's got a sale on, and Heaven knows you need a new dress."

And in this manner the seed was sown.

Nothing happened immediately. Winnie spent eighty-five dollars for a dress and a hat, and had to hold off paying some of the month's bills. That made her feel sufficiently guilty to disregard Lottie's suspicions for a week or more. But when Lottie dropped in at her ten o'clock breakfast again, Winnie was ready to have the seed watered by the acid of her sister's talk, and a seed of that kind being what it is, it sprouted and grew branches and leaves with the rapidity of one of those trees Indian fakirs are reputed to raise out of the bare stones of a street.

"When does Henry usually go out to lunch?" Lottie asked.

"Twelve o'clock—twelve to one-thirty. I—I asked him the other day."

"Quite a time—just for lunch," said Lottie. "I tell you what we'll do. We'll sit in the car out front of his office-building, and then when he comes out we'll follow him and see where he goes and what he does. A man can get into a lot of devilment in an hour and a half."

And so he can, as Henry well knew. Only, to his innocent soul, those secret adventures of his went by quite another name.

HE HAD planned that day to go to the Ritz for luncheon, since for two weeks he had spent nothing except for fares, and had sixteen dollars odd he could call his own. If one chose carefully, one could lunch at the Ritz and give a respectable tip within a limit of five dollars.

He omitted the sandwich and milk, therefore, and emerged looking very jaunty, his gray fedora pulled down a trifle to the left, his Malacca stick swinging smartly, and a pair of washed chamois gloves in one hand. He was much too absorbed to notice the car parked a bit down from the office-building entrance, or in it the two sisters who watched for him with such feline intentness.

They let him go half a block, and then slipped out and followed. An easy trail and a short one, for the office was on a side street off Fifth Avenue, and the Ritz was only three blocks away.

They weren't fifteen feet behind him when Henry, with a pleasant nod to the impressive doorman (who saluted), turned in to the Ritz entrance.

They stopped. Winnie's hand gripped Lottie's. Their eyes met.

"Well!" said Lottie. "If you want anything more than that—just for a beginning——"

Winnie's mouth twitched and tears came in her eyes. "Oh, Lottie, Lottie!" she said. "The Ritz! I've never even been inside the Ritz."

"Of course not," said Lottie, "just as I'd never been inside a cabaret palace. Oh, we've got Mr. Henry Pitt's number, all righty. The dirty, low-lived——"

"Now, Lottie," said Winnie, "we don't know a thing. Maybe it's business."

"That's likely," said Lottie. "Don't go and be soft. It's just like Meeta Craig says to me when Bert began cutting up. You never can tell about men, and these quiet ones are the most suspicious. Business! Bookkeepers don't have business appointments at the Ritz!"

"What—are we—going to—do?" Winnie asked.

Lottie pulled her around the corner into Madison Avenue. "We can't follow him inside," she said. "He'd be sure to see us, and, besides, I'm low on money. We've done quite enough for one day, I'll say! We'd better go somewhere for lunch now and take up the trail again to-morrow. And listen to me, Winnie! Don't you go giving the whole thing away to-night. Doll up and give him a swell dinner and be *sweet* to him. Don't let him suspect anything. You wanta wait till you got the goods all ready to hang on him—see?"

So absorbing is a man-hunt that Lottie sent last-minute regrets to a bridge luncheon to be given by an eminent sausage-manufacturer's wife the next day, and called for Winnie with the car in ample time to get down-town and be waiting when Henry emerged.

They had a momentary fright as he stopped in the doorway, consulting a little card he took from his pocket, and

Continued on Page 72

"THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET"

By Robert J. Casey

HERE is a new mystery serial that is going to keep you in a state of bubbling excitement from the very first chapter to the last.

From the minute you are introduced to the Bradley home at 37 Hardy Street you will be obsessed with just one desire in life and that will be to find out *what really happened to the famous playwright!* See if you can solve the "coffee and toast" incident in the opening instalment.

This new mystery story is even more thrilling and more baffling than "The Disappearance of Mary Young," and Pictorial Review readers know what a hit *that* remarkable story made.

You can begin "The Secret of 37 Hardy Street" in the August issue of Pictorial Review, and complete it in three big instalments after that. Don't miss it!

"'IT'S THE PRETTIEST THING I EVER SAW!' BEA CRIED. THEY WERE LOUD IN ASTONISHED PRAISE"

Illustrations by C. R. Chickering

VISITING

By Ruth Suckow

DALE had told Bea that she was foolish to get so worked up over this visit. It would be no trouble to entertain "the folks." They would be satisfied with whatever she gave them, and mother, he knew, would pitch right in and help.

Bea knew from kodak-pictures, however, and from things that Dale had said, how well the Masons lived at home. They had a big house—and here she had to try to pack them into this coop of a bungalow! They were used to all the conveniences. Bea was sure that Mother Mason was one of those perfect housekeepers. Well, she couldn't help it—with a baby, and all the washing that made, and two extra men to feed

"Sure! Mother'll understand all that. She worked hard enough herself when we were all kids. She'll be doing more than anybody else before she's been here a day."

It was his father whom Dale was dreading. He wouldn't admit it, but Bea could see how nervous he was. The quarrel between them had been made up, supposedly, when Dale had written home that he had taken over the garage and was getting married. But the writing had all been done by his mother, the messages of reconciliation had all come through her—and it was never against her that Dale had rebelled, anyway.

He had seen neither of his parents since he had left home and struck out for the West. Now he did so want to impress his father, who had admitted no faith in him, with his success as a business man and responsible householder.

Bea had got Junior all dressed and cleaned up first. That wasn't very safe, he was such a little villain, but she would rather risk having herself, than him, not ready if Dale should bring the guests back a little too soon. Her strong brown hands shook a little with anxiety and haste as she put on her blue dress and pulled down the hem. Oh, Heavens, but how sunburned she was! It was this terrible sun. She supposed that the girls Dale's mother knew at home all had nice complexions.

That girl whom they had wanted Dale to marry was in her mind. Bea had felt quite superior and contemptuous toward this Margaret, knowing that Margaret had no chance against her with Dale. But now she had to prove herself to Dale's parents. It would seem to reflect on Dale if she failed. She stared into the glass, seeing everything that was wrong instead of what was right.

The picture of Margaret among Dale's old snap-shots, of which she hadn't thought much at the time, grew prettier and prettier until it seemed to her that they must think that Dale had made a mistake—and that the hard life here, the plain little house, all were her fault for marrying him.

She turned and seized wildly upon the baby, crushing up his pink freshness, his warm smell of ironed clothes, of washed and talcum-scented flesh against her.

"They can't say that *you* aren't nice, anyway! They can't say that if Dale had married their old Margaret he'd have *you!*"

She took Junior and went out to the porch. Cars and cars and cars spun down the road. Bea tried to look, squinting her eyes, into the blinding brightness of lights and radiator-caps through the whitish swirl of alkali dust. She held Junior so that he wouldn't creep and get dirty. That was the car! She could tell by the way that Dale drove.

She took Junior into the house and put him down in his little pen in the living-room. "Now, *stay*, honey!" Then she went out to the porch again. She was trying to smile. Her heart was pounding. Oh, how she hated to meet them! She felt sick inside. The car was stopping. They had come!

And then they got out of the car. Dale's father first. So that was the way he looked!—a thin man, not very tall, with gray hair and glasses. Bea scarcely knew why she was so surprized. Dale had told her about his parents. His mother was coming toward her, and Bea had an impression of a large lady with a comfortable bosom, a smiling face, younger than she had thought, grayish hair, bobbed and curled.

"Mother, this is Bea!"

"Well!"

The softness of large arms embraced her. Bea was squeezed a moment against the silken comfort of that bosom, saw misty eyes, felt her eyelids curiously smarting.

"And this is my dad."

Dale's voice was embarrassed but proud. Bea felt the grasp of Mr. Mason's firm, dry hand. She tried to hold onto her old resentment against Dale's father, but it was fleeting when she actually saw them face to face. She had met them. It was over. She was asking them into the house. Her knees were weak and shaking, but she had a funny desire to laugh.

"And this is Junior!"

The two young parents stood back smiling but proud. Mrs. Mason tried to take the baby, laughed, patted him. "Grandpa, see here! See your grandson!"

Mr. Mason said, "How do you do, sir?" He tried awkwardly to shake the baby's little curled hand that drew quickly away from him.

Mrs. Mason said, "Tell grandpa you'll know him after a while."

Bea told them, "Well, I expect maybe you folks would like to go to your room."

SUPPER was going much better than Bea had dared to hope. After her first relief at finding them so much more—well, natural—than she had feared, all sorts of anxieties had come up. Their nice luggage, and Mrs. Mason's well-dressed opulence, had seemed to absolutely overflow their little bedroom. If they wanted anything, Bea had anxiously told them—but no, no, they were all right, Mrs. Mason had assured her.

Bea had run down into the kitchen, after a glance at Junior. "Dale, you keep him. Don't let him get himself dirty." Still feeling weak and queer, she had flown about trying to do everything at once.

"Can't I put things on or something, Bea?"

No, she'd rather have him entertain his father and mother. They were sitting in the living-room, rocking, trying to make friends with Junior. When she went into the dining-room Bea could see her mother-in-law's plump, crossed, silken ankles and strapped slippers.

"Well, I guess we can have our supper now."

Bea had been so conscious—nervously, defiantly conscious—of all that wasn't just as it should be. But there had been only praise.

"Such nice, thick steak!"

"I'm afraid perhaps it's a little too done. I never thought—maybe you people don't care for it that way——"

"Oh, no, it's lovely!" Mrs. Mason said.

Mr. Mason, who always ordered rare steaks, echoed dutifully, "Fine!"

Then there were the two boys from the garage. "Boys," Bea called them—only one of them was a boy. She had to board them because they had nowhere else in Brownfield to eat.

Harry was just a nice young kid. He had come out from Pennsylvania hitch-hiking and had stopped here because he was broke and had to get a job. Bea didn't know what the Masons might think of Blackie. He looked like a

desperado. His coarse black hair grew straight up from a wrinkled, rocky forehead, and he had terrible black mustachios, and a scar across his cheek. Not even Dale knew what his history had been.

But the Masons, shocked or not, seemed affable. And the boys took the visitors better than Bea had feared. Both looked scrubbed and subdued. They didn't say much—Blackie nothing; he was in an agony of dour embarrassment—but they kept their implements busy and made the most of the special meal. In spite of its early stiffness, the supper had quite a festive air.

Mrs. Mason talked about their trip. No, they hadn't driven. "I wanted dad to get a real rest. If we'd had the car he would have had it on his mind." The Masons, it was evident, were going to let nothing disturb them. Even when Junior upset his cup of milk, and began to roar, Mrs. Mason said, "Well, grandma's used to things like that, isn't she?" She did most of the talking. But Mr. Mason echoed her at the right times. He was under strict orders in regard to behavior during this visit, it appeared.

"Well, Mother and Dad, maybe we'd better go out where it's cooler."

Bea wouldn't hear of letting Mrs. Mason help her with the dishes. Her company mustn't do anything on the first night. All she had to do, anyway, was to put things together. Mrs. Strobel, the mother of Charlie, the lame man at the garage, would come in to do the washing.

"Why don't you take them over to the garage?" she said to Dale.

For one thing, she felt better with them out of the house while all this work was going on. And she felt a kind of diffidence—she wanted to give them some time with Dale. It gave her the strangest feeling, lonely, and yet self-reliant, to think how close his relationship was with them, while she had none at all.

"Well, then, let's walk over to the garage," Mr. Mason said.

That was really a great concession on his part. It made Dale feel both eager and relieved. He hadn't known how much he could say about the business to his father. He was proud of the place, altho it didn't look like much now, and he wanted to show it to them. They all went along the half walk, half path, where the weeds were white and stiff with the alkali dust, to the big, sketchy, barnlike building.

"Of course we haven't got much of a building yet. But we've got the business. The building will come."

"Well, if you've got the business that's the main thing," his mother said consolingly.

Mr. Mason was silent at first. But Dale was aware of him all the time. He knew that his mother would be sympathetic. All the time that Dale was showing them the new gasoline-tanks, the little, oily-smelling office, the big room littered with cars in all stages of wreckage, the contrast between this place and the bank was in his mind; and he knew it was in his father's.

Those last embattled weeks at home and Dale's stormy leave-taking were pretty hard to get over. Mr. Mason felt that his son should have been following him in the place that he had made—and here he was, away off in this little, God-forsaken burg in Colorado, that was only a repair-station for the stream of cars endlessly whizzing through. Well, he had chosen it!

But Mr. Mason had made promises. He felt the silent pressure of his wife's anxiety. At least he had to admit that the boy was making a go of it; and he couldn't help being impressed. He was secretly sick of being estranged from Dale.

"So you do a good business?" he said.

"We sure do. Location's fine."

"What tires do you sell the most of?"

MRS. MASON smiled in happy relief. But she scarcely bothered to listen any more. All that concerned her was whether Dale could make a living and didn't have to work too hard; and she was anxious, too, to learn what they gave this poor lame man, Charlie, to do. Tires meant nothing to her.

"Employ three fellows all the time, do you?"

"Yes, and it keeps us all busy. Charlie's just in the office."

"Well, certainly looks as if these wrecks would keep you tinkering for a while!"

It was a tacit acknowledgment of the success of the garage. Dale felt exultant and amazed. His father had been forced to see that Dale really could do something with machinery. Away from home now, and away from the bank, his father was curiously unformidable. Dale had a feeling of something like compassion for him. Why, mother and dad were getting older! They had always seemed to Dale to stay at just the same age. He had got away from them; this place was his own; and now he felt strangely remorseful.

Dale had longed for and dreaded this visit. It had taken the visit, tho, to make him realize that he had actually broken away from them. They looked lost and incongruous, in their nice, somewhat expensive, Middle-Western clothes, as they walked back to the bungalow along the weedy path—out of their old familiar setting, with these great bare plains stretching all around them and rising dimly to mountains in the distance. Still, dad was dad. He wouldn't always be so mild as this. To-morrow, probably, he would be criticizing and trying to take the running of the business into his own hands. Dale wouldn't have it!

Mrs. Mason was making some sort of signal to Mr. Mason.

"Got a drug-store around here, Dale?"

"Drug-store? Sure. Anything I can get you, Dad?"

"No, no." Mr. Mason was rather mysterious. "Just thought I'd go over and make a little purchase if you'll show me where it is."

"Well, we'll be on the porch, Dad," Mrs. Mason said.

It was ice-cream that he was after. Dale knew it the instant that he saw his father coming back across the road, carefully holding out a package.

"Got any dishes around here, Dale?"

"Sure."

"Dad thought we might all like a little ice-cream," Mrs. Mason explained.

Dale went to the kitchen for dishes. Bea was still there.

"Aren't you about through, Bea? Come on out on the porch. Dad brought us some ice-cream."

DALE reached up into the cupboard for the dishes. This made him think of Summer nights at home. "Dad, I think we'd all like some ice-cream," his mother would say. Then they would eat it, sitting on the big, comfortable screened porch, with the June-bugs knocking against the mesh and circling the light, the air warm and close under the big dark trees. His chest ached with homesickness. He seemed to realize actually for the first time that he had left there, he was living here. But all the same, he was going to fiercely keep this place for his own, not let his father get hold of it.

"Very nice!" All were praising the ice-cream, Bea because Mr. Mason had bought it; the Masons because it had come from the Brownfield drug-store.

The cars still went whirring past on their way to Denver. Bands of light whitened a piece of flat plain out of the limitless darkness. Alkali was heavy and stiff on the sparse weeds. Across the road stood a line of houses, the post-office, the combined grocery and meat-market, the drug-store. One tall cottonwood rattled its leaves. But Mrs. Mason was determined to praise.

How nice and cool the air was! How clearly they could see the stars!

Mr. Mason tried to follow her lead.

Bea was still constrained and very respectful. But Dale felt that queer pity breaking through his uneasiness and anxiety as he saw his father—his mother, too—try to stifle yawns. It had been a long journey. He wouldn't come home, wouldn't give up, and they had been driven to coming here. His father had left the bank for him! Bea was afraid to suggest bed for fear they might be offended, and Dale had to do it himself.

"Wouldn't you like to turn in, folks? You've had a long trip."

Mrs. Mason would have stayed gallantly talking, but Mr. Mason couldn't force himself to that. Dale had a moment of worry again as he wished that he could make them more comfortable. They did look pathetically out of place. His defiant anxiety melted into pity. He hoped they weren't going to miss the things they had at home. He thought guiltily of their big, comfortable room with the twin mahogany beds. But it was only the night, the strange place, their weariness that gave them this strangely pathetic look. Nothing pathetic about dad at home!

"Hope you sleep well, folks!"

"Oh, we will," his mother assured him. "Good night."

They walked carefully about the tiny room. Mrs. Mason took pains to make Mr. Mason lower his voice. She let herself down on the bed with a big sigh, hoping that she could get some sleep.

"Mama! Where on earth do you wash here?"

She showed him. Bea had set out wash-basin and towels on a stand. This might be all right for the young people; but, at their age, to come back to not having a bathroom! Mrs. Mason was really appalled. But she tried to warn Mr. Mason.

"Now, Dad, be careful. They can hear everything in this little house."

THE great, silent, treeless view from the window struck fear into her heart in spite of the nice air and the lovely stars. She crawled into bed with cautious sighs and moans, longed for her own good bed, but wanted her husband with her for comfort.

"Aren't you coming to bed, Alvah?"

She lay close to him. But she was worried and must instruct him before she could go to sleep.

"Now, don't let them think you aren't having a good time."

"Why do you keep thinking about me?"

"Because I know how you are away from home."

If she could only keep him satisfied somehow for these three weeks—the three weeks they must stay unless people at home were to think the visit a failure—keeping him satisfied, keeping him from interfering with Dale. This visit had to give back her boy to her. Nothing must happen. It had been all right to-night, but without the bank, without the radio, for three whole weeks——

THE next morning Mrs. Mason insisted on helping Bea with the dishes. Bea would rather have had her out of the kitchen—not seeing things. But Mrs. Mason in a voile house-dress was not so impressive. Her face was older, too, in the morning light, full of soft wrinkles. It was impossible not to become friendly over dish-washing. The two women could almost forget the wariness and embarrassment of their relationship. Bea did not say much about Dale yet, but Mrs. Mason began to talk about Mr. Mason.

"I wonder what dad's doing with himself."

Bea thought she had seen him go out to the porch with the paper.

"You know, I was amazed that I could actually pry him away from that bank!" Mrs. Mason confided. "But we'd stood it without seeing our boy as long as we could—and our little grandson." Mrs. Mason sighed. Dale's quarrel with his father was still too tender a subject for her to speak of it directly. "Where do these plates go, Bea?"

"Right up there in the cupboard. I guess it isn't a very good place."

Mrs. Mason looked affable, but made no comment.

"I must go and see where he is."

She was so afraid that he might have gone over to the garage. There would be trouble between him and Dale yet. She must get them together, and still keep them apart. Business simply filled dad's mind. But she found him sitting on the hot little porch, looking at yesterday's Denver paper. She thought he looked lost and dreary, and she asked:

"Well, Dad, can't you find anything else to do?"

He muttered, "What is there?"

Well, there didn't really seem to be much!

"Look around the place. You haven't done that yet. I'm going to take that paper away!"

"Here! Give me that!"

He made a futile snatch for it. But then he seemed to resign himself quickly to obedience. The last that Mrs. Mason saw of him he was standing out beside the one cottonwood-tree testing the thick, gray bark with his finger. She had a moment of dreadful remorse. Poor man! —and it was she who had made him come; her passion for her children warring again with her tender loyalty toward her husband. He looked so pathetic and queer away from his own place. Maybe she oughtn't to have made him come with her.

How could she still expect to change him, transform him (as she did) at his time of life? If there was a quarrel now with Dale it would be her fault. She ought to have come alone. But he was here—and oh, if only the visit would turn out right! But she must get him started doing something, or he would be thinking about that bank all the time or else interfering at the garage.

MRS. MASON went back into the house. Perhaps she could make the beds. She felt guilty about their visit; didn't want it to be a trouble for Bea. She was so strange and out of place. She was almost afraid to turn around. There were so many things about which she might have advised Bea; but she wasn't going to add to any trouble; wasn't going to let Bea think of her as "one of those mothers-in-law"! Mother-in-law! This was the first time Mrs. Mason had really thought of herself as that. Because the two "boys" whom her daughters had married, and whom she had known from the time they were infants, were just like her own. She could run into the girls' houses at any time.

Her own bed she could make, but when she saw the confusion in the other bedroom—much as she yearned to straighten it out—she tactfully closed the door. She was a visitor here. She had eaten more than was good for her last night, because she knew dad didn't like brown steak and had been afraid he wouldn't eat his; and now she must manage to get a little hot water without letting anybody know she was sick. She couldn't bear just to sit, tho, and to see all the things that needed doing.

"Oh, I don't want you to work," Bea said shyly.

Mrs. Mason sat down in the living-room. She tried to look at one or two household magazines that she had already seen at home and to hide the signs of her bodily distress. That rough, empty plain shimmering with heat was barren to her after the green lawn at home with all the flower-beds still wet with heavy dew at this hour in the morning. She had to be so very affable with Bea to cover up the resentment she couldn't help feeling. If Dale had married Margaret he might have been living next door to her now in that white house with the nice little garden. Mrs. Mason turned to Junior in relief.

"Look at this little mannie! How dirty he's got his rompers! Granny ought to make him some—yes, she ought."

Mrs. Mason went to her room and took out the nice folded piece of fadeless gingham that she had brought in the big bag. Well, that was something that couldn't offend Bea. She took the gingham into the living-room, with her

scissors and work-bag and glasses for close sight; and when Bea came into the room she was already at work.

"I can just as well get some things done for the baby while I'm here. Let me show you this pattern, Bea. I've made little Dorothy Jane several of these."

After that, Mrs. Mason was in charge. She had Bea bring out all her sewing for Junior and showed her new devices. And then it was so late that she must help Bea get dinner. She would make some hot biscuits.

"The men'll all enjoy those."

The work took her mind off her stomach troubles. She was so deep in cutting and basting and advising that she forgot all about Mr. Mason until she actually realized that it was noon.

"Where's dad?"

He hadn't been at the garage, Dale told her, looking a little foolish as he thought of his defiance. He wasn't in the bedroom asleep. What on earth had the man done with himself? Mrs. Mason was actually worried. Dale felt as if he were somehow to blame.

"I'll go and hunt him up, Mother," he reassured her. He stopped to hug his mother. "Hard at it, aren't you?" he whispered.

"I'm getting a few things done for the baby." She smiled, and then took off her glasses to wipe her eyes.

Dale was looking all around the place. Had he showed too plainly that he didn't want his father at the garage? "Dad!" he called. He thought he heard a "What?" from somewhere—and then all at once he thought of that old barn that had belonged to the place when the old shack stood here. He didn't know what on earth his father could be doing there, but that was where he was!

"Dinner, Dad!"

How idiotic that they should have been worried! There were some old carpenter's tools in the barn and Mr. Mason seemed to have been working with those. But even when Mrs. Mason anxiously questioned him at dinner, the two "boys" listening and grinning, he wouldn't say just what he was up to. "Were you making something?" He wouldn't say. But as soon as dinner was over he was right out there again.

MR. MASON now was busy all the time. But no one could get a word out of him. Mrs. Mason was consumed with curiosity, and all of them began to feel the same.

The children—what children there were in Brownfield!—had found out that something was going on. They clustered about the door of the old barn, and they were the only ones whom Mr. Mason would let into the secret.

That was another amazing thing—the children! "They were helping him," Mr. Mason said imperturbably.

They spent most of the day with him in the barn and they were tagging him whenever he went down-town—"down-town," Mr. Mason persisted in calling the three stores and garage of Brownfield. They visited the drug-store, and the helpers were seen to return sucking lustily at lollypops. To be sure, he did remember his family enough to bring them ice-cream as a peace-offering at night! Mrs. Mason, in the intervals of loud whirrings of the sewing-machine, exclaimed and marveled. He was never "much of a one" for children at home. But here he quite outshone her.

Even the baby took the greatest liking to him. Junior laughed and began to bounce whenever his grandfather came near. "Look at that!" they all cried, amazed. Junior was not half so fond of his grandmother. He didn't like to have little rompers put over his head and sleeves measured to his arms.

Bea was tremendously pleased. But Dale was astounded, a little resentful. "I can't remember dad ever playing that way with *us* kids," he said.

Mr. Mason worked all morning in his shop; but in the afternoon he took time off to put Junior to sleep. He was spoiling the baby. Bea would have a time with him after they were gone. Mr. Mason paid no attention to that. He said to Junior, "You and grandpa have to have a little confab together—h'm?" Mrs. Mason, tiptoeing near the living-room, heard him singing old songs she hadn't even known he remembered.

I went to the animal fair.
The birds and beasts were there.
The big baboon,
In the light of the moon,
Was combing his auburn hair.

Junior giggled happily at the tune and at the contortions of his grandfather's eyebrows. He was warm, safely held, and he began to drift into sleep. Mr. Mason was chanting softly his lullaby, a look of anxious quietude on his face.

It ran into a drifted bank
And we, we got upsot——

Why hadn't he done that with his own children? But perhaps it was true, he actually could be transformed!

"DALE REPEATED, 'I DIDN'T KNOW DAD COULD EVER THINK OF ANYTHING LIKE THAT!'"

Bea was reproachful when she talked with Dale that night.

"You never told me your father was like this!"

"He never was at home."

Bea couldn't believe that. She wondered how much the quarrel had been Dale's fault; and Dale resented any withdrawal, however silent, of her fierce loyalty. He resented, too, that she seemed to like his father better than his mother. Mother, just as he had fondly prophesied, was getting everything to rights. She was cutting, mending, sewing, cooking, hemming curtains. He tried to tell Bea that it was always mother, at home, who had had time for the children.

"Why, dad was always at the bank. We hardly knew him, compared to mother. And gosh, if we'd tagged him around the way these kids do here!" Bea didn't believe it.

Every one in Brownfield was interested in Mr. Mason and the mysteries of the barn. "The old gentleman," the boys at the garage called him—rather to Mrs. Mason's horror. "Old!"—well, that made her old, too. The man in the post-office asked about him. "How's that machine or whatever it is of your father's getting on?" He was in some kind of league with the man in the drug-store. "Your dad get his paint?" the man asked. Paint! Then that was the mysterious package Blackie had brought back from Denver! Blackie was delighted to be a messenger for the old gentleman.

Mrs. Mason grew more and more curious. He had taken his visit out of her hands—and he wouldn't tell her a word! Dale was even a little disappointed, in a queer way, that he hadn't tried to come near the garage. He was cutting up something—they knew that much. They could hear the saw.

"I didn't even know you could use carpenter's tools!"

"Didn't you?" he said imperturbably. He helped himself to potatoes. He was eating largely now of everything, and Bea encouraged him.

"VERN—" Mrs. Mason began warningly. Vern was their doctor son-in-law.

"Oh, don't talk Vern to me! We left him back in New London." Then, when he had finished a large bite, he admitted. "Sure, I can use carpenter's tools. When I was a kid I wanted to be a carpenter. Always had kind of a hankering for it if I had the time."

"Why, Dad, you never——!"

Well, she was too amazed to finish it. Dale couldn't help thinking of all the fuss his father had made—the stern commands, the hot quarrels—because he had insisted on "fooling around with machinery" instead of going dutifully into the bank. What had got into his father? Dale had never actually seen him on a holiday. His feeling wavered all the time between resentment and that queer compassion.

His mother kept wondering how Ava and Marian and the children were getting on, kept looking for letters, and poring fondly over kodak-pictures slipped inside; but the bank never seemed to enter Mr. Mason's thoughts. When he stepped into the garage it was strictly as a visitor.

Mrs. Mason was bewildered. To think how she had worried about this visit!—to keep dad contented was all she had asked, until it was decently time for them to go home. And here he was enjoying himself, more contented than she was herself—and she was shut out of it!

"Well, I can't stand it any more," she declared. "I'm going to see what's happening in that barn."

She made Bea go out there with her. Mrs. Mason's face was determined. "Well, he certainly has fastened this latch!" There was an old, cracked box. Mrs. Mason drew that over and stood perilously upon it, trying to look in through the one glassless square of the little old window. The panes were too dusty for her to see through them. "There's something red—" The box gave a dreadful crack, she shrieked, and Mr. Mason came to the door.

"You girls stay out until I'm ready for you."

They tried to plead, but he was inexorable. Mrs. Mason

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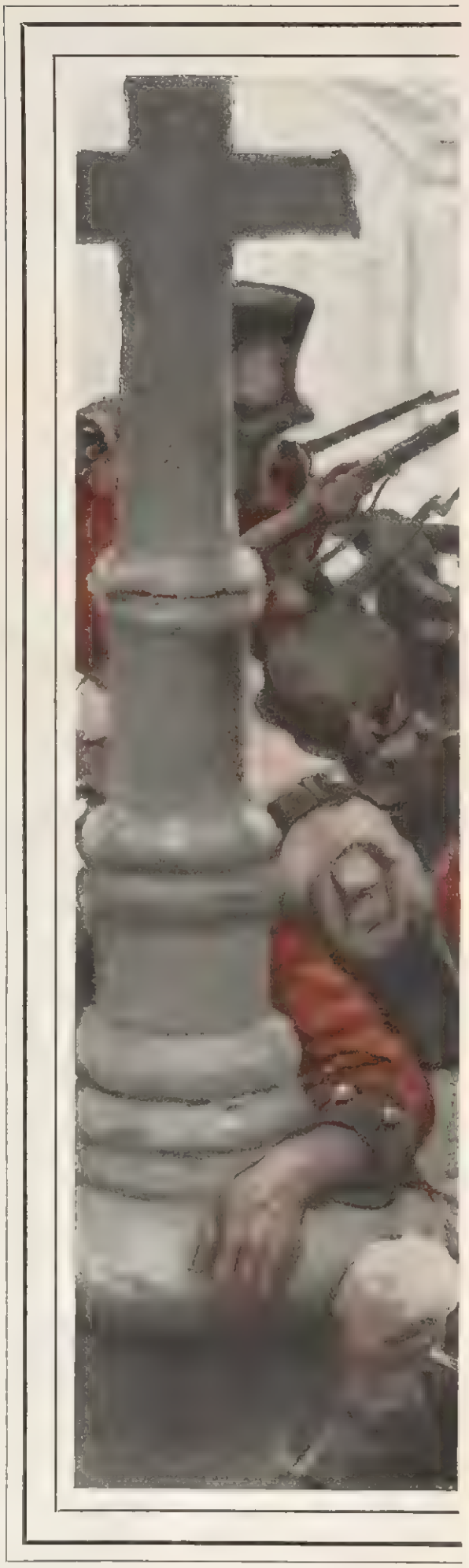
FIELD OF HONOR

Third instalment of a colorful and romantic novel having a fascinating historical background

BY DONN BYRNE

Illustrations by Douglas Duer



A SHORT SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY

When Bonaparte was making mince-meat out of Europe; when Lord Nelson, as English admiral, was sailing the high seas, young Garrett McCarthy Dillon of Ireland took it into his head to leave his wife, Jocelyn, at home at Derrymore and go to London to serve the British Empire under Lord Castlereagh, once an Irish patriot, but then Secretary at War and for the Colonies.

It broke Jocelyn's gentle heart, for she distrusted Castlereagh's personal motives as well as his political motions, and she was deeply offended at Garry's sudden decision to leave the home of his ancestors and take cause with the English.

In London, Garry serves his master as special messenger to the court and becomes part and parcel of the politics of the times in so far as his honest nature will allow. Yet all the while he pines for Jocelyn and the free Irish life with his horses and dogs.

As it comes hard for a country squire to forego his foxes and fishes, Garry journeys home on leave one day to renew his court to his beautiful wife. But he finds that his bride has flown to an uncle's protection, leaving behind her a letter in which she bequeaths Garry to the woman who will some day supplant her, since she herself can not reconcile her Irish rebel heart with Garry's English aspirations.

Garry leads a lonely life at Derrymore, for Castlereagh is suddenly forced out of office and London is a closed account. He hunts and fishes through the seasons, but his heart is heavy with his wife away and his political hopes are frustrated with Castlereagh in the discard.

But the Corsican still rides roughshod over Europe, and England trembles at his Russian ambitions. Finding need of a stronger foreign policy, the Government shifts its plans again and Castlereagh is reinstated as Secretary at War. Garry, of course, resumes his former duties as Castlereagh's confidant.

Accidentally he learns one day that Jocelyn's old uncle has passed away, so he writes to his wife and pleads with her to make Derrymore her home tho he will not be there. The old place has need of her loving care and gracious presence.

Shaken by her loneliness, Jocelyn returns to Ulster and rejoices in her happy Irish life. She sets about preparing Garry's room and seeing to his fishing-poles and hunting-clothes.

FOR the first time in her life now, Jocelyn began to feel uneasy. Derrymore was beautiful, but somehow now it was becoming a woman's house, so long had it been since a man was in it. Garrett's rooms, for all their fishing-tackle and oiled guns, were beginning to have an air of rooms a young girl would imagine for the man she loved but was not yet married to. There was lacking the odor of worn leather, and small things bothered her. Dogs that Garrett had had when pups, and which a year before had romped around his rooms with squeals of joy, had forgotten the scent of him.

Springs went by too fast. The dim blue violets and shining blue hyacinths came, disappeared, and came again so quickly. The bogs of Montiagh were purple with heather, and then black, and then purple again. So quickly did the year pass, so rapidly went by the moons, that it all but terrified her. Life was going so quickly. Herself, every one told her, seemed younger than ever, but that was only from the soft Irish air, from long swims in the lake, from riding, from walks through the oak trees with the dogs. But she said to herself in panic, "At all but twenty-four I am growing old."

She had thought, when she came back from the Isle of Man, that the quiet life of Derrymore would be all her portion forever, that she had dissociated herself in love from her husband, and kept on in friendship. But in times of thinking by the wise lake, she saw now that was impossible. She knew that when they came together she would love him—something of nature outside her will forcing her to it.

For one thing, never in her life had she been afraid before, but now she was, tho of what she did not know. Not of anything material, but in a way of life itself. When Garrett was near she was afraid of nothing. The quiet depths of the woods were just quiet depths to her, but now they were mysterious recesses, and when the dogs whimpered in the dark of them, as dogs will do, she herself was not unmoved by fear.

At Hallowe'en, when the aerial host had power, and all the Irish demonology held sway, she shivered by her lonely meal in the candle-light. Virgins they could not touch, and wives were protected; but what was she? In the servants' quarters there was merriment. The pipes were compelling to square Irish dances. There were apples and ale and laughter, and company about a great fire. But when she dismissed the maid, and slipped into her great lonely bed, she was afraid. Walking by the river, she had seen the silver cock salmon come up from the sea accompanied by his demure mate, and in the small heather, walking at eventide, she had flushed the paired grouse. And with a wry smile she had said to herself, "Nothing is alone, Jocelyn, but you." And she was dissatisfied.

Also it seemed to her Ireland was changing so much. The glory of old patriots no longer glittered like stars of gold in the heavens. She had come to believe that there was more in Lord Edward Fitzgerald's rebellion than met the eye. What had been promised for his revolt in France when he married the Duke of Orleans's itching daughter? And the taste of Emmet had become a little sour in her mouth. It was so futile, so theatrical. And it was so mixed up with the Curran girl, who was married now.

But the martyrs of the North, Orr and her uncle Munro and Henry Joy McCracken, were still the heroes of her youth. She had to acknowledge to herself that she was glad they were dead. Their hearts would have been broken. Irish historians were always blaming the discovery of the potato for the low standard of living in Ireland, but that could not be utterly true. What of Scotland? In Scotland they had not descended to the level of the beasts. And now in prosperity, for the Irish peasantry were making money selling food-supplies to England, they were reckless and extravagant, so that when the war would be over they would be in a worse plight than before.

The main thing England was to blame for, Jocelyn thought, was her destruction of the Irish Church. England had handed out Irish bishoprics and livings for the meaner sort of political services. And the glory of the Irish Church had become a center of corruption. So that the men of the North were turning to Presbyterianism, and those of the South were being drawn by the Romanists. It was all England's fault, Jocelyn thought bitterly. But for the destruction of the church, all Ireland might have been in its bosom.

Much as she feared for her country, little as she saw hope in its future, her hatred of the English Government was not abated by it. The alliance of the Wellesleys and Castlereagh struck her as the coldest and most callous in the history of politics. Occasionally she saw Lord Londonderry, and, forgetting her hatred of his son, the harassed old man spoke bitterly of his political opponents. There was talk of Quintin Dick, the member for Cashel, having paid Castlereagh for his seat. The money, it was averred, had been handed to Castlereagh by the Honorable Henry Wellesley. The dreadful thing was that people were believing this, Lord Londonderry said.

"But why not, my lord," Jocelyn said quietly. "Is it incredible that a man who bombarded Copenhagen should hesitate at accepting some thousands of pounds?"

Lord Londonderry grew very old before her eyes.

"You have always hated Robert."

"As most of my countrymen and women do, my lord."

The yellow-faced old man looked at the radiant young woman, and there was hatred in his eyes.

"But you have reason to," he said maliciously. "Robert took your husband from you."

The atmosphere was electrically uncomfortable. The guests around looked at both of them. The viceroy, who had come north for the grouse, stared at the young woman, who, he felt, was too beautiful to be a rebel.

"GARRETT HAD BEEN WOUNDED AT TORRES VEDRAS IN A SKIRMISH AGAINST THE ENEMY, BY A BULLET IN THE RIGHT SHOULDER"

"My husband, my dear lord," Jocelyn said quietly, "is not one to be kept or to be taken away. He is what neither you nor your son has much traffic with—a gentleman." The old baron's face grew white as a sheet from the insult, but Jocelyn was pitiless. "I'll warrant you that my husband stays by your son more from pity than loyalty. He has his country's love for losing fights, and the Ulsterman's obstinacy in not admitting when he is wrong."

Jocelyn ought to have felt sorry for insulting the old politician, but instead she gloried in her cruelty. She was sick of politics, and she was beginning to resent her husband's absence. For the beauty of Ulster, the quiet waters of Neagh, the harvested sheaves of gold, the winging wild duck and drake, she was beginning to feel were not sufficient to a life. She was the same as before in feature, but that her eyes were deeper; yet time frightened her. And if Garrett did not come back to her, what would happen? Death she did not fear. Death had for her the quiet of an enchanted Summer night, with the lake-water glimmering under the moon, and the red deer coming down to drink at their pools; but fifteen or twenty years from now, life frightened her.

IT SEEMED to Garrett, now that Summer was well in, that affairs of Government were more complicated than ever. Tho he had spoken to Lord Castlereagh of Canning's growing antagonism, yet the Secretary passed it off with a phrase. Garrett's own position in London was peculiar. Every one recognized in him the confidant of Castlereagh, altho what confidence there was Garrett did not know. The War Minister said little to him of plans, but Garrett's presence seemed to give him confidence, and of all Castlereagh's friends and relatives Garrett was the only one before whom he dropped his mask. The messengers all respected him, and in his department he saw there were discipline and fair play for all.

The terrible crises of nerves, which Castlereagh concealed from every one, Garrett saw, and his own common sense seemed to steady the Secretary. Some of these attacks came when he heard from Reynolds, the informer, who was now living in Wales, and was, Garrett knew, systematically blackmailing Castlereagh. What secret the former United Irishman held over the former Irish Secretary, Garrett could only guess. That it was a personal one, he knew, for Reynolds could have no political secret that the Government was unaware of. Garrett sensed that Reynolds's secret was connected with money, possibly the dispensation of Pitt's secret-service funds.

When Reynolds appeared on the scene, Garrett feared for Castlereagh's sanity. Also, at the time when it was sought to connect him with Parliamentary corruption over the sale of seats, Castlereagh's gloom was awful. Tho in the House he was haughty and arrogant, yet by himself he seemed to be thinking of suicide. On occasions like these Garrett kept close to him, disregarding all hints to leave.

Garrett had heard that Canning had insisted with the Prime Minister, the aged and feeble Duke of Portland, that Castlereagh should be removed. But calmly Castlereagh went ahead planning his war against Bonaparte, and when Garrett spoke to him of the rumors, he stigmatized them as gossip.

"Sir, won't you speak to Mr. Canning about it?"

"The relations are so strained between myself and Mr. Canning that private conversations are out of the question."

"Well, then, to Mr. Perceval."

"Dear Garrett, do you consider it likely that one so friendly with me, and one whose political fortunes are so bound up with mine, should conceal a vital thing like this from me?"

"I consider it likely, my lord."

"But why?"

"I distrust professed politicians."

Castlereagh only sighed. "Wait until Sir Arthur Wellesley gets under way," he said; "we will have the Cabinet eating out of our hand."

"Will we?" thought Garrett. He did not share his chief's high esteem of Wellesley as a soldier. The sallow man's arrogance, his contempt for his officers and men, seemed no great earnest of success. His troops, he made no secret of admitting, he considered the scum of the earth. They had only joined for drinks, Wellesley believed. He bemoaned the fact that with this scum he was supposed to fight French troops drawn by conscription from all classes, gentlemen, solid burghers, muscular peasantry. He had a contempt for Napoleon as a man; he was no gentleman, Wellesley said. Garrett asked himself what did Wellesley know about gentlemanly conduct? Making a fool of himself after a painted hussy! Letting down his superiors! Taking money for an office which he did not fill!

"I think you dislike Sir Arthur Wellesley, Garrett?" Castlereagh smiled.

"But I do that!" Garrett replied honestly.

It seemed to Garrett that the only one really interested in this war was Castlereagh. But then English ways were alien to him. Behind the pose of indifference, these Saxons might be taking the matter very seriously indeed. Every one seemed more interested in the misfortunes of the actor Kemble than in the tragic retreat and heroic death of Sir John Moore. Tho Bonaparte hovered like a hawk in Europe, the clown Grimaldi held the public eye. The trumpets and kettle-drums of the Grand Army might crash into the "Marseillaise," but London hummed the airs from "Don Giovanni" as sung by the Catalini. Tho Wellesley complained about the condition of the army he was to command, yet he had done nothing to remedy it. Then he was sent to Lisbon to supersede Sir John Cradock.

What Garrett could not understand was the apathy of

the English people. Another nation would have revolted against the Government for so mismanaging affairs, but the people applauded the Prince of Wales for a fine English sportsman as he sauntered along Piccadilly with George Brummell. There was a feeling that the Duke of York had been badly treated, tho honest men could not but see that he was an utter rascal. The most decent, apparently, of the family was the Duke of Kent, but he was disliked because he had sought to put down drinking in the army.

Quietly, on the other side of the Step of Calais, Bonaparte was consolidating his position in France. A new code of laws, to supersede the old feudal system, was being drawn up. A great triumphal arch was erected at the Louvre, and surmounted by the four famous bronze steeds from Venice. A great stone bridge was being built to replace the wooden bridge of Sèvres. The stupendous roads of Simplon and Mont Cenis were being finished. Garrett shook his head at the news. France, prosperous and happy under Napoleon, could not be defeated.

"It can not be done, my lord," he told Castlereagh.

"Oh, but it can."

"As how, sir?"

"By killing Frenchmen."

"But conscription gives Bonaparte so many to draw from, my lord."

"Ah, yes," Castlereagh said. "But mark this: when one of our soldiers dies he is of no consequence. That is the best of having the riffraff of the streets and the scourings of prisons. But Napoleon's are drawn from every class, noble and burgher and peasant, people whose families remember and resent. Turn the women against him, and Bonaparte is done. I confide that in a few years' time the Emperor will have more enemies in France than in England and Austria."

"This business of war, my lord," Garrett said quietly, "is a very dirty thing."

"Does any one know that more than I?"

THE Earl of Chatham was a tall, forbidding man with a small head, a tight mouth, hawk's eyes. Indeed he looked so much like his father, the elder Pitt, that one might have thought the Great Commoner had come out of his tomb to lay aside statesmanship for the sword. Nothing more cold, more aloof could be imagined.

One could not help thinking that here was the man Castlereagh should have selected as his ace of trumps against the Corsican instead of the sallow, querulous Wellesley. Indeed Lord Chatham felt that himself, for he was distinctly cold to Castlereagh. It was evident that Castlereagh had none of the liking for the earl that he had had for his brother, the younger Pitt. It was also evident that he would not have had him for command in an important expedition, but that the earl had been forced upon him by the Canning faction.

Calmly, blandly, the Secretary at War explained the situation to the noble lord. The sudden revolt against Napoleon in southern Germany came at an opportune moment. The situation was delicate. The Austrians had asked for an expedition to be sent to the mouth of the Elbe. The expedition could not be sent until peace with Austria was signed, as Austria was still at war with England. However, a quarter million pounds in bullion had been sent to Trieste to help them, and a small expedition as a feint had been dispatched against Naples. The main thing was for everything to be in readiness as soon as peace was signed. Did his lordship understand? The Earl of Chatham unbent sufficiently to bow.

Well, then, the Secretary at War went on, here were the details. He had in mind the dispatching of the greatest armament that ever left English shores. Napoleon had supplied Antwerp with new docks, and the city threatened to become the commercial rival of London. The town was completely unprepared and a blow there would hurt France enormously and gain England a great national advantage. Lord Castlereagh gave the Earl of Chatham definite instructions. Did Lord Chatham understand? The forbidding soldier, with hands clasped around the hilt of his saber, nodded, and regarded the minister with coolly inimical eyes. A qualm of terror ran through Castlereagh. Did this officer intend following his orders? He was before all things the King's friend. If only Sir John Moore had lived, Castlereagh thought. But Sir John Moore had been sacrificed in Spain.

But whatever fears possessed him, Lord Castlereagh concealed them from his auditor. He became even more courtly and bland. He congratulated his dear lordship on command of such an expedition. He would be assisted by thirty-five ships of the line, with swarms of smaller vessels and transports, under the command of Sir Richard Strachan, the gallant naval officer. Did his lordship know the admiral? The master of the ordnance growled out of his cold, turtle's mouth that he did not. There were so many sailors. Castlereagh passed over his remark. He finished by wishing Lord Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan as many prizes as had fallen to Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier at Copenhagen. He only regretted that His Majesty refused permission to co-operate with Austria until peace had been signed with that gallant country. Lord Chatham replied severely that His Majesty was best judge of his own counsels. Diplomatic tradition and usage must be observed if they did not wish to descend to the level of Napoleon.

"His level shows an astounding number of victories, my lord," Castlereagh bowed.

But while Austrian and English diplomats were discussing their protocols, Archduke Charles of Austria moved against the Princes of the Rhenish federation. With a swiftness that was nearly supernatural Napoleon struck. The Archduke fled in terror from the field at Abensberg. The French armies seemed less like troops than like the exact parts of some wonderful machine. At Ratisbon Napoleon was wounded in the foot by a musket-ball, but rode on, complimenting the Tyrolese sharpshooters on their aim at such a distance.

THE French proceeded to Vienna, which refused to surrender. After a bombardment of two days the Austrian general capitulated. In the midst of a hostile country it was necessary for Napoleon to inflict an exemplary defeat. He decided to attack. The Archduke Charles had rallied an army of two hundred thousand men. At Essling, Napoleon was forced to retire to the island of Lobau in the Danube. Tho the Austrian losses were enormous, the French dead were little short of twenty thousand men.

The Austrians thought they had Bonaparte caught like a rat in a trap. The rising Danube swept his bridges away. But suddenly, throwing a light bridge across and turning the enemy's flank, the Emperor assailed the Austrians on the Table-land of Wagram. Even then the Austrians had great hopes of success. They had entrenched and fortified themselves, and were waiting, licking their lips for the glinting bayonets of the enemy. But the French dragoons and cuirassiers remained back, and the bayonets of the guard were not seen. Instead, it seemed as if the very furnace of hell rained fire upon them. Their own artillery barked back, coughed, died. The little fat man on the white horse was commanding, it seemed to them, the numberless legions of the damned. And recognizing there was nothing human in this, the Austrians fled from the dreadful odor of powder and blood. And suddenly there were the brazen tones of trumpet, and through the smoke of battle they could see the drawn swords of the galloping dragoons, the bayonets of the charging infantry.

The terrible French were on them. Dropping gun-swab and sword and musket, they turned and ran, blinded by smoke and terror. In Bohemia there were forests where the French could not find them, caves in the mountains where a man might hide. Foot-soldiers seized the bridles of general officers and beat them from their horses, and, clambering into the saddle, rode on, blindly, anywhere to get away from the unloosed cohorts of hell.

The Emperor of the French had slept through part of the battle, and now that it was over, rode about the field. On the terrane were twenty-four thousand Austrian dead, and he had only lost less than two thousand men, but that was too much by far. At home the conscripts were grumbling. He felt a little fearful. An aid told him that most of the French officers in the Austrian service had been killed on the field of battle, but Napoleon did not exalt. Peace! He must have peace! As he distributed honors to the men, he was received with cries, with adoration. Lukewarm friends assured him that now he was impregnable, victor of Europe, great as Alexander. But he felt lonely. Yes, he had distributed so many decorations, had taken such care of his men, that it was but natural they should be grateful to him. Also each battle won was glory and prosperity to France, but had he a real friend in the world? he wondered.

A vision of his black-eyed, narrow-eyed, shriveled Corsican mother, like some sibyl of old Rome, came to him, but in her face was the same suspicion as was in his own heart, and he heard her oft-repeated phrase, "*Si cela dure!*" ("If it lasts!") He shook his head, as tho to shake disturbing thoughts from his brain, and took a grip with his knees on his white charger. He must find some way to make it last.

WHAT Lady Castlereagh wanted him at her dinner-parties for, Garrett could not understand. That she hated him was apparent. He had never shown any interest in her florid beauty. He had evinced a dislike for her conversation. And once coming home late from Vauxhall with two friends from Ireland, he had seen his chief's wife in a tousled disarray outside the great pleasure-place, while a grinning young Italian singer stood in the background. He had made a feint of not recognizing her, but after that he had noticed her watching him with haggard, bitter eyes out of her patched and powdered face. Good Heaven! as tho it were any of his business what she did. He disliked the woman intensely, apart from her morals, for her vanity, her little meannesses.

He knew that here to-night she had designs on every one of her guests, some political or social intrigue. It was all so undignified. The seats for her box at the opera, Garrett knew, she had on sale for visitors to London, and she was as keen in a bargain as any fishwife.

This evening among those also present were Castlereagh's first cousin, the saturnine Lord Yarmouth, and the Irish poet Moore. Yarmouth proceeded to bait the poor poet about his abortive duel with the critic Jeffrey, on which occasion the Bow Street runners took them both in custody. Yarmouth wished to hear exactly why Mr. Moore had fought, or rather attempted to fight; was it to be in the fashion?

"I had no wish to harm Mr. Jeffrey, me lord, but I had to uphold the dignity of me profession," the little poet answered.

Garrett could not but feel sorry for the Dubliner. The little man had a hard life in London. He was of value only when he amused. And for all his shallowness and facility he really loved his country.

"Now, Mr. Dillon, would you fight a duel?" Lord Yarmouth asked.

"I don't know that I would, my lord," Garrett thought. He noticed Yarmouth's hard eyes on him. "I am afraid Christianity would get the better of me between the insult and the meeting," he said gently, "so that to be on the safe side I should blow the insulter's head in there and then." And he answered Yarmouth's look with one hard and dangerous as his own.

"But what truculent friends you have, Robert!" Yarmouth turned to Castlereagh.

"I'm sure he needs them," Lady Castlereagh said tartly, "for I am assured Robert is too proper to ever fight any one."

Lord Yarmouth answered with his cruel laugh, and Garrett was dismayed to see his white teeth and red gums. They were so like wolves'!

IN a little while Yarmouth and Castlereagh rose, telling the others not to disturb themselves. Mr. Moore was going to sing some of his Irish airs. Themselves, they had private business to attend. Lord Yarmouth smiled.

"I am sure," Lady Castlereagh said, "you are going to the house of that horrid woman, Amy Wilson."

"'Pon me honor, we're not," Yarmouth assured her.

"Then you are going to the greenroom at the Opera House to hang about that dreadful Catalini."

"The Catalini is very charming, but we are not going there, either."

It seemed to Garrett that Castlereagh lingered by him as he said good night.

"Hadn't I better come along, my lord?" He scented something tense in the air. The cruel gaiety of Yarmouth was significant. There was something afoot, some devious, devilish work, else Yarmouth would not be in it.

"No, no, Garrett! It's nothing but private business."

"Look, sir. Is everything all right?"

"Never more so," Castlereagh said quietly. He put his hand, with a small gesture of affection, on Garrett's shoulder, and went out.

It was so early in the Autumn morning that there was little traffic in the London streets as they drove out to Putney. The last of the carts coming to Covent Garden passed them, and tho it was only September, yet there was a tang of frost in the air. The day was going to be fine. They crossed the river. Behind them the Houses of Parliament loomed out of the river mist like some figment of an immigrant's dream. On the seat before them in the fast-moving curricle, Yarmouth's rosewood box was covered by a cloak thrown over it with careful negligence. Castlereagh hummed an air from an opera.

"By gad! You're a cool one, Robert," Yarmouth conceded.

"I'm a bit of a fatalist," Castlereagh said. "Whatever is going to happen is going to happen, and there's an end to it."

"What's going to happen is that you're going to kill the bastard," Yarmouth said savagely.

"If I don't it sha'n't be for lack of trying," the calm-faced minister replied.

The rising sun had brought a small blue mist out, and was now dispelling it. Over Putney Heath they could see the blue waves of it rolling like heavy smoke toward the Thames. The gorse was breaking into its meager second bloom, and the faint frosts of the last few nights had touched the leaves with rust. They came to Roehampton and, nearing a cottage, Yarmouth poked his coachman in the back. "Here, you!" he said irritably. At a clump of small trees a second carriage was waiting, and a dog-cart with a groom at the horse's head.

"I suppose there's no question of apology." Yarmouth clambered out with the rosewood case.

"Eh?"

"I said, I suppose there's no question of apology." Yarmouth's irritability showed itself in his tone.

"Of course not."

"Then I'll tell Ellis," Yarmouth said. "You'd better stay here."

The minister watched casually Canning's surgeon open his case of gleaming instruments and fiddle in a small black bag. The man was mopping his brow. He was assured that the surgeon had acted in many duels, but surely never in one so important as between two of His Majesty's ministers.

A wasp with body striped like a tiger's flew past Castlereagh's white face, and he wondered what would happen were it to bother him at the critical moment. Looking at the gorse, it occurred to him that it had not the odor of nuts which the Irish gorse had. Strange that he should be thinking of Ireland and his youth now. And then he caught sight of George Canning fussing with his second, and Castlereagh's long Ulster face froze into stone.

He hated the man, not so much for going behind his back to the King, and insisting that Castlereagh should be dropped from the Cabinet. That was only unworthy, and, moreover, it showed he was afraid of Castlereagh, as indeed—Castlereagh's eyes flickered—they all were. But he hated Canning impersonally as an obstacle in his way. Hadn't the man ruined the greatest expedition ever sent from England by insisting on Chatham commanding it? Castlereagh knew his motive now. If the expedition had succeeded, Chatham would have been made First Lord of the Treasury, and behind him Canning would have ruled the Cabinet and the country. A cheap plot, Castlereagh sneered. The man was a fool. He could not intrigue.

Before this wretched underhand business with the King, Castlereagh had plotted all around him. The Prince of Wales he had in his pocket. The Marchioness of Hertford, Yarmouth's mother, had been his intermediary. The common people thought it was a new love-affair of Prinny's, as tho the Prince would look at a woman who was over fifty, and a grandmother to boot! But had the Walcheren expedition been successful and Wellesley in Spain successful, what with the Prince of Wales's support where would the King have been?

Yarmouth came up to him.

"Ellis is so frightened that he couldn't load his pistol. I had to do it for him myself. But Canning knows his rights. He's choosing his ground, his back to the sun. I suppose you haven't changed your mind about the distance."

"No!" Castlereagh said. "Thirty-five paces. I can hit him at that."

He took his position as the ground was measured. But for white breeches, Castlereagh was all in black. Black coat, black vest, black stock. Yarmouth put into his hand the pistol with the superbly scrolled lock. It was easy, beautifully balanced. The cock drew back with a melodious muffled click. He stood sideways to his man, presenting the edge of his lean body, like the edge of a board. He saw his opponent grasp his pistol firmly, as tho it were a riding-crop, and present his full body. There was a flush of excitement about Canning's face. And Castlereagh thought, The man's only a rash fool.

"Are you ready, my lord?" Yarmouth called.

Castlereagh nodded.

"Are you ready, Mr. Canning?"

Mr. Canning said, "Yes."

"Well, then, gentlemen, fire as you please."

Mr. Canning jerked his hand up, and blazed immediately. There was a spat of fire, a crack, and Lord Castlereagh heard the bullet hum high and to his right with the song of a bee. A pheasant, alarmed at the din, rocketed out of a clump of bushes near by. Lord Castlereagh studied his opponent for the fraction of a second before he raised his arm.

He brought the pistol up very slowly along Canning's left leg. He had an idea that Mr. Canning was trembling, but, whether he was or not, he did not budge an inch. Well, he wouldn't tremble much longer, thought Lord Castlereagh, once he could draw a line on his heart. He brought the pistol up past his knee, and then, whether the trigger was too nicely adjusted or whether he had pressed involuntarily too hard on the butt, the thing went off. Mr. Canning was hurled to the ground, doubled up, as tho a horse had kicked him. The seconds ran toward him. The surgeon followed. In his excitement he picked up his case, and forceps, probes, and scalpels fell on the grass as he ran.

Lord Castlereagh stood quietly, looking at the small wisps of smoke coming from the muzzle of his weapon.

"A very unlucky year," he decided.

Lord Yarmouth came hurrying up. He took the pistol from his principal's hand? "It's a nasty wound through the fleshy part of his thigh. It will be tedious, but not dangerous. Robert, you were too quick. You will never get a chance like that again."

Castlereagh merely looked at him. Out of his eyes the inner Castlereagh, naked and furious, looked in his second's eyes. And Lord Yarmouth said no more.

Garrett felt so sick of it all that he wished to go back to Ireland, go back to Jocelyn. Tho that seemed to his mind the logical thing to do, yet something within him prevented it. He had crossed Blackfriars Bridge on to the Surrey side of the river, and, looking across, he could see London, set in the evening haze like clumps of fireflies, and it seemed so alien to him. Palace and ginshop were all lighted, and in neither did any man care about his country. Tho he was arrayed against the French, it seemed to him the French were better. They had heroism and chivalry, however ill directed. The English had strength and common sense. The more he saw of them the less he could understand them. They were so unlike the turgid, passionate Irish, who would kill each other for a party cry.

The thought rose furiously in him that if it weren't for Irish statesmanship and military talent, and the genius of Jewish merchant adventurers, England would be still a barbarous country. And yet would they? he wondered. From the cradle they assumed a superiority over all races that the others seemed to accept. Their diplomats were so superior that the opponents felt it was an affable condescension for them to speak at all, and the opponents gave in. They arrogated to themselves the mastery of the seas, not as by right of conquest but as by Heaven's decree. To Garrett himself, descended from Lochan of the Deluge, some minor official of the Foreign Office under his care always assumed a superiority that was galling.

Well, that was all beside the question. The point was what was he going to do now. He would blink the question no longer. He thought Bonaparte was a wiser, kinder, more chivalrous figure than the whole rout of English royalty. The only person for whom he felt affection and respect was the poor mad King. The Princess Amelia was dying at Weymouth, and the sanity of His Majesty would not survive that blow, so much did he love the fair vivacious child. With her death the curtain would come down forever on his mind. And the Prince of Wales undoubtedly would become Regent.

Lord Castlereagh had sent in his resignation with one hand, pulled the strings of politics with another, and had the elder Wellesley recalled from his post as ambassador to take up the Foreign Office. Castlereagh would still be all-powerful. And during Canning's convalescence he would be sure to ruin him. Garrett felt sick of the whole puppet-show of monarch and ministers.

He had wanted to resign, and Castlereagh understood him. But who was to take his place? The corps of messengers and dispatch-carriers must be taken care of. If he went, now the Peninsular campaign was in full swing, Heaven knows what would happen. There was enough dirty work in other departments of Whitehall without paralyzing the nerves of the army. He reluctantly decided to stay. He knew, too, that if he went back to Lough Neagh he would regret it all his life. He had taken sides and could not withdraw until "finis" was written. Tho it seemed as if nothing could beat Napoleon now, yet he knew from the English plans it was only a matter of time. The Czar had been once more won over quietly. When Napoleon died, if he died, unbeaten, Europe

"LIKE TWO ON A CLIFF WITH THE WEST WIND BLOWING AGAINST THEM, CALLING FORGOTTEN, ANCIENT MELODIES OUT OF THE HEART"

would undergo a hell of rapine, state warring against state and general against general.

The French revolution would be the game of children compared to what would happen then. If England conquered Napoleon she would ride the warring states with a curb. She would see that there was order in Europe, if only for the sake of her own commerce. There was no doubt about it, the Little Man was doomed. He knew it himself, else he would not be trying to hedge by marrying the daughter of one of his enemies. Poor Little Man, Garrett thought, without a friend, save his old mother, and the wife he was soon to divorce, and his old soldiers. Poor Little Man, he thought by marrying an Emperor's daughter, the Emperor would be his friend, as in an ordinary human family. For all his juggling with kings, the Little Man knew nothing of them. "I am afraid I am becoming a sad republican," Garrett thought.

But no! He was not going back to Ulster with the reputation of a man who had deserted his chiefs. Right or wrong, an Irishman of standards stuck to his party. Causes had been betrayed in Ireland for a title, or money, because of a woman. And people would say he had left Castlereagh because of his wife, and smile. Even Jocelyn would suspect his motives, and that he could not bear. No, he would stand and fight this thing out on his chosen ground.

One thing that added not a little to his depression was this. Before now he could always throw his mind back to Derrymore, see the flowering trees of Little Ram's Island, the waters of Neagh blue as the blue sky, and among the flowers of the manor-house, through iris and white cistus and columbine, see, white as, delicate as, graceful as any flower, the beloved lady. For a long time now he had not been able to see her in night-dream or day-dream.

He wondered if some change had taken place in himself, or whether it was only because he was in the center of the European storm. And through it all he could not see her face. He remembered one dusk at Derrymore when Jocelyn had discovered a thrush's nest in the hedgerow and the vision had always stayed with him, her parted mouth, her child's eyes, her hands white and beautiful as the hawthorn she was peering through. An evening of white and gold, white hawthorn and the golden laburnum trees, small white clouds and the golden glow of sunset, and Jocelyn as ethereal, as soft, as lovely as the small bird's breasts. Her face was coming back to him.

A LAND of larks, Jocelyn thought; tho the poet-owner of the hotel insisted that Holyhead was a land of wrens, the last remnant of druidism. But everywhere about her larks were singing. They rose from the short sea-grass in light bounds until they achieved the high air. They rose from spinney of gorse and bed of rushes. And from on high air they poured forth such a wealth of golden song that the heaviest heart must be cured by it. And Jocelyn's heart was not heavy any more, for she had her husband once again.

Each morning, while he lay outside the inn on the couch and the old physician tended his wounded shoulder and broken leg, she would swing off for a walk, until she reached some high peak where the winds from the blue tossing sea bathed her like a cataract from some mountain river. Already from the Cymric sea and the Cymric sun beneath her blue-black hair, her face was assuming a mask of gold, fitting with the golden gorse and the golden sun and the golden song of larks. But she felt that the more sun and sea air she could get into her possession the more vitality she could give to the white-faced man who had been so close to the portals of death. He was improving now so quickly that the aged physician thought it a miracle of the Welsh land.

Soon he would be able to walk down with her at evenings and watch the primrose-colored sea that stretched from Wales to Ireland, see the homing fisher-boats and note the tumbling plum-colored porpoises in the bay. Soon he would be able to ride on one of the sturdy shaggy Welsh ponies up the slopes of the Holyhead and to Saint Mary's Mount. On the slopes of the Welsh hills, under the golden sun, it was so easy to feel the reality of the gods of the druids. There were druid wells here, whose water was sweet as wild honey; healing currents from the arteries of the druid wells and the tumult of the druid trees, and the sight of the blue crags of Snowdon, would make him as well as ever he had been.

When news came to Ireland of the duel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, all Ireland knew that the Downshire nobleman's Cabinet days were ended, and Jocelyn had been in a ferment of wonder as to whether or not her husband would return to Ireland. That he would stay with the Government after the insult to Castlereagh was not to be thought of. But no word came from him. And one morning his estate agent, Mr. Craig, and Mr. McIntee, his bailiff, had come to her to turn over certain documents. For days before a certain strut and swagger had shown itself in two of the farm-lads, and one Winter evening she had seen a lad called Jackson lunging viciously with a saber at a stolid and unoffending haystack. She noticed, also, that young Col McKenna was exercising Prentice Boy, a new hunter.

"By gad!" the groom patted the five-year-old's neck, "if he isn't satisfied with you now, he'll be the unhandy, difficult man."

"Whom do you mean, McKenna?"

"Who would I be meaning but himself, my lady, Mr. Garry."

"Who told you Mr. Garry was coming home?"

"Coming home! Sure, isn't it to Spain he's going, to fight and hunt with General Wellesley, that brought his hounds to India itself?"

"I don't know," Jocelyn said.

"Ah now, my lady," Col wheedled, "you wouldn't be stopping Mr. Garry. Sure, his heart would be broke on him."

When Craig and McIntee came to her to explain how Garrett wished things carried on in his absence in the Peninsula, and in case of his death in action, she turned pale. She acquiesced in all the proposals. When McIntee was dismissed she spoke to the agent.

"MR. CRAIG, my husband has not acquainted me with any of his plans. Can you tell me anything?"

The burly, shrewd agent looked troubled.

"To be sure," Craig stumbled, "we all know that you and Mr. Garry are at variance over the rights and wrongs of this war. And no man and no woman can go against their convictions. I should say that Mr. Garry had not told you himself for fear of wounding your feelings. All I know is that he has resigned his post at the Foreign Office and bought a commission in a regiment of horse. He is, I understand, at the point of sailing for Lisbon. I am sure he thought the news would come better from an outsider than from himself."

"He is very tactful, Garrett is," Jocelyn mused. "And yet I would rather he was risking his life in the field than risking his soul with Lord Castlereagh."

"A very able but a very odious man," Mr. Craig mused. "That's how we all feel about my Lord Castlereagh."

"Mr. Craig," Jocelyn said, "you are a shrewd man of the world. What is to be the outcome of all this?"

"A bad outcome, Miss Jocelyn," the Ulsterman shook his head. "Many of the men who fled to America in the troubles are returning to Ireland from sheer homesickness, and they all are agreed that war between America and England can not be delayed for long."

"And then what will happen?"

"Then," Craig decided, "they will come hotfoot and apologetic to Lord Castlereagh."

"What!" Jocelyn cried, "has England then no man who can cope with tragedy but this Irish gallows-feeder!"

"No man," said Mr. Craig.

Jocelyn felt, unjustly she knew, that he should have told her of his going to the war; had her to London; spoken of the future. Not in such a casual way should the brazen gates of death be approached. Of course he had arranged all his affairs, and left everything to her in case of death. But she brushed that aside as of no account; so much was spleen upmost in her. "There is a woman somewhere in this," she decided with a vulgarity that astonished herself. And she had a tortuting vision of some fair Englishwoman waving to him, as he rode out of London toward Portsmouth with his company, while the band crashed into the Irish air, "The Young May Moon." Again her inner self told her that Garrett would not enter into a mean intrigue with a woman; but savagely she said, "People change, don't they?"

"NATURE'S MASTERPIECE"

The beautiful, subdued tints of this glorious mountain scene are faithfully depicted in a full-page picture on page 27 of Pictorial Review for August.

A terrible Winter gripped the lakeland. Unceasing, a moaning, runaway wind came out of the north. Rime changed to ice on the boughs of the young trees, and there was a crackle as of musketry through the night as they broke in the mad, unharnessed gale. Such gaggles of wild geese, both graylag and barnacle, came southward as had not been seen in living memory. Skulks of foxes roamed the countryside, snarling and barking at men on their raids. And owls, frozen to death, were found in the woods of Derrymore. Never were the crows and cows so thin, the trees so sear, the stags so lean. And snow covered the copses of Derrymore like a shroud.

A trading-boat out of Archangel had the Autumn before put into Belfast on its way to the Americas, and had offered wares in the city such as Belfast had never seen before. Strange tea, and sacred pictures, and sturgeons' roes, and furs. Whether from womanly extravagance or some occult instinct, Jocelyn had bought of their stores of furs, wondering when all was bought at her madness. But now in furred Muscovy boots and greatcoat and small cap of fur she tramped the desolate land when even the otter shivered, and the dogs with her whined to go back. Some dark anger and dread kept her forever moving, until one bleak January day a letter out of Spain came to her.

Her heart really for an instant stopped beating and her hands trembled as she looked at the strange writing. And kept twisting the letter around and around in her hands. But a voice within her said, "Have courage." And she opened the letter and glanced through it. That was all right; he wasn't dead.

She felt so faint now that she had to sit down before she could read it through. It was from Garrett's regimental surgeon in Spain, and told her that her husband had been wounded at Torres Vedras in a skirmish against the enemy, by a bullet in the right shoulder. The surgeon gave her to understand that the wounds were tedious, but at present not dangerous. He was having Garrett brought to Lisbon, but he wished to get him home at once. He knew that a man of Garrett's influence could achieve that.

Apart from influence, his popularity and personal charm made everybody eager to help. Here the surgeon's letter became embarrassed. He permitted himself the liberty of saying that he hoped this untoward occurrence would have its bright side. Two young people like themselves must be united. He asked Madam Dillon to believe him, that there was nothing in life for a woman like a husband and a home. There were no difficulties which, on consideration, and with some measure of mutual forbearance, could not be adjusted. And he remained her obedient servant, Aloysius O'Flaherty. How embarrassed Garrett would have been had he seen that letter! she smiled faintly.

The door of the drawing-room opened softly, and through it she could see a company of Irish servants standing in the hall. They knew she had received a letter from Spain, and news of Master Garry in it.

"The master," Jocelyn said, "has been badly wounded in Spain and is being sent home."

The women wept. The men shuffled. "It's ill news," they said, "it's queer and ill news, but thank the Man Above that it's no worse."

"That's all," Jocelyn said. "Now run along."

THEY looked at her in astonishment. They could not conceive that she wished to be alone. In Ireland all emotions, joy or sorrow, are shared between high and low.

"Did you hear me?" she said impatiently. "Get out!" It was the first intemperate word she had ever addressed to them. They scuttled off like rabbits.

She wrote to Garrett: "My dear, my very dear," she called him, and she asked how could he think that political differences would have held her back from seeing him when he was going off to danger? Surely they who had been so close should not have been apart at that moment. It was cruel of him, she wrote. But of that no more now. They must unite for the purpose of getting him well. He must get some one to write her at once when he was coming home. The Winter was terrible, but it would break now, she was sure. When might she expect him? When? Oh, when? She enclosed her letter with a covering letter to Lord Castlereagh, asking him to let Garrett have it at once, as she did not know where he was.

Her letter began with the formal "My dear lord," but her sentences were abrupt, peremptory. Within the week a reply came to her in Castlereagh's prim, flowing hand. He was shocked, he wrote, at the wound of "our beloved young Garrett." It was against Castlereagh's advice he had gone at all. He had forwarded her letter. And now, he wrote, did Mistress Dillon think it was wise to bring Garrett home? Surely in Ulster he could not have the care and attention he would have in London. He had retained his own physician, Doctor Charles Bankhead—an Ulsterman himself, by the way—to meet the transport at Portsmouth. They must be governed by the medical man's advice. Also, he might be excused for suggesting that a meeting between Garrett and herself at this minute might give rise to a fever which would retard his progress.

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"'BUT IF IT'S ANY COMFORT, I'LL PROMISE TO MARRY YOU WHEN YOU'RE SIXTY-FIVE'"

YOUTH AND CRABBED AGE

By Kate Lancaster Brewster

Illustration by Addison Burbank

LUCY looked very nice, Alicia thought, running across the lawn in her bathing-suit like a slender boy, the son she had always wanted. If Martin hadn't been killed in the War they would have had a son—and Lucy a brother, of course, because she couldn't have got on without Lucy. But she was the sort of woman who needed a son. If she had married again she might have had one, too. Perhaps after all it was Martin's son that she wanted, and that was why she hadn't married again—that and because she wanted always to be able to talk to Lucy about her father.

"Mother," Lucy was calling, "I forgot about Richard's train, and now I'm all ready to teach 'old George' to swim. Will you meet him or send some one to the 4:10?"

"Old George," waiting at the edge of the swimming-pool, heard her, and disproved his need of the lesson by a neat dive. Lucy with a maidenly whoop followed him into the incredibly blue water. She had attended to Richard. Her mother did all the things she forgot. He and his bags would be there when she needed them.

"'Old George,'" Alicia thought, "and old Alicia!" She would be forty to-morrow. She mused on this horrid fact. It was all very well to look young and think young, wear the same kind of clothes as your daughter, and dance, swim, and amuse yourself as she did, but it was nonsense to accept the overworked phrase that you are as old as you feel. It was a phrase trusted by her contemporaries who had a fortyish look, the fat ones who were thick in that region once known as the waist-line, or the thin ones whose legs, revealed by fashion, were unexpectedly sturdy; but when you really looked ridiculously young it was a desolating fallacy. Neither were you as young as you looked because in the city of your birth you "dated yourself" like any successful Paris model.

And yet there was George Dempster, years older than herself, swimming with twenty-one-year-old Lucy, who called him old, but skylarked with him as if he were Richard Marcy's age—in fact it was he who had first brought Richard to see them a few months ago. He was still asked to all the débutante parties, and the young marrieds, who were so blatant about that adjective "young," overwhelmed him with invitations. Lucy was on one fringe of that set, she on the other, but "old George" was, as he might express it, sitting pretty right plumb in its middle.

What would happen if Alicia ever did make up her mind to marry him? Would she, as George's bride, regain her social youth, or would they be swallowed up by the comfortable middle-aged circle to which George rightfully belonged? She had an idea it wouldn't be long before he asked her again to marry him. It was nearly ten years since she had last refused him, and lately there had been a trace of embarrassment in his manner, a sudden control of a word half spoken that disturbed her a little.

He had been with them a great deal that Summer, coming to the country for long week-ends, and turning up unexpectedly between times to take her, and Lucy too, to dine and dance somewhere or to the opera at Ravinia. Richard or some other of Lucy's friends were always along, so George's attentions were not obvious, but Alicia was afraid she would have to decide before long. His was the bachelor temperament or he would have been more persistent years ago.

It was a tiresome situation because she liked George and didn't want to marry him, but before long Lucy, for whose sake primarily she hadn't accepted any of the two or three acceptable men who had proposed to her insistently, probably would be marrying Richard, and then she would be all by herself in that big house, and after a little it would be lonely. But not right away. In the interval, probably short, between terrifyingly becoming a mother-in-law and a grandmother, she was going off somewhere where she wasn't "dated" to have her fling.

For a fling she never had had except at a prom or two before she married Martin at eighteen. Then came Lucy and the little girl that had died, and not so very long after that Martin was killed in France, and for years she was old, older than she was now on the eve of forty, older than she would ever be again, she hoped.

SHE had decided London would be the scene of her adventures. Perhaps if she didn't succumb to her sympathetic attitude toward George she would be funny and marry a noble lord. Thirty, slightly plus, would be her London age, and Lucy, anchored to a bridegroom, wouldn't turn up to give her away. She would go to Paris first and buy lots of charming and frivolous clothes and a jewel or two that Martin would have brought home to her if he had ever come home.

She knew lots of people in London, nice gay ones, who found American women just outlandish enough to be "useful." She wasn't going to be useful in the American sense to any one for at least six months. She didn't mind meeting Richard or arranging to have him met, but she was tired of the thousand and one infinitesimal services she had spent her life performing, about forty a day for forty years, an elderly and *nth* degree Boy Scout.

When Lucy married—and she didn't think she was an unnatural mother to hope it would be soon, Richard was such a nice boy—she would take her well-earned sabbatical year and then (perhaps) be ready to serve again in the minor capacity of a useful grandmother.

At this rate, if she were as old as her reflections on a Summer Saturday afternoon, the face that she regarded in the mirror as she powdered her nose to meet Richard's train would have all the smooth emptiness of fourteen, slightly minus. She was idiotic, forty years idiotic—no, thirty-nine until to-morrow—when she would try to be sensible and somewhat grown up.

Richard beamed when he saw her waiting for him, but "Where's Lucy?" was the first thing he said. "Teaching 'old George,' as she calls him, to swim," Alicia answered. "She forgot to look at the clock."

When Richard ejaculated, "Thank the Lord!" she was surprized; but when he went on to explain that he had been trying all Summer to catch her alone, she assumed that the moment had come for him to ask Lucy's hand in marriage.

"Could we go for a ride?" Richard continued. "I've got something I want to ask you quite privately, and this little car is a nice private place. Go off into the country somewhere where the roads aren't too good." He was silent as they drove through the town and rather nervously preoccupied, she thought, and when, half an hour later, they came to a quiet, shaded place, he asked her to stop. "Let's get out and sit under that tree," he said, and she followed him, mystified by his manner.

"Are you about to make a confession or hold me up and steal my pearls?" she asked in an unsuccessful effort to lighten the gloom.

"I'm about to ask you to marry me," he replied with tragic emphasis.

"You mean," said Alicia promptly, to relieve him of the embarrassment his slip of the tongue must be causing him, "that you want to ask me if you can marry Lucy."

"LUCY," he exclaimed, this time with rage, "d—— Lucy. She's always hanging about. I never have a chance to see you alone or see you at all, for that matter You avoid me like the plague; don't even stay home for meals when I'm there. Lucy's good enough for me, and I make you tired, so you offer me bed, board, and Lucy and go joy-riding with 'old George' and his cronies. I don't know why I keep coming. I know you don't want me, but I can't stay away, and I must know the worst. I never thought of such a thing as marrying your precious Lucy, and I've thought of nothing else but marrying you for months; pretty dumb of you not to have noticed it."

"Richard!" was all that Alicia had to say, but in a minute she found breath to add, "How perfectly ridiculous! I'm old enough to be your mother. Get into that car this minute and we'll go home. It must have been awfully hot in town to-day."

Richard groaned. "I've made a mess of it," he said "and I do love you so. 'Old enough to be my mother!'" He was angry again. "I'm thirty-five, a few years younger than you are. What difference does that make? You look younger than Lucy, and, oh, my dear, so much sweeter! I fell in love with you at first sight, and all these months I've been trying to screw up my courage to tell you so, and apparently you think I've been pining for Lucy. I pined all right, but I was aiming higher. Couldn't you marry me even if you don't love me? You'll like me when you know me better. You've never even given me a chance to get acquainted."

"My poor boy, I should think not," said Alicia. "If you were acquainted you would know I am forty and dull and only fit to shine as a mother-in-law. Of course it's Lucy you want to marry, but I've been making the mistake of flinging her at your head."

By this time Richard was partially himself. "No, listen, Alicia darling," he insisted. "It's true that you are a little older than I am, but Lucy is fourteen years younger. I've never been very much interested in young girls, which probably means that I haven't interested them. Of course when I first met you I didn't know you had a grown-up daughter—who would?—and it popped into my mind, 'Here's a girl I'm going to like,' and I did right away as I'd never liked anybody before. Of course you dragged Lucy in during the first ten minutes; you're obsessed by that girl, so I knew you couldn't be as young as you look, but that didn't matter.

"I'd started to love you then and there, but as I got to know you better I saw that I would have to make you like me like thunder to overcome this absurd notion about ages, and the Lord knows I've tried, but you don't give me a chance. You and your everlasting Lucy, that kid! She's a baby, twenty-one; I'm an elderly thirty-five, and you're a perfect thirty something else, and I love you, my dearest and most beautiful child, as no one, old or young, was ever loved before. Marry me right away, Alicia, before you're any older. You need a young husband to keep up with you. You'd wear out an old man like George in a week. Why, a woman's as old——"

"Richard Marcy," Alicia interrupted furiously, "don't you dare finish that odious quotation. Dear Richard," she went on more calmly, "you are sweet and I'd almost like to marry you at this minute. When I was young there was a tradition that girls said to their suitors, 'My dear Mr. Jones, this is so sudden.' I don't remember ever having said it then, but I certainly think it now. I never dreamed that you thought of me as anything but Lucy's mother, and I thought of you as Lucy's beau, her nicest one, that I hoped she was going to marry. So you see how absurd the whole thing is.

"It's hard to say 'no,' just as it's hard to say 'no' to a nice child who wants to do something silly, for it is childish, Richard, to think that you and I could possibly marry. It would spoil your life, and imagine the things people would say about me, quite justly, too. But tho I'm horrified I'm ashamed to say I'm pleased too. You flatter my elderly vanity. The really dreadful thing about it is that now you won't be marrying Lucy, so I suppose I'm losing you. I'll have to go away until you forget all about me, and I didn't know until this minute how I am going to miss you."

"As I said before," remarked Richard grimly, "d—— Lucy. The really dreadful thing about it is that you don't like me well enough to put up with a little mean gossip. We can go abroad after we are married and stay as long as ever you like until we're an old story or until some girl of seventeen has married a man of ninety to take their minds off our lunacy."

"And have people say to me on the boat, 'What a charming son-in-law you have, Mrs. Grant! How nice to have your daughter so satisfactorily settled!' Only my name wouldn't be Grant, would it? We would have to take Lucy along on our wedding-trip, you know, because I couldn't pick out any one else to marry her on such short notice. Oh, Richard, you know it's impossible No matter how much I loved you I couldn't make myself so ridiculous."

THIS time Richard was really angry. If she cared no more than that about him he would go, get his ridiculous person out of her sight immediately, join up with Nobile the next time he sought the north pole, sign on as mechanic for the next woman who felt inclined to fly the Atlantic. Alicia listened between laughter and tears, saying occasionally, "Now you *are* childish, Richard," until Richard himself realized that this method of pressing his suit was doomed to failure.

"But think about it, darling," he ended, "not only from Lucy's point of view, but from your own. You ought to be married and have some one to look after you, and you'll never find any one who loves you as much as I do. We'd have such awfully good times together just because we are old enough to know how to enjoy ourselves, and I know I could be a satisfactory husband and you would be the most charming and beautiful and exciting wife in the world. Come on, marry me, forget the day you were born, and Lucy and your happy years and your lonely years, and we'll be off before any one has time to laugh."

But Alicia was firm. "Even if I wanted to I couldn't now. I thought you were going to marry Lucy, and that way I would be free, but now I've still got her to look after. And then, Richard, some day you'll want a son. You must think of that. I have been wanting one always, and you would care dreadfully, I know. And last of all I'm afraid Lucy was expecting you to propose to her and was going to consent to marry you. She has said lots of things lately that have made me feel that she was thinking about it. I couldn't take you away from her; you must see that. No, I can't marry you for a thousand reasons, so the last hour must drop out of our lives."

"Darling," said Richard, "that last objection is absurd. Ask Lucy to-night; she'll tell you so. As for the others, I don't know. I am only thinking about you now and not of anything or anybody else. There isn't room in my heart or mind. I won't accept an answer until you've talked to Lucy. She's a sensible kid. She'll tell you to marry me. To-morrow we'll settle it—my way."

And on that lordly note they drove home, Alicia rather hysterically gay, Richard assured in manner but low in his mind. "Old George" and Lucy were just finishing tea.

"Missed your train, I suppose," said Lucy, "and poor old mother waiting all that time for you. She'll have to take you in hand and bring you up to be prompt and efficient like me."

"Good idea," said Richard with conviction.

THAT night, after a dinner-party gayer than her mood, Alicia, in her floating blue wrapper, knocked softly at Lucy's door. She did not yet know what she was going to say to her daughter, what questions she would ask, how much she would divulge of Richard's surprizing state of mind. It would have to depend, she supposed, upon what she made out about Lucy's; whether she cared for Richard or for some one else or just for her own rather brittle little self.

Lucy, in faded pajamas, devoid of coquetry, sat up in bed reading. She greeted her mother with a surprized "Hullo!"

"I thought I would come in and talk to you, dear," began Alicia. "There have been so many people about lately that we haven't had a chance to discuss plans. What shall we do this Winter?" This opening was as good as another.

Lucy looked embarrassed. "This Winter?" she echoed. "Why, I don't know. What do *you* want to do, Mother? You don't need to bother about me."

"Why not?" asked Alicia. "Have you any plans of your own?" and her heart sank, for it sounded as if Lucy's plans were quite definitely arranged, leaving her mother out. Suppose Lucy thought that Richard wanted to marry her and that she intended to marry him. What otherwise could have put that possibility so definitely into her mother's mind? Since it couldn't, in the light of to-day's revelation, have been Richard's idea, it must have been Lucy, something she had said, or her manner, or the way she had treated Richard.

"Richard's going to Morocco," she said suddenly—it was an inspiration! "He suggests our going too. It would be nice for a trip like that to have a man along."

"Richard ought to make a good courier," said Lucy indifferently. "Why don't you take up his offer? I think I should like to stay at home this Winter. I like Chicago, and we're never there except in Summer, when we're thirty miles away. George was saying to-day that I'm never home long enough to really make friends, and it's true, Mother. You've kept me on the go all my life. I think I would like to settle down and make a place for myself."

Alicia was too relieved by the beginning of this speech to pay much attention to its end, which at another time would have hurt her with its youthful injustice. She pressed home its implication. "I thought you liked Richard so much, Lucy," she said. "Better than any of the other men who spend so much time here."

"He's a good egg," admitted Lucy, "a pretty useful dancer, too, and distinctly ornamental." Then she seemed to come to a decision. "I like 'old George'; don't you, Mother?" she asked, turning a searching eye on her mother's face.

Alicia was almost sure that she blushed. "Of course I like George," she said heartily, "and he's not so awfully old either. The trouble with you, Lucy, is that you're too young."

"For George," she asked, "or just on principle?"

"Both," answered Alicia. "George is older than your father would have been if it hadn't been for the War."

LUCY looked startled. "Goodness," she said, "I never thought of that!" And being less subtle than her mother and, in her arrogant youth, harder, she went on to inquire, "Have you ever thought you would like to marry George, Mother?"

Alicia felt herself blushing again. "No," she said, but a little doubtfully, not because she didn't know that at that minute nothing was farther from her thoughts than wanting to marry George, but because that very afternoon she had considered the possibility of using George as a refuge from her ultimate loneliness, when Lucy should marry the surprizing Richard.

"Sure," insisted Lucy. And, being assured, added, "Then that's all right."

"Would you hate it if I married again, dear?" asked Alicia. "Is that why you mentioned George?"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't hate it," her sophisticated daughter replied. "I think a woman of your age is much better off with a husband to take care of her. Why don't you look around and see what you can find?"

Alicia, a little aghast, bade her an abrupt good night. "We haven't made any plans," she said as she kissed Lucy, "but I don't suppose there is any hurry, particularly since you don't want to go abroad."

Back in her own room she tried to read, but the day had been too upsetting. Richard and his plea went over and over in her mind. She found herself dwelling on the difference in their ages. Only five years, she would think, and then five whole years. Anyway it was a comfort to know that Lucy didn't want him, and on the heels of that comfort came sneaking a question, did she want him herself, she, Alicia, who was an old lady almost, designed to make him a good mother-in-law but a preposterous wife?

But under the consternation was the consciousness, shamed but happy, that a young and desirable man loved her truly and ardently; that he didn't think she was old in spite of her forty years, but recognized her essential youthfulness of mind, body, and—could she, would she allow herself to add?—heart. She went to the long mirror in her dressing-room and took a searching look at her face and figure. She was ashamed that they pleased her so much. "Well, anyway, if I'm as young as I look to-night—" she whispered and left the sentence unfinished.

This proved she was in her dotage, standing talking to and looking at herself in the glass at 2 A. M. on the morning of her fortieth birthday, no less, thinking how blue her eyes were in that blue wrapper and wondering—yes, she was wondering—whether she had better not marry an engaging young man of thirty-five who vowed he loved her to distraction and whom she was almost persuaded she loved in return.

What was the use of thinking any more about it? As always, Lucy needed her, and how Martin would have laughed at her could he have foreseen such a predicament! She was five years older than Richard, and he was five years younger than she, which in this case easily amounted to ten years between them.

But it *was* rather unfair that with exactly the same difference, turned the other way around, between herself and George Dempster no absurdity was apparent in their possible marriage. At any rate the events of the day had settled that issue. A convenient marriage with "old George" was definitely out of the question.

ALICIA did sleep in the end, profoundly and late. Her long windows opened on a balcony, and from beneath it some one was calling as she awoke. "Come down, Alicia," Richard was saying persuasively, "and go for a swim with me." And when a little later she joined him at the edge of the pool, he kissed her hand so gallantly and looked at her so entreatingly that her heart, hardened overnight, softened alarmingly.

"You talked to Lucy and know that she despises me as a middle-aged bore and you've decided to marry me, haven't you, darling?" he asked, and she replied cruelly, "No, Richard, she doesn't want you, and neither do I. That subject is closed." Richard kissed her hand again, reproachfully, but seemed not very discouraged. Evidently he intended to wear down her resistance by reiteration of his plea and endless devotion.

But for the moment he was denied further opportunity. Lucy and "old George" came through the garden and across the lawn to the pool. "Good gracious, my darling," said Alicia, "isn't this rather early for you?"

"Oh, no," answered Lucy, "George and I have been doing this all Summer; haven't we, George? He says it's the only way he gets me to himself." And she turned an amazing smile on the man she usually chose to designate as "old." "Happy birthday, mother dear," she went on. "I'm going to tell her now, George, for a present. She'll be surprized."

George seemed surprized, too. "I think I should talk to her first quietly, Lucy," he said. "But go ahead if you want to. It won't seem any more impossible to her than it does to me."

During this speech Lucy had taken George's hand. "'Old George' and I are going to be married in a week or two," she announced quite simply, while George gazed at Alicia with the eyes of an apprehensive child.

"George!" she exclaimed. "How ridiculous! You're old enough to be her grandfather," and George, by his look, acknowledged he was anything she chose to call him. Then remembering a so similar exclamation made the day before, Lucy's mother laughed helplessly and ruefully.

But Lucy was stanch in the defense of George. "Mother," she scolded, "how can you say such things? He's older than I am, but you know I have always liked older men, and I love George. I almost had to ask him to marry me, because he knew the way you'd feel and didn't want to hurt you. I thought, too, that maybe you wanted to marry him yourself; but this morning I told him about the talk we had last night, and that settled it. We're definitely engaged, and the sooner we get married the better. I hate long engagements, and so does George. We don't want a big wedding, and I've got heaps of clothes. Anyway we're going camping on our wedding-trip, and I won't need any. George has a house, so we won't need wedding-presents either."

This speech in his defense had given George time to recover himself. "I know this must seem awfully sudden to you, Alicia," he explained, "but it isn't. I've been

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GAY OUTDOOR FURNITURE

Invitingly new in design and bright in colors, for sun-porches, gardens, and terraces

BY ELSIE DREW KENNEDY

A CHINTS-CUSHIONED peacock chair of natural-colored stick willow is depicted at the left with a group of lightweight folding furniture, suitable for beach, porch, or garden use. The circular cane seats, with matching backs attached by leather straps, are particularly convenient, while the steamer-chair is unusually comfortable by reason of its overhead awning.

THE furniture shown below is independent of both Summer shower and sun, as each piece is light enough for quick and easy removal when shelter is demanded. The umbrella, for instance, has a handle in two sections supported by a portable iron standard, painted light green to match the table and the chair. A removable glass service-tray forms a convenient table-top. As for the wheel-lounge, it is equipped with handles and rubber-tired wheels to assure expeditious moving. Stick willow of natural color fashions the wheel-lounge, which is cushioned in orange, brown, and black on a sand-colored background.

THE old-time *tête-à-tête* has returned to favor, but in entirely new forms that are infinitely more comfortable and graceful than the originals ever were. In the version pictured above, the influence of *art moderne* is clearly visible, not only in the general lines of the design, but in such details as the carefully proportioned shelves, which provide generous space for books and magazines, working materials, or light refreshments. Even the cushions show modern tendencies in their vigorous design, with mauve, blue, red, and yellow displayed on a black background. It is developed in stick willow, golden yellow in color, with contrasting bands of black and red. The protecting umbrella is readily adjusted or removed.

Furniture, courtesy Stern Bros.
Photos by Mayer-Kuck

THE corner-shelved stick-willow table pictured above would add zest to an outdoor meal or game, for it is made gay by a painted finish of light green, banded in red and black. The similarly painted chairs, which fit close to the table when not in use, are cushioned in black and red and sand.

OUTSPREAD airplane-wings supplied a *motif* for the unique design of the willow furniture illustrated above. The furniture is finished in jade-green, with bands of yellow, black, and red. Cushions of black cretonne, carrying a daring design in yellow, purple, blue, red, and green, emphasize the modernism of the suite. The black-and-sand block-figured fiber rug is an effective foil.

A SALAD, A SANDWICH, AND SOMETHING GOOD TO DRINK

By Ellen Janet Fleming

A SALAD, a sandwich, and something good to drink is a slogan which solves many a Summer supper or luncheon problem. To accomplish anything at home besides the care of a household requires firm determination and adroit management. The whole secret is to get a few hours of comparative uninterruption; and when one meal is simple to prepare and easy to serve half the wear and tear of the day is saved. Luncheon especially should not be allowed to be too greedy of time.

If a salad, a sandwich, and something good to drink can be put on a tray and carried out into the garden or to a shady place on the lawn the delight of being outdoors is added to the ease with which the meal has been prepared. An ideal place is a corner of the flower-garden or lawn where a table and chairs that can stay out-of-doors permanently are protected from the sun by a gay-striped umbrella. A little practise and you will find that these out-of-door meals are almost no trouble to serve. The children love them, and they give to grown-ups, so often confined over long indoor tasks, a new enjoyment of Summer sunshine.

Accessories, courtesy Marx Bros. Photo by Mayer-Kuci

MAKE YOUR LUNCHEON MENU SIMPLE BUT PERFECTLY BALANCED

Satisfying Summer Meals

THE dictionary says that a sandwich is a "combination of alternating dissimilar things," and so we include as sandwiches tarts, cinnamon buns, or filled cookies.

The book of etiquette says that it is quite proper to drink soup when served in cups, and so we suggest peasant-bowls with flattened handles; and dietitians tell us we should have one hot food, so soup is elected as the "something good to drink."

You may use one large tray or individual ones, depending on the size of your family; but a bowl for the salad, plates, forks, a pitcher and glasses for cold drinks, or ample bowls for hot ones with dainty paper napkins, are all the dishes needed.

In the cooler hours of the morning the salad may be mixed and set to chill in the refrigerator, the lettuce washed, sandwiches made and wrapped in a damp napkin, and the drink prepared, ready to be heated or chilled, as the menu demands. Those which follow suggest a few of the many variations possible:

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP
APPLE AND DATE SALAD
CINNAMON BUNS

WITH a salad of the dessert class and spicy cinnamon buns serve a hearty soup, such as cream of tomato, vegetable, or chicken, in generous bowls. The apples may be diced in the morning, mixed with the dates, and combined with a commercial mayonnaise dressing which has been thinned with a little sweet cream and chilled in the refrigerator till meal-time. When baking bread or pies always use some of the dough for rolls or tarts, for these will add variety to your out-of-door menus.

BANANA AND PEANUT SALAD
GRAHAM BREAD WITH CHOPPED OLIVE FILLING
GRAPE-JUICE AND GINGER-ALE PUNCH

SOMETIMES, almost before one knows it, the morning is gone and luncheon-time is upon us. What can be served at a moment's notice? At such times a banana and peanut salad is a most satisfying main dish. Roll the bananas, from which the skins have been peeled, in chopped peanuts; place on a bed of lettuce, and top with a spoonful of mayonnaise. Graham or whole-wheat bread buttered and spread with chopped olives, and glasses of equal portions of chilled grape-juice and ginger ale served with this, make an attractive luncheon and one which boasts many important food elements.

APPLE AND GRAPEFRUIT SALAD
PIMIENTO CHEESE SANDWICHES
HOT TEA

FOR a refreshing light luncheon on a particularly hot day an apple and grapefruit salad marinated in French dressing and sprinkled with chopped nut-meats may be accompanied by pimiento cheese sandwiches and a soothing cup of hot tea.

GRILLED SARDINES ON TOAST WITH TOMATO SAUCE
DEVILED-EGG SALAD
HOT COFFEE

PERHAPS you have come in late in the afternoon from a club-meeting or day of sports to find a hungry husband waiting. If sardines are a favorite dish they may be quickly grilled and served on toast with a tomato sauce, made by heating the contents of a can of tomato soup, poured over it. With a deviled-egg salad, garnished with any green cooked vegetables which may be in your refrigerator, and a cupful of hot coffee this makes a savory and appetizing supper.

CREAM OF PEA SOUP
PINEAPPLE AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD
RAISIN MUFFINS ICED CHOCOLATE

A GUEST often arrives unexpectedly, and altho a company meal has not been planned one must be forthcoming. An equal quantity of milk added to a can of pea soup and served piping hot will prepare the guests for a refreshing pineapple salad garnished with balls of cream cheese which have been rolled in paprika. Arrange the salad on a large platter, with slices of pineapple in individual cups of lettuce; pile the warm muffins on a plate and wrap in a napkin. Finish each tall glass of iced chocolate with whipped cream, and when laid out on a table under the trees your quickly prepared meal will be greeted with delight.

TOMATO RAREBIT SANDWICH
FRUIT AND MARSHMALLOW SALAD
FILLED COOKIES COFFEE MILK-SHAKE

WHEN the family has a man or two in it a hearty, quickly prepared repast is often called for. To fill this need try a tomato rarebit or just a plain cream sauce in which cheese has been melted, poured over slices of buttered toast. Follow this with a salad which is almost a dessert, fruit with nuts, raisins, and marshmallows on a bed of salad-greens. The drink may be one of the nourishing milk-shakes made from already prepared chocolate powder or sirup, or a coffee milk-shake, according to the demands of the partakers.

STUFFED PRUNES AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD
NUT-BREAD SANDWICHES
ICED TEA AND GINGER ALE

SOMETIMES there is time after the breakfast-dishes are done to make more elaborate luncheon preparations. When this is true, stuff some cooked prunes with cream cheese and set in the refrigerator till ready to serve. A generous number for each portion makes a wholesome and delicious salad when served on a bed of lettuce and accompanied by a mayonnaise dressing. Nut-bread combines well with this, and a pot of tea made early in the day, drained from the leaves and set to cool in the refrigerator, is ready for ice at the meal-hour. This luncheon is so little trouble to serve that the hours for leisure are hardly interrupted.

CRAB-MEAT AND CUCUMBER SALAD
CHEESE CRACKERS CEREAL COFFEE

IF ONE or two intimate friends have dropped in for the morning ask them to stay for this quickly assembled but delicious luncheon. Thin about 4 tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise with an equal amount of sweet cream or evaporated milk. Season with salt and paprika, and into it turn one small can of crab-meat. Peel and chop very fine 1 large cucumber and 2 tomatoes. Add to the crab-meat and toss in the dressing until well mixed. Serve with hot or iced cereal coffee and cheese crackers, or with salty crackers which have been covered with melted yellow cheese.

You may lay thin slices of American cheese on each cracker and slip into a hot oven until the cheese melts, or you may melt the cheese first in a double boiler.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A
MEAL SOUP BELONGS
IN THE DAILY DIET

Do you know why you need the invigoration of soup in summer?

Among all the cold meats, salads and iced beverages of summer, your health requires one-hot-dish with the meal.

The greater the quantity of cold foods you eat, the more necessary it is to off-set this by including a hot dish to encourage and strengthen digestion. Your meals are more enjoyable and more beneficial.

Soup is the ideal way to give the healthful warmth to cold meals.

Remember that soup is famous for its splendidly wholesome and stimulating qualities. It delights the appetite and sets the digestive juices flowing more freely.

So in summer, soup is even more desirable for your table than ever. And so welcome!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup brings you the rich, blended goodness of 15 choice garden vegetables. "A meal in itself." And it's so convenient, too—already cooked—on your table in next to no time. How you appreciate its healthfulness! 12 cents a can.

Your grocer will supply you

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Julienne
Mock Turtle
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LIKE many other fine American products which have challenged and excelled old world standards of quality, Mazola is a Salad Oil as fine as the world affords.

It is generally recognized as such.

Sanitary methods of production, characteristic of American standards, safe-guard every drop of Mazola from its source to kitchen or dining table.

Further, Mazola is itself as good to taste and to eat as the wholesome American Corn from which it is made.

And price—Mazola costs about half that of fine imported oils.

To those who have not enjoyed the delicious salad dressings made with Mazola, attention is respectfully called to the two recipes below.

The New Mazola Salad Dressing

1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Mazola
1 cup water
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch

(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

Plain French Dressing

½ cup Mazola
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Beat thoroughly and use with any vegetable, meat or fish salad. If a sweeter dressing is desired add 1 teaspoon Karo Red Label.

Piquant French Dressing

½ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Karo, Blue Label
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons chow-chow
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

Beat well and serve with any vegetable, fish or cheese salad.

CAMP-FIRE AND BASKET PICNICS

By Phyllis Pulliam Jervey

Photo by Armstrong from Underwood

FOOD NEVER TASTES SO GOOD AS WHEN EATEN IN THE OPEN

WHAT more delightful vacation pastime is there than a picnic-supper on the sandy beach of some quiet cove or the bank of some winding, willow-fringed river? Lazily we drift along in our canoes, mandolin and ukulele adding to the charm of a Midsummer afternoon, until finally our reverie is broken by vigorous demands of "When do we eat?"

A spot is selected and we gaily disembark. The picnic-basket is unloaded, the grid and cooking equipment unpacked, and the more energetic ones start the search for wood, while the less actively inclined make themselves comfortable among boat cushions, and a portable radio or talking-machine makes music for us all.

But what do we eat? A large, wide-mouthed vacuum-container holds a salad ready mixed and deliciously cold. A fire has been built, blazed up, and now the coals are glowing and ready for the sturdy grid with folding legs on which we do our cooking. In a heavy frying-pan loin lamb chops, boned and rolled with strips of bacon, are placed, and at the other end of the grid is set the coffee-pot, big enough for all.

Beneath the grid, deep in the coals, we bury corn in husks and potatoes in their jackets. Firm tomatoes, sliced and sprinkled with salt to bring out their flavor, green onions for those who like their crispness, deviled eggs, rolls already buttered, hot coffee, gingerbread, melons or watermelons, and ginger ale or one of the nourishing chocolate drinks complete our meal.

Here are some more of my favorite recipes for those who love the smell of a wood-fire and the taste of dishes cooked out-of-doors:

The Camp-Fire Supper

WHEN camp-fire cookery calls for chopped, grated, minced, or sliced ingredients these may be prepared at home beforehand and brought in individual glass jars. A grid with folding legs, a heavy frying-pan with a long handle, a large coffee-pot, and a long-handled fork and spoon will be found invaluable. Plenty of paper plates, cups, and napkins do away with the need of cleaning up afterward. When fires are not possible canned heat may be used for the small picnic, especially for making the coffee. A can-opener and sharp knife should always be included in the picnic-basket.

Mexican Beef-Rolls

COOK ½ pound of bacon in a hot frying-pan and set aside to drain on a paper plate. Drain off about ½ of the fat from the frying-pan, and in the remainder brown 1 small can (about 1 cupful) of shredded, dry beef. Add ½ cupful of chopped pimientoes and 1 cupful of finely chopped tomatoes. Blend well; then add ½ cupful of American cheese, cut in small pieces. Stir until melted, season with salt, pepper, and paprika, and spread on buttered halves of large buns. Top with a piece of bacon, and cover with the other half of the bun.

Gipsy Eggs

BEAT 6 eggs with ½ cupful of evaporated milk. Fry together in a frying-pan, in 2 tablespoonfuls of fat, 4 tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoonfuls of grated yellow cheese, and 1 tablespoonful of tomato catchup. Cook for a few minutes, and then turn in the beaten eggs. Stir to keep from sticking to the bottom of the pan. When of the right consistency serve on buttered rolls or slices of bread.

Fried Fillets of Fish Hungarian

WHEN the afternoon's catch has lived up to expectations, or if you have brought frozen fillets of fish with you, fry 1 cupful of blanched almonds in plenty of fat until they are a little brown. Push over to one side of the pan and fry the fish. When done pour a little of the butter and almond sauce over each serving.

Quickly Prepared Foods

SOMETIMES the desire to cook out-of-doors comes upon us suddenly, and we do not have time to make the rather elaborate preparations for the dishes so far suggested. For these occasions it is wise to keep on one's picnic-shelf a few cans of foods which need only to be cooked to be delicious.

Baked beans, warmed in a frying-pan over an open fire and served with plenty of chilli sauce, make a real, man's meal. Creamed chicken, or chicken à la king, warmed and poured over baking-powder biscuits brought from home, makes a hearty main dish.

Evaporated and condensed milk, grape-juice, ginger ale, other fruit-juices, and one of the powdered chocolates or chocolate sirups make a hot or cold drink possible at a moment's notice. For a cold drink for a large picnic carry the ice in a vacuum-bottle and combine the drinks on the picnic-ground.

The Basket Supper

THERE are those of course who would prefer simply to open baskets at supper-time and to find in them an abundance of ready-prepared delicacies. For the purely basket affair there are many kinds of conveniently arranged picnic-hampers, containing one vacuum-bottle for cold drinks, one for hot, a tightly covered container for sandwiches, and one for the salad mixture, and securely fastened in the lid enamel plates, cups, and ample silverware.

Tender fried chicken, a small picnic ham, glazed with maple-sirup and aromatic with cloves, or a cold meat-loaf or a hearty salad may be the *pièce de résistance* of your meal. With a diversity of sandwiches, cookies, and stuffed dates, prunes, raisins, or figs you have an appropriate menu for your basket-supper.

Beach Salad

WASH and boil until done 6 round new potatoes. When cool enough to handle, peel and cut into cubes. Marinate, while hot, for 1 hour in French dressing, to which a little mustard has been added. Combine with 1 cupful of canned or cooked fresh peas, 1 tablespoonful of minced onion, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped celery or apple, and 1 teaspoonful of shredded parsley. Drain, and when thoroughly chilled pack in a vacuum-container. Serve on hearts of lettuce, which have been washed, chilled, and wrapped in oiled paper. Garnish with slices of hard-cooked egg and ripe tomatoes. Top with mayonnaise.

Country Salad

COMBINE 3 cupfuls of chopped tongue, 1 cupful of cold shredded cabbage, finely chopped; 3 hard-cooked eggs, ¼ cupful of chopped pimientoes, 1 small minced onion, and 6 thin slices of sweet cucumber pickles. Thin 6 tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise with about 3 tablespoonfuls of pickle-juice. Mix until smooth, and season highly with salt, pepper, ¼ teaspoonful of mustard, and a little celery-salt. Toss the salad mixture in the dressing and chill. Pack in a vacuum-bottle. Serve on crisp lettuce-cups, and place a pickle beside each serving.

Garden Salad

DIP firm, round tomatoes in boiling water, and rinse in cold water so that the skins may be easily removed. Slice and combine with slices of cucumber which have been freshened for several hours in cold, salted water. Make a French dressing of 5 tablespoonfuls of salad-oil and 1 tablespoonful of vinegar. Add 2 tablespoonfuls of orange-juice, 1 teaspoonful of salt, ¾ teaspoonful of pepper, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, and 1 teaspoonful of minced onion. Pour over the tomato and cucumber and chill in a refrigerator. Pack in a vacuum-bottle, and serve piled on lettuce-leaves. Extra mayonnaise may be added as a garnish.

TO KEEP FOOD SWEET

Don't wait for a foul odor to remind you of the necessity—plan on a regular weekly cleaning of your refrigerator with 20 Mule Team Borax. That is the way to keep food sweet during the summer months.

Borax is an ideal cleaning agent for this use because it is a deodorant and a mild, harmless antiseptic as well as a cleanser. A Borax cleaning insures a spotless, sweet-smelling refrigerator.

Use a strong solution of Borax in water, scrubbing with a stiff brush. Then flush out with another strong Borax solution. Finally sprinkle dry Borax powder over floors and racks.

Bread boxes, cupboards, shelves —wherever food is kept—should be regularly washed in hot water and Borax. Borax drives away odors, leaves real cleanliness in its place. Get the Borax habit. Buy a package of 20 Mule Team today.

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Why pay 15 cents to 25 cents per bottle for any beverage when you need pay only 1½ cents per bottle? Why pay for water, fancy labels, new bottles, freight, and all the rest?

You can save 90c out of every dollar when you prepare Hires Root Beer at home in less than 10 minutes.

You merely buy the Hires Extract for 30 cents per bottle, add water, sugar and yeast and for a total of 60 cents you get 40 bottles of this delicious, healthful beverage. At 15 cents they would cost you $6.00. So you save $5.40. Each year you save $20 to $60, according to the size of your family.

Hires Root Beer is supremely pure. No habit-forming drugs. No acids. No pepper or capsicum No saccharine. No artificial coloring or flavoring.

Hires Extract is made of the tonic juices of 16 roots, herbs, barks and berries—nature's rich offerings, containing Vitamin B and Mineral Salts.

No wonder Hires Root Beer, because of (1) delicious flavor (2) healthfulness and (3) economy, has become the favorite of millions of wise housewives.

No wonder Hires Root Beer is preferred not only by adults but that this appetizing beverage is recommended for children in place of questionable beverages.

To prove how easy and economical it is for you to make this wonderful beverage at home, to prove how delicious it is, we make this generous introductory gift.

We send a free trial bottle of Hires Extract for making Hires Root Beer at home, to all who mail the coupon.

Try the eight bottles of Hires Root Beer you make from this sample bottle of Extract. Let your family and friends taste it. Compare it with beverages costing ten times as much. We believe you'll agree that here's a super-delightful drink at an amazingly low price.

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THE BABIES' ALMANAC

The baby from 18 to 21 months old

BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

ACCORDING to a weight-chart published by the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C., babies of 19 months weigh 25½ pounds and measure 32¼ inches in height, at 20 months 25¾ pounds and measure 32⅝ inches, at 21 months 25¾ pounds and measure 32⅞ inches. Many differ as to average weight and height during these periods, so that it is difficult to state just what is an accurate gain in these measurements.

Mothers should remember that there are different types of children, and consider other points in regard to their health as well as average measurements, which, after all, differ so much. The main point is to acquire a steady gain even if it is a small one, and to have hard bones and firm muscles, rosy cheeks and sound teeth.

The canine teeth will usually be through by the time the baby is 21 months old; sometimes they are a little later, and should not cause any more trouble than the double teeth or molars.

Questions about discipline arise very often when a child has entered the second half of his second year. Babies should be taught to obey very early, and this can usually be done by being firm and consistent. Have the child understand that when you say "No, no," you mean it, and that no amount of crying on his part will cause you to change your mind. Punishment is sometimes needed, but do not slap the baby's hands or whip him. Stand him in a corner, place him on a certain chair, or if he is much excited and begins to scream, calmly pick him up and put him in his own crib, leaving the room and letting him alone until he stops crying.

Quiet and rest are necessary for his excited nerves, and in most cases will be the best means of overcoming tantrums. Each child is a law unto himself, however, and his character must be patiently studied by his parents. What one parent forbids the other should never allow. If father and mother disagree about discipline the baby will know it at once and go to the one more likely to give in when he wants something not good for him.

During the Summer months at the seashore one frequently sees babies of the runabout age very badly sunburned. This is very painful and unnecessary. It is only by very gradual exposure to the sun that real benefit is obtained.

If by any chance a baby has been badly sunburned the sun-bath should be omitted for a few days until the blistered skin has time to heal. Cool compresses wrung out of a solution of bicarbonate of soda (1 teaspoonful to ½ pint of water) may be bound on the painful skin, which will ease the burning very much.

If the face is sunburned and blisters form the water may be let out by pricking one point of the blister with a sterilized needle; but preserve the blistered skin over any part of the baby until the new skin has had a chance to form underneath. Bathing the face with bicarbonate of soda solution is helpful; sometimes a soothing ointment may be applied.

If a baby shows any signs of Summer diarrhea all milk should be stopped at once and plenty of cool boiled water given.

Barley-water or thin farina without milk, chicken or lamb broth with a little rice or barley, and zwieback for babies accustomed to it should be the diet for the first day or two at least. Some physicians recommend a dose of castor-oil to help rid the intestines of any irritating material; a colonic irrigation with 2 teaspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda to a quart of boiled water at 98 degrees F. is often ordered by the doctor.

The mother should have a nurse teach her just how to give this, however. Do not delay in asking a doctor to see the child; otherwise much valuable time may be lost.

When milk is first resumed it is usually boiled and added to barley- or rice-water, then gradually increased until it is taken plain and unboiled again. The rapidity with which this is done depends on the special child's condition.

Many physicians advise a flour-ball or else protein milk for cases of diarrhea. Here are some recipes for these foods:

Flour Ball—One cupful of wheat flour is tied in a thick cloth and boiled for 3 hours in a quart of water. Remove the cloth and heat the flour until it is hard, or expose to the air until hard enough to grate. 1 tablespoonful of the flour ball grated into half a pint of fresh milk and stirred over the fire until it comes to a boil to this 1 tablespoonful of cold water and a pinch of salt are added.

Protein or Casein Milk—One quart of whole milk warmed to blood-heat is coagulated by rennet (as for junket); the whey is then strained off through cheese-cloth and thrown away. The dry curd is carefully rubbed through a fine wire sieve with the gradual addition of 1 pint of buttermilk. Enough water is then added to bring the whole up to 1 quart.

It is a great mistake to withhold water during an attack of diarrhea. It is needed more than ever at this time to make up for the excess of fluid lost through the frequent, thin movements from the bowels.

Our leaflet called "Some Rules for the Care of Babies During Warm Weather" is full of useful hints for Summer and will be mailed to any one requesting it provided a stamped envelop addressed to oneself is enclosed.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by **JANE KENDALL MASON**

JANE KENDALL MASON (*Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.*) *is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and all-round sportswoman, this enchanting blonde beauty writes, models in clay, paints and acts with equal success.*

IT'S SMART to be sun-tanned! The fad has swept the chic resorts of Europe and America. First the Lido, then Cannes, Le Touquet, Palm Beach, Newport, Southampton. Now everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to a delightful brown.

The fad began literally out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian *élégante* was ailing. She was advised to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

Indeed the coppery tones of sun-tan are to most women fascinatingly becoming. The burning question is: how deep a tan? Some women are gorgeous with skin as dark as walnut. Some are best in shades of *café au lait*. Pale blonde hair with deep tanned skin is most alluring.

Even more important than the *hue* of your skin is its *quality*. To be smart it must be kept *smooth* and *evenly* browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, inclined to be dry and sensitive, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the southern sun is strong. I adore to swim in the sapphire waters and bathe in the golden sun. What with tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, takes care!

But I have a most simple method and so efficacious that my skin is smooth all summer long. My "sun-tan" secret is the exquisite Cold Cream made by Pond's.

Always before I go to the beach I coat my skin all over with a film of this pure, light cream. In my beach bag I carry a tube of it and renew this delicate film often.

It's enchanting! The fine light oils give just the protection needed against the drying, burning, roughening effects of sun, wind, salt water, and keep the skin supple, smooth, help it to brown beautifully, evenly.

When I dress after my day in the sun I follow my usual Pond's Method, using all four delicious preparations just as I do all the year round, for cleansing and protection:

If you wish to avoid peeling, the immaculate cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is doubly essential, and deliciously soothing. Pond's Tissues to wipe away the cream are divinely gentle. To banish the last trace of oiliness, Pond's Skin Freshener is ideal. I spray mine on with a big atomizer. Last, I smooth in Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives you such a lovely finish for evening.

Are you bothered with shiny nose? I always am in hot weather. So I renew this delicate touch of Vanishing Cream every now and then. It's a magic corrective!

Every skin needs summer care

Whether or not you choose to go in for sun-tan, you should nevertheless give your skin special summer care. No way of doing this is swifter or surer than these four simple steps of Pond's Method:

First, Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Then, Pond's Tissues to remove dirt and cream . . . Third, Pond's Skin Freshener to banish any final trace of oiliness . . . Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

Here's luck—and a lovely complexion to you all!

Four exquisite preparations for care of the skin . . .

1. *You know Pond's Cold Cream, for use all year round for immaculate cleansing. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burning and hurting.*

2. *Large, absorbent, snowy, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are an indispensable part of your cold cream cleansing to remove dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.*

3. *Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it closes and refines the pores, tones your skin.*

4. *Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, and to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And all year round for protection and powder base!*

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what sick little twins they once were!

Here are Dorothy Mae and Doris Marie Curtis, of 300 East Timmons St., Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Curtis has written to tell us all about the twins' big triumph in a recent health and popularity contest.

Doris was the only perfect baby out of 433—with sister Dorothy her closest competitor! Yet when these same twins were two and a half months old, they were barely alive. Two tiny, frail, sick babies who cried day and night because they were starving. Many foods had been tried, but none would agree with them.

At last Eagle Brand Condensed Milk was suggested. Mrs. Curtis describes how despairing she felt as she prepared their first feeding of this food. But—"They went to sleep and slept eight hours! Something they had never done since they were two weeks old! I kept on increasing the milk and in a week's time they didn't look like the same babies." . . . And *now* they're winning large silver cups in health contests!

Hundreds of babies have been saved by Eagle Brand—a food so easy to digest that mother's milk is the only food comparable to it in this respect . . . Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates, required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins—the same elements that are supplied by certified Grade A milk.

Write for free booklet containing practical feeding information and suggestions for the supplementary foods that physicians now generally advise.

I.—P. R.—7-29

The Borden Company, *Borden Building*, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of "Baby's Welfare". My baby is . . . . . months old.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please print name and address plainly)

IF YOUR FAMILY LIKES PIES

By Ruetta Day Blinks and Mollie Amos Polk

Photo by Mayer-Kuek

PASTRIES FILLED WITH JAM ARE DELICIOUS

SUMMER is the time for fresh fruit pies, for then sour cherries, tart green apples, raspberries, gooseberries, blueberries and early blackberries appear in profusion, lemons are at their best, and the first early plums and peaches have begun to drift into market. With a good basic pastry recipe the housewife can offer her family delicious fruit desserts prepared in short order.

Basic Pastry

1½ Cupful Flour
4 to 5 Tablespoonfuls Ice-water
6 to 8 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Baking-powder

BLEND the shortening with the sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt. Every effort should be made to handle the paste as little as possible and to keep it cool, or the pastry will be tough. Cut a solid shortening into the dry ingredients with 2 knives; mix in a liquid shortening with a fork, and use a little less water. When the mixture resembles coarse meal sprinkle some of the ice-water over the entire surface so that the moisture absorption will be evenly distributed. Mix with a knife, repeating until enough water has been added so that the paste clings together and does not stick to the sides of the bowl.

If possible chill the dough before rolling, as it will be easier to handle and will make a lighter crust. When ready to roll sprinkle and rub into the mixing-board just enough flour to keep the pastry from sticking. Dust the rolling-pin with flour, and sift a little more over the board.

Your rolling-pin should be so constructed that it will turn around the stationary handles and center rod. This will enable you to roll the pastry from the center outward with a light twirling movement, avoiding the heavy pressure which spoils pastry. An eighth of an inch is considered a desirable thickness for fruit pies; the "thin-as-paper crust" breaks too easily. The edges of the pastry should be no thinner than the center, or they will shrink in baking.

Roll away from you with quick, light strokes, keeping the paste as nearly round as possible. When about 2 inches larger than the pie-plate all around, fold the pastry in half and lay in the center of the pie-pan. Unfold, fit to the pan, and trim off the edges with a sharp knife. Be careful not to stretch the paste as it will shrink a little during baking, and if pulled tightly will break.

For a double-crust pie with fresh fruit or berry filling the baking-time is 30 to 40 minutes at 450 degrees F. Be sure your oven is hot enough so that the fat will not become oily before it is cooked into the flour. Accurate temperature is one of the secrets of good pie-making!

When the crust is used for a meringue or custard pie it should be baked on the bottom of an upturned pie-plate before the filling is added. Fit over the upturned pan, prick, bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes, and allow to cool slightly, then slip carefully inside the pie-plate, and when cool fill with the mixture. This recipe makes 2 crusts for an 8-inch pie, or 2 bottom crusts for an open pie, or it will make a single pie, and the left-overs may be used for tartlets or pastries.

Individual Fruit Tarts

FOR open tarts, make pastry-shells, baking the pie-paste on the bottom of muffin-tins, or on special fluted tart-tins, in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) until golden brown. Prick thoroughly so that the pastry will not puff. Remove from the tins when done, and when cool and just before serving fill with the fruit mixture.

A custard filling may be very simply made by caramelizing a can of condensed milk. Set the can in a saucepan of boiling water to cover and boil for 2 hours. Then store in the refrigerator until needed. When ready to use put 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls in the bottom of each pastry-shell, then arrange the fruit, which has been washed and chilled. When you use the caramelized condensed milk sugar is unnecessary. Canned fruit also may be used; a whole peach or pear in each shell makes a delicious luncheon dessert.

Jam Patties

ROLL pie-paste about a sixteenth of an inch thick, and with a biscuit-cutter cut out 3 circles for each patty. Cut out the centers of 2 of the circles, using the top of a saltcellar or a small baking-powder tin. Dip the solid circle in cold water, and cover with the other 2 circles, also dipped in cold water. Brush over with a little egg and milk; arrange on a cooky-sheet, and chill in the refrigerator for about 1 hour. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) until golden brown. Cool and fill with jelly or jam.

Triangle Tarts

ROLL pie-paste as above and cut in 4-inch squares with a pastry-jagger. Fill with jam, marmalade, or the following: to ½ package of dates stoned and chopped, add 3 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls of shredded coconut; moisten with 2 teaspoonfuls of orange-juice; spread on half of the squares and moisten the edges with a little cold water. Fold over diagonally and press the edges together with a fork which has been dipped in flour. Chill, and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) until golden brown.

FRUIT TARTS ARE ALWAYS WELCOMED FOR DESSERT

Blueberry Pie

1 Quart Blueberries
1 Cupful Sugar
1½ Tablespoonful Corn-starch or
1½ Tablespoonful Quick-cooking Tapioca
2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water

LINE a pie-plate with uncooked pastry, fill with the washed raw berries, mix the corn-starch or quick-cooking tapioca with the sugar, and sprinkle the mixture over the fruit. Add the cold water, and cover with the top crust, sealing the edges firmly. To prevent overflow of the juice during baking insert a funnel, made of a bit of rolled-up writing-paper, in a slit in the top crust of the pie. As the juice boils it will mount in the funnel instead of forcing its way out at the sides. As the pie cools, the juice will recede within the pie and every drop will be saved. Bake for about 40 minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees F.)

Lemon Meringue Pie

Lemon Filling

1½ Cupful Sugar
1½ Cupful Boiling Water
4 Tablespoonfuls corn-starch
1 Lemon-rind, Grated
½ Tablespoonful Melted Butter
¼ Cupful Lemon-juice
2 Egg Yolks

Meringue

2 Egg Whites
1½ to 2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar, Granulated
2 Teaspoonfuls Cold Water
½ Teaspoonful Lemon-juice (or Vinegar)

TO MAKE the filling: Mix the dry ingredients, add the boiling water gradually, stirring briskly, add the grated lemon-rind, and cook in a double boiler for 15 minutes. Stir in the beaten egg yolks and butter, and reheat. Remove from the fire, add the lemon-juice, and allow the mixture to cool for about 15 minutes.

While the filling is cooling make the meringue as follows: Beat the chilled egg whites until stringy, then add the water, and continue beating until the mixture stands up in peaks. Fold in the sugar, but do not beat again. Fill a baked pie-shell with the cooled filling, heap the top with meringue, and brown slowly in the oven at 325 degrees F. The secret of crisp meringue is a low oven-temperature. Meringue which is baked quickly will "wilt" as it cools. Serve pie very cold.

Individual Fruit Pies

WHEN baking 1-crust pies make the whole recipe, and use the remainder for small tarts. Half the basic recipe will yield 6 small tarts. The filling may be the same as the big pie, or you may vary it as you wish. Line muffin-tins with pie-paste rolled about ⅛ of an inch thick. Fill with the fruit, which has been picked over and washed, and dredge with flour or sprinkle with corn-starch and sugar. Cover with an upper crust or lattice of pastry-strips and bake in a hot oven.

In luxurious Santa Barbara a generation of *America's great families have been her patrons*

Louise Brett, "professional" cook. Among her distinguished patrons are:

Mrs. George Gill Whitelaw
Mrs. John Percival Jefferson
Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor
Mrs. Lora J. Knight
Mrs. Ralph Isham
Mrs. George E. Coleman
Mrs. Edward Cunningham
Mrs. DeWitt Parshall
Mrs. William Starbuck Macy
Mrs. A. Lawrence Ballard
Mrs. Bernhard Hoffman
Franklin Price Knott

Louise Brett, "professional" cook in California's most famous resort, describes a popular hot weather dish

IT'S the mecca of the nation's fashionables—this luxurious colony set like a jewel between mountains and sea. From New York, from Chicago, from San Francisco they come to enjoy the gayety and colorful charm of Santa Barbara.

The great houses that now line the old Spanish roads see an almost unceasing round of brilliant entertainment. Entertainments prepared and served under the skillful guidance of Louise Brett.

For a generation Mrs. Brett has been "professional" cook to Santa Barbara society. Her list of patrons, headed by such famous names as Andrew Carnegie and the first Pierpont Morgan, reads like a roll call of America's great families.

All the varying entertainments that make a Santa Barbara season have been prepared by Mrs. Brett time and again. Informal teas after the arduous chukkers of a polo game—stately dinners—gay week-end parties at the hillside ranchos. Not only does she take general charge, planning the meals and the ordering, but many of the important dishes are cooked by Mrs. Brett herself, from her own widely famed recipes.

Simple to prepare—unexpectedly alluring

One of the most popular of her hot weather dishes, according to Mrs. Brett, is the Baked Ham Dorado pictured here. Paper thin slices of cold ham, its delicious natural flavor emphasized by Mrs. Brett's unusual way of cooking. (See recipe above at right.) And to accompany the ham, asparagus and a subtly flavored sauce.

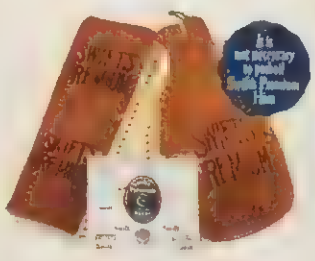
"The success of this dish," says Mrs. Brett, "depends not so much on the recipe as on the kind of ham. To get just the right taste, savory yet mild, just the right juicy tenderness—I use Swift's Premium Ham. I not only order it for my patrons' entertainments, but serve it in my own home as well."

And that is one of the interesting things about Premium. Where cost is no consideration—or where a narrow budget must be rigidly watched—wherever there is a desire for unusually good things to eat, Premium Ham has long been a favorite. Good cooks everywhere prize its tenderness and delicate, mild flavor.

Your family is sure to enjoy Premium's rare goodness. Why not surprise them some night soon with Baked Ham Dorado, cooked according to Mrs. Brett's famous recipe?

Swift & Company

BE SURE IT IS PREMIUM! *Look for the blue Premium label and the parchment wrapper. The Premium brand on the rind. And the name SWIFT in brown dots down the length of the side.*



Baked Ham Dorado

Place ham on rack in roasting pan with 1 pint cold water, and roast in a slow oven (325°F). Baste frequently with 1 quart milk, using a little at a time. Roast until tender (about 25 minutes per pound for a 10 or 12 lb. ham). Take ham from oven and remove skin. Pour caramel syrup over it, return to hot oven and brown. Make syrup by browning slightly 1 cup sugar, adding ½ cup boiling water, and boiling gently until smooth. Cut up 4 marshmallows and add, stirring constantly until a thin syrup is formed. Then add ½ cup well drained, crushed pineapple and ¼ teaspoon ground cloves. Cool syrup before pouring over hot ham.

With ham, serve asparagus tips and dressing made by adding horseradish to stiffly beaten cream until flavor is tart. Color with paprika. Serve heaped asparagus on crisp lettuce.

Mrs. Brett usually serves this dish garnished with parsley and turnip daisies.

One of Mrs. Brett's most popular hot weather dishes—Baked Ham Dorado. (See recipe above.)

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It keeps your food safe
the temperature is well below 50°...always!

For family health ... for appealing menus ... this is vital

In the General Electric Refrigerator the temperature is kept several degrees below fifty . . . *always!* Fifty degrees is accepted by scientists as the "danger point" in the preservation of food. When the temperature rises even a degree or two above that, bacteria multiply, foods become unsafe to eat . . . a positive menace to health.

Perhaps you think your own refrigerator is always "cold enough." You cannot be *sure* unless you actually take your refrigerator's temperature under varying conditions. It is *constant* cold which is needed. When you own a General Electric Refrigerator, you need never worry.

Note these vital points of superiority

Countless superiorities give the General Electric Refrigerator its outstanding position . . . an hermetically sealed, dustproof mechanism, mounted on top . . . an accessible temperature control . . . a new standard of quiet operation . . . no oiling . . . no troublesome machinery . . . simplified installation . . . no radio interference . . . an unqualified two-year service guarantee.

Now in addition to all these proved electrical and mechanical superiorities, General Electric offers the latest advancement . . . *all-steel* cabinets! Beautiful. Non-warping. Strong as a safe. Mounted on legs with plenty of broom room underneath. The new *all-steel* cabinets and the hermetically sealed mechanism combine to produce what we believe is the finest refrigerator ever made.

Mass production brings greater savings for the public. The new *all-steel* General Electric Refrigerators are now priced as low as $215 at the factory. A small amount down places a General Electric in your home . . . a perfect servant . . . then you soon own it—after making a few easy monthly payments.

Visit the nearest General Electric Dealer —see these new models—you'll agree that they offer the greatest values of all . . . and any comparison will surely confirm your judgment. Or if you prefer, you may obtain the whole story of *safe* refrigeration by writing Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for Booklet P-7.

Not a dollar for repairs

More than a quarter of a million homes are enjoying the convenience, economy and health-guarding services of the General Electric Refrigerator. And not one of these owners has ever paid a dollar for repairs or service . . . that was our guarantee to them! It's a record in the industry.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

HIS BIG DAY

Continued from Page 11

"Go ahead," said William Dutton.

"Because," said the girl, "you're simple. Wait. Don't get sore. I mean that in the best way. You're not a faker and a poser, and, believe me, Bill, I know my fakers and posers. I gave you plenty of chances to show off, chances no other man I ever met could have resisted. You must have gathered the idea I was somebody from the way that cop kotowed to me and from this swanky car, and I can tell you think I'm pretty, which is a trick all women know.

"Just about any other man would have tried to make me think he was something rather hot himself. But you didn't put on any side. You didn't lie about your place in the world, or your money, or being scared, and you even passed what to me is the final test——"

"What?" asked William.

"When I asked you if you weren't something of a curly wolf with the women you looked me straight in the eye and said you weren't. You didn't smirk. Your manner didn't say, 'Oh, course I deny it, because I wish to seem modest, but, really, if the facts were known, Don Juan was a wallflower compared to me.' A good many men do that. And most of 'em are lying. I think I almost prefer the other sort—the men who come right out and say, 'Yes. I'm a knock-out,' and then go into statistics. You don't belong in either class, which makes you unique in my experience. You are yourself—and not ashamed of it——"

WILLIAM wished he had left his barometrical ears at home.

"You never heard of me," went on the girl, "but a lot of people have. Not because I've done anything notable, but because my dad is a big frog in this puddle. There was a piece in one of the papers only last Sunday called 'Gilded Children of the Jazz Age,' with a perfectly ghastly picture of me as one of the horrible examples. I was called 'one of those poor little rich girls.' You know, Bill, dad is mighty rich. Made it all himself, too—not that it matters much to most people how you got it. Anyway he has it—tons of it—and I'm an only child, with no mother to guide her. And I like a good time. Who doesn't?

"Dad is too busy juggling his railroads and steamship-lines to pay much attention to me. He managed his own life from the time he was sixteen, so he has let me run mine. The difference between us is that at sixteen dad was wrestling with egg-crates in a produce-house up in Utica, and making six dollars a week, and at sixteen I had a thousand a week for pin-money, two cars, and a charge-account in every smart shop on Fifth Avenue, Bond Street, and the Rue de la Paix.

"Now I'm twenty-two—and no sweet girl graduate. I've done quite a bit of living here, there, and elsewhere. I've gamboled around all the chic dumps—Cannes, Biarritz, the Lido—and now I'm going to marry and not settle down and I'm in a dark-blue funk about it."

"I'm afraid," said William Dutton, "I don't understand why you should be. Don't you love the man you're going to marry?"

She did not answer at once. Then she said:

"It's hard to explain to you, Bill, because love, like so many words, means different things to different people. In the crowd I play around with—they're older than I am mostly and nearly all of them have been divorced a few times—it's the fashion to be cynical about love. We don't fall in love; we have flairs for people. Usually they don't last, and we hardly expect them to.

"We do a lot of talking about 'the light touch' and the 'Continental viewpoint.' No old-fashioned nonsense about husbands and wives being partners and sticking together. Getting a divorce is as easy as buying a new fur coat, and less expensive. So when you ask if I love Boris——"

"Oh, his name is Boris?" said William gloomily.

"Yes. He's a Russian prince—a real one. Dad approves of him. I suppose that dad, having been a small-town egg-dealer, has a weakness for aristocrats. Boris is no fortune-hunter. He has plenty of money of his own—otherwise dad would have no use for him. Funny thing about dad—he always looks up the financial ratings of my suitors. Dad has a fixed idea—and try and budge him—that a man who hasn't money hasn't brains. That may sound silly to you, Bill, but it's dad's theory and he sticks to it. If I brought him home a poor son-in-law I haven't a doubt in the world he'd boot both of us right out into the middle of Fifth Avenue. Oh, well——"

"You started to tell me how you feel about Boris," said William.

"Oh, Boris has charm," she said. "He knows how to talk to women. He's as selfish as the devil, but he looks distinguished, especially in evening clothes. He's an expert at making love, having had lots of practise, and he makes love to every good-looking woman he meets, and marriage won't stop that; but he's frightfully amusing on a party and can mix forty different cocktails. He doesn't work, but he knows how to play. He'll probably leave me for a gipsy dancer or something, but in the meantime——"

"Still you haven't told me if you love him," said William. "Do you?"

"He's fascinating," she said.

"That's not an answer."

"Oh, Bill," she burst out, "don't you see—I don't want to admit, even to myself, that I don't really love the man I'm going to marry? And I am going to marry Boris. Everything is all set. To-day I ordered the monogrammed flasks for the bridesmaids. It's about time I married, and I might as well marry Boris. He's no worse than any of the others. And yet—oh, what am I going to do?"

William Dutton spoke slowly.

"You don't have to marry him," he said. "You don't have to marry anybody you don't want to."

SHE had taken out a small handkerchief, presumably to dab back a tear, but she did not raise it to her eyes. She smiled.

"Do you know, Bill," she said, "oddly enough, I never thought of that."

She clapped her hands together.

"Bill!"

"What?"

"I've got a hunch."

"What is it?"

"This is leap-year."

"That's not a hunch," said William. "That's a fact."

"But my hunch has something to do with leap-year. Do you believe in astrology, Bill?"

"No."

"Neither do I. But I went to an astrologer last week because everybody is doing it. It was a scream. There sat a stylish stout, in flowing purple robes, who admitted she could tell your future from the stars—for fifty dollars. It's worth it because she tells you what you like to hear. Do you know what she told me?"

"What?"

"That I'd marry a tall fair young man I met in a dramatic way——"

"The man on horseback was dark," said William.

"He's out," said the girl. "Bill, don't you get it? She must have meant you."

Continued on Page 45

A Party for the Children

SUMMER is the ideal time for a children's party, and we have planned a delightful Peter Rabbit party that every child will enjoy. Send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Entertainment Department, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City, for your free copy, complete with menus.

Cancer—Ostriches

THE old notion that ostriches have the habit of hiding their heads in the sand in time of danger has been disproved again and again. Nevertheless the expression "hiding his head in the sand like an ostrich" aptly describes the man who seeks to avoid danger by refusing to recognize it when it comes.

EACH year thousands of people die of cancer — needlessly — because they accept as true some of the mistaken beliefs about this disease.

No. 1—That every case of cancer is hopeless. *It is not.*

No. 2—That cancer should be concealed because it results from a blood taint and is disgraceful. *It is not.*

No. 3—That nature can conquer a malignant cancer unaided. *It can not.*

No. 4—That cancer can be cured with medicine, with a serum or with some secret procedure. *It can not.*

Many cancer patients are neglected or avoided because of the mistaken belief that cancer is contagious. *It is not.*

Be on Watch for First Signs of Cancer

Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps or swellings or sores that refuse to heal, or unusual discharges from the body. Do not neglect any strange growth. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in shape, appearance or size.

If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.

In its early stages, various kinds of cancer yield to skilful use of surgery, radium or x-rays. Frequently a combination of surgery and x-rays or radium saves lives that would otherwise be lost. But with all their skill and with their splendid records of success, the best doctors in the world are powerless unless their aid is sought in time.

Beware of Plausible Quacks

Because cancer is usually spoken of furtively or in confidence, and its nature and origin are largely shrouded in mystery, quacks and crooked institutions reap a cruel harvest. They prey upon the fear and ignorance of those who do not know the facts concerning cancer. They are often successful in making people believe that they have cancer when they have not. Later, with a great flourish, they boast of their "cures."

Gratefully the patients of the fakers, first thoroughly alarmed, later entirely reassured, are glad to sign testimonials with which new victims are trapped. Beware of those who advertise cancer cures.

An annual physical examination by your family physician, or the expert to whom he sends you, may be the means of detecting cancer in its early stages. Do not neglect it.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "A Message of Hope". Address Booklet Department, 79-P, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

That 'Untouched' Glass of *Milk*

Mix it with "DOUBLE MALTED"

Then watch the "Milk Rebel" Surrender

HERE is a delightful answer to a stubborn old problem.

This creamy, delicious chocolate malted milk, mixed at home, makes milk drinking a game. Of course, most children drink *some* milk. But only the exceptional child drinks *enough* milk.

Does it mean anything to you to have your children gain normal weight? Would you like to see that little boy or girl of yours eat better, sleep sounder and lose every trace of nervousness? Then by all means see to it that he gets plenty of milk. And the simplest way to make sure of this is to start adding Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk to the plain milk you give him.

Makes Plain Milk Twice as Nourishing

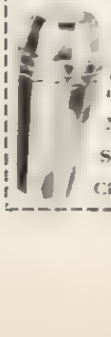
Thompson's changes the monotonous taste of plain milk to the delightful flavor of Chocolate Malted Milk—a taste no child can resist. More than that, unlike ordinary malted milk, it is "DOUBLE MALTED." It actually doubles the nourishment of plain milk and makes it more easily digested.

Make it at Home 30 Servings to Pound

Ask your grocer or druggist today for Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. It is sold everywhere—Chocolate Flavor or Plain. "Made in a few seconds." There are 30 servings to every pound.

Special Shaker Offer

THOMPSON'S MALTED MILK CO., Inc.
Dept. 61A-4, Waukesha, Wis.



Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker, and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

Name . . . . . .
Street . . . . . .
City State .

MAKING JELLY AND JAM

By Helen Treyz Smith

Photo by Mayer-Kuck

IF PECTIN IS ADDED TO THE FRUIT-JUICE A BETTER JELLY RESULTS

SCIENCE has been waving a wand over the tasks of jelly- and jam-making. Now even the amateur can easily fill her shelves with a well-nigh perfect product if she be willing to study a little and take heed of what she learns thereby.

To make good jelly—jelly that is clear, bright in color, and tender of texture—we should know something about the ingredients from which it is made. Four materials are necessary. They are fruit-juice, fruit-acid, pectin, and sugar.

1. *Fruit-juice.* Different varieties of fruits vary greatly in their suitability for jelly-making because of differences in pectin and acid contents. Pectin is the essential jelly-making substance, while the presence of acid is equally important. Some fruits contain both pectin and acid in goodly amounts and make excellent jelly. But with other fruit-juices either acid or pectin, or both, must be supplied from some other source, such as another fruit-juice or extracted pectin.

Among the fruit-juices that make good jelly when used alone are sour apples (including crab-apples), currants, gooseberries, sour blackberries, unripe grapes and underripe red raspberries. Fruit-juice from strawberries, peaches, ripe grapes, pears, pineapple, or cherries does not make good jelly when used alone. To these fruits we must supply the missing acid or pectin if we would use them for jelly-making.

2. *Fruit-acid.* Since a juice high in acid is a sour juice, we can use our sense of taste as a fair guide in determining the amount of acid in a given fruit. We have only to consider the difference between a lemon or sour orange and a banana to make us realize how very much fruits vary in their acid content.

Bananas, Bartlett pears, and figs contain very little acid. Some varieties of fruits, such as apples and blackberries, have sufficient acid for jelly-making when firm ripe or slightly underripe, but *are deficient in acid when soft ripe.* This is one reason why the slightly underripe fruit is best for jelly-making.

Should a juice lack acid, you can remedy this by adding lemon-juice in the proportion of 1 tablespoonful to each pint of fruit-juice.

3. *Pectin.* The presence of pectin is not as readily detected as is the presence of acid. The home-maker must resort to one of two simple tests to prove the presence of this substance.

To make the alcohol-test for pectin, measure 1 teaspoonful of denatured alcohol into a dish and add 1 teaspoonful of fruit-juice. (Remember that denatured alcohol is poisonous. Do not taste the tested juice.) If a large amount of pectin is present a jelly-like mass will form immediately. Small flaky particles mean that there is very little pectin present.

To test for pectin with Epsom salts, mix 1 tablespoonful of extracted juice, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, and ½ tablespoonful of Epsom salts. Stir the mixture until the salts have dissolved, and allow to stand for 20 minutes. If the mixture forms a solid mass or large flaky particles, there is enough pectin present to make a satisfactory jelly.

When fruit becomes overripe much of the pectin is changed to pectic acid. Prolonged boiling will also bring about this change. This is why overripe fruits are unsuitable for jelly-making and why jelly which is boiled for some time may be a failure. It also gives us another reason for choosing fruit slightly underripe rather than fruit which is soft ripe.

4. *Sugar.* The sugar content should balance the pectin. Too much sugar makes a gummy, sticky jelly; too little sugar makes a tough jelly.

Currants, unripe grapes, and wild apples are practically the only fruit-juices which require an equal amount of sugar. Two-thirds as much sugar as juice is the best proportion for most fruits.

To Make Jelly

1. Select and wash the fruit. Remove all hulls, stems, and the blossom ends of fruits. Cut hard fruits into pieces without peeling or coring, except in the case of quinces.

2. Extract the juice. For *soft* fruits, such as berries, currants, and grapes, use enough water to prevent them from sticking, and cook until the pulp loses its color. For *hard* fruits, such as apples and quinces, cook with just enough water to cover until the fruit is tender. In either case, when the fruit is sufficiently cooked, turn into a jelly-bag and allow the juice to drip through.

A second extraction can be made by returning the pulp to the kettle, adding just enough water to cover; simmer for about ½ hour and turn again into the jelly-bag. Keep this extraction separate from the first, as jelly made from it will not be as clear.

If the juice of the third extraction from *any* fruit is *flavorsome* it should be used for jelly-making. If it is deficient in acid or pectin these are easily added.

3. Test for pectin, using one of the methods given above. This will decide the amount of sugar to be used.

4. Measure both the juice and sugar to be used. To obtain good results work with only a small quantity of juice—say 2 quarts—at one time, and use a large saucepan or preserving-kettle for the process.

5. Test for jelly. Boil the juice rapidly for 5 minutes, skimming if necessary. Add sugar, and continue to cook rapidly until jelly is done.

One of the simplest ways to determine this is to allow the hot liquid to drip from a large cooking-spoon. At the jellying-point it will partially congeal and hang in sheets from the spoon or form 2 partially congealed drops.

Another test is to place a drop of the liquid on a cold plate. If it shows evidence of jellying the liquid is done. Remove the jelly from the fire while these tests are being made.

6. Seal and store. When the jelly is done, skim and pour while hot into hot, sterlized glasses. Cover at once with a thin layer of melted paraffin. Add a second layer of paraffin after the jelly has become cold and firm. Be sure the edges are sealed, then put on the tin covers, and the jelly is ready for its place on the shelf.

Commercial Pectin

SEVERAL excellent pectin-sirups and -powders are on the market, and you will want to make their acquaintance. These products enable you to make jelly from fruit-juices low in pectin. Commercial pectins are highly concentrated, and when used, only a very short cooking process is needed. This preserves the natural flavor and color of the fruit, and since there is less evaporation more jelly is obtained from a given amount of juice.

To use these pectins—and they can be used in jam-making as well as jelly-making—prepare the fruit-juice or fruit and juice as usual. Then follow to the letter the directions given on the package of pectin you are going to use. There will be no need for jelly-tests. You are not called on to use your judgment at any time. You can hardly fail unless you chance to cook the mixture too long, in which case the pectin is changed to pectic acid and your jelly will be a failure, so follow directions carefully.

If you wish to fill your shelves in the least possible time, try the very latest jelly-making product—a combination of acid, pectin, fruit-flavor, and color. Armed with this and a little sugar and water, you can make jelly in 10 minutes or less. Much preparation is eliminated and it is also possible to make jellies of the juice of fruits not in season.

Making the Jam

BESIDES making jelly, you will want to try your hand at making jam, conserve, marmalade, and preserves, so that you will be able to offer your family a variety of sweets.

In making jam both fruit and juice are used. Since the fruit is either mashed or cut in small pieces it is possible to use broken fruit.

To get jam of the proper jelly-like consistency, we need the all-important pectin which overripe fruit lacks, so unless commercial pectin is used part of the fruit must be slightly underripe.

1. Prepare the fruit. Wash, peel, and core such fruits as apples and quinces. Remove pits from pitted fruits. Cut in small pieces or, in the case of berries, mash.

2. Add just enough water to keep the fruit from burning, and cook until tender.

3. Add sugar. For best results use ½ to ¾ of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

4. After adding the sugar continue to cook the mixture as rapidly as possible. It will need constant stirring to prevent burning, especially after the sugar has been added. Cook until it has a jelly-like consistency. Remember that jam thickens a little on cooling.

5. Pack jam in hot, sterlized jars and seal. Jam packed in glasses is more apt to mold than is jelly; therefore jars are safer. Store in a cool, dry place.

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Lafayette, Ltd., London

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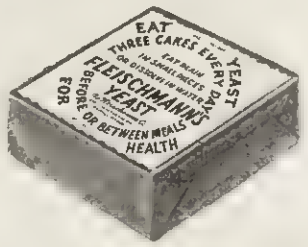
Of course you cannot bring your health troubles to these great doctors. But here they tell you what they have learned about one important health measure. Read their opinions. Benefit from them.



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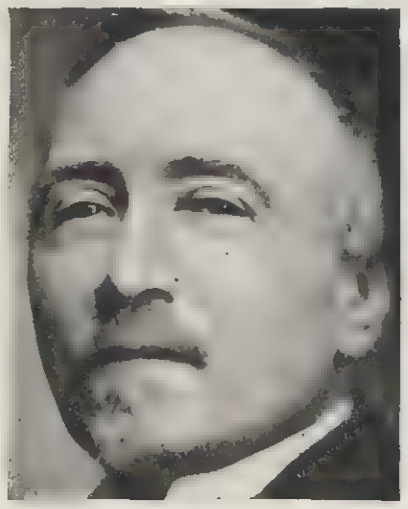

The Doctor of the schools of Paris, Dr. Georges Rosenthal, says, "Yeast is the policeman of the intestines."

Decorated by half the governments of Europe, Dr. Edvard Ehlers, famous Copenhagen skin specialist, states, "I invariably prescribe yeast."

Fayer, Vienna

Vienna's official food expert, Dr. V. Grafe, says, "Yeast aids digestion."

The U. S. Government appointed him its official expert on medicines. Dean H. H. Rusby, M. D., of New York, is Professor of Physiology in a leading university. "I have recommended yeast for forty years," he says in a forthcoming textbook.

Photograph from "La Clinique"

Americans eagerly await the forthcoming publication in English of his latest book, "Le Chemin du Bonheur" (The Road to Health). Dr. Victor Pauchet, eminent Paris surgeon and authority on the intestinal tract, says, "Unfortunately, constipation is often treated with irritating medications. Yeast, however, is a safe remedy."

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To this question every mother asks herself, these 221 authorities have given the same answer

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SALAD DRESSINGS

How to give them a distinctive flavor

BY GAYNOR MADDOX

PERHAPS the best way to understand the secret of a perfect dressing is to understand with all your heart and soul that it is a delicious blending of oils and lemon or orange and flavors to be enjoyed along with the salad, not as just something to be poured over it.

This is a practical recipe for French dressing:

French Dressing

¼ Teaspoonful Mustard
1 Teaspoonful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Salad-oil
¼ Cupful Vinegar or Lemon-juice
1 Teaspoonful Onion-juice or Finely Chopped Onion
¼ Teaspoonful Paprika

ADD the vinegar or lemon-juice to the dry ingredients, so that they may be dissolved before they are coated with the oil. Add the oil and onion, and shake well. Some persons may prefer a dressing with more vinegar. For some salads it may be desirable to add more mustard; but this is a good staple mixture to keep in your salad-dressing bottle.

The first rule for making perfect dressing is skilful blending. The second rule is equally important. Every good salad dressing should be thoroughly chilled, just as the lettuce and other ingredients should be crisp and cold. There can be no exception to this rule if the complete salad is to add freshness and delicacy to the meal.

For simplification, consider four kinds of salad—vegetable, fruit, fish, and egg. That, no doubt, is a rough way to treat so gentle a subject, but this essay is far more an attempt to whisper the secrets of flavoring to busy women than it is a treatise on specific salads.

Perhaps the suggestion that half orange-juice and half vinegar blended with salad-oil and a little shredded white onion to make a perfect dressing for lettuce-hearts and orange meats will sound shocking. Or that equal parts of French dressing and sour cream, beaten together, make a pleasantly tart, thick dressing for a mold of shredded green peppers in lemon-flavored gelatin.

There should be no great surprize in flavors; rather should they be hidden in the new goodness of a familiar recipe. But the orange and onion and the sour cream and pepper gelatin are not so novel as they are refreshing in a new manner. They are listed here to prove the importance of imagination in the art of flavoring.

Roquefort cheese smoothed in a basic dressing gives to crisp young romaine-leaves an extra flavor. Chutney, curry-powder, nuts, and chilli sauce all combine with the taste of salad-oil to give it subtle improvement for special salads. Often the main ingredient of a recipe needs a dash of character. Ground horse-radish offers its service, especially for fish and gelatin salads. Watercress is slightly peppery; therefore it calls for a smoother dressing. Chicory belongs in this class and, furthermore, needs a little sweetening, hence either fruit-juice or chilli gives the perfect touch to its dressing.

The range of flavors that can give new piquancy to salads is a subject to fire any woman's creative imagination. Salads become matters of pride and invention when the hostess regards the flavoring in all foods as an expression of a lively personality reflected in making simple, familiar cookery a matter of delightful surprize.

Mayonnaise

MAYONNAISE holds a niche all its own in the salad-dressing world. It is appropriate with almost all vegetables, with meat or fish, and with cream added it makes a pleasing dressing for a fruit salad.

The ingredients and basic recipe for mayonnaise are as follows:

1 Egg Yolk
1 Cupful Salad-oil
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 or 3 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice or Vinegar
¼ Teaspoonful Paprika

THE materials should be chilled, but not ice-cold. Mix the mayonnaise in a bowl, with a silver fork if you do not possess a mayonnaise-mixer. First beat the yolk thoroughly, stir in the well-mixed seasonings and 1 teaspoonful of the lemon-juice or vinegar. Add the oil from a teaspoon, a few drops at a time, beating well until the mixture begins to thicken. As it thickens add the oil more rapidly, but take care not to add more than you can readily mix with the egg. When stiff thin with the acid, and add oil and acid alternately until all has been used.

The dressing should be stiff enough to hold its shape. If the mayonnaise should curdle beat another egg yolk in a bowl and beat the dressing into it as you did the oil. More oil and lemon may be added to the original egg yolk if you wish a larger amount of dressing.

There are many ways to vary plain mayonnaise to suit your needs. One is to add ⅛ teaspoonful of dry mustard, ¼ teaspoonful of sugar, and ½ teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce to the recipe for plain mayonnaise. A simple Russian dressing is made by blending together ½ cupful of thick chilli sauce, 1 tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and 1 cupful of thick mayonnaise.

Thousand island dressing uses 1 cupful of thick mayonnaise, 2 tablespoonfuls of finely chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoonfuls of finely chopped red pepper, 4 tablespoonfuls of chilli sauce, 2 tablespoonfuls of catchup, 1 teaspoonful of paprika, and 1 tablespoonful of chives. This dressing is particularly appropriate to serve with hearts of lettuce.

Photo by M. [illegible]

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MAGIC MAYONNAISE

(Basic Recipe)

1 egg yolk
⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dry mustard
¼ cup pure cider vinegar
¼ cup salad oil
Few grains cayenne

Beat egg thoroughly and add other ingredients in order listed, stirring with fork or beating with Dover egg beater. Oil need not be added slowly as in ordinary mayonnaise. Blend ingredients quickly. Set in cool place a few minutes to thicken.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

To Magic Mayonnaise add, just before serving, 5 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 teaspoon chopped chives, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

CREAM MAYONNAISE

To Magic Mayonnaise add, just before serving, ½ cup cream, whipped.

SAVORY MAYONNAISE

To Magic Mayonnaise add, just before serving, ⅓ cup Sweet or India Relish.

FRUIT SALAD MAYONNAISE

To Magic Mayonnaise add, just before serving, ⅓ cup orange or grapefruit juice.

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Continued from Page 39

"Me?" gasped William Dutton, and grasped his brief-case in one hand and the car door with the other, for he felt a sudden impulse to flee. But he did not flee. It occurred to him just in time that he was in New York, that he had come there for things to happen, and that they were happening. Furthermore, he felt a stronger impulse, and that was to stay. Yes, he wanted very much to stay.

"Yes, you," said the girl.

"I'd like to," William faltered, "I'd like to something fierce—but, gosh, Daphne, it would be a foolish thing for you to do to marry a fellow like me."

"Why?"

"Oh, I'd try to be a good husband—but look at me! I—I haven't any evening clothes, and I can't mix cocktails, and I've never been anywhere, and I haven't any money—or even a job—and your father would have a fit—and, oh, Daphne, what's the use?"

"Jobs and clothes and things like that don't matter," Daphne Bellanger said calmly. "Dad is a real problem, tho. He'll take a lot of handling, dad will. But, after all, part of my hunch is that you have the stuff. I know all this must sound pretty wild to you, Bill, but I know quite a lot about people. They don't fool me—much. I may be all wrong about you, but I'm willing to take the chance—if you are. But maybe you don't want to——"

"Of course I want to," said William Dutton. "I want to more than I know how to tell you. Maybe I have a hunch, too. You said I'm simple. Well, you're simple, too, Daphne. You see things straight. You haven't really fallen for the foolish talk of a lot of foolish people. In your heart you know that love is something big and beautiful and meant to last——"

She was looking at him steadily. So he kissed her, and the only witnesses were the silent, apathetic sheep and some two hundred passing motorists and pedestrians.

"We've got a tough battle ahead of us, Bill," she said.

"I don't care," said William Dutton. He felt capable of vanquishing armies.

"Father is hard-boiled."

"He can't stop us. You're twenty-two."

"But I promised him, Bill, that I'd never marry without his consent. It was a foolish thing to do, but I did it, and I've got to keep my word. Besides in his own peculiar way dad is mighty fond of me, and he's been uncommonly decent to me. We'll have to go face him, Bill, and the sooner the better."

"All right," said William. "We'll face him," and he looked and spoke more resolutely than he felt. Legends about Mr. J. K. P. Bellanger had been circulated about the country, and had percolated into Wemsley, and his reputation as a terrible man with a heavy hand was well known to William. Qualms filled him, but when he looked at Daphne, beside him, he was able to stifle them.

"We're off," she said, and they were.

The concluding instalment of "His Big Day" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published July 25th.

YOUTH AND CRABBED AGE

Continued from Page 26

watching Lucy grow up, and I think I fell in love with her while she was still a kid. Of course I didn't say anything to her until she had had a chance to look about a bit, but then I began to think she liked me, and one thing led to another and here we are. I ought to have taken you into my confidence long ago, but she wouldn't let me. She's the boss now, but I'll get the upper hand once we're married."

"My poor George," said Alicia in reply to this, "you're old enough between you to know your minds, and I expect I shall be reconciled when I get used to the idea. You bad child," she added tenderly, "why didn't you tell me last night?"

"Because I had to find out first if you wanted George yourself," her daughter replied. "In that case we would have eloped and told you afterward."

Breakfast was a confused and pleasantly embarrassing meal for all but Lucy. She announced the engagement to Perkins, the old butler who had been a member of the family for years, and planned just how and where they would be married. Richard was silent, George explanatory, and Alicia dismayed, amused, angry, and relieved by turns.

But as the morning wore on she adjusted herself to the turn of affairs and wondered why it was so unforeseen. Probably because she had been trying too hard to make circumstances fit into plans that seemed to her elderly understanding logical. Lucy was radiant with youthful happiness, George beaming with middle-aged ecstasy. There wasn't anything she could do to prevent the marriage even if she wanted to, and sometimes such ill-assorted unions were the happiest. Anyway she was glad she had been spared the crowning absurdity of an elopement, for in his present state "old George" was fatuous enough to consent to even so ridiculous a step.

She voiced her rather confused state of mind to Richard as they sat on the shaded terrace that afternoon. It was their first quiet moment since Lucy's announcement, which Richard resented as too startling to be quite considerate.

"For the third time, d—— Lucy," he said. "That was no way to break it to you. George ought to have had more sense even if she has gone crazy."

"George, my dear boy," Alicia explained, "is the crazier of the two. I know because I'm nearer his age and realize that love affairs go hard with us after forty."

"Dearest," pleaded Richard, "does that mean I'm going hard with you? Not that it seems to me you should know anything of the psychology of middle age; but does what you say mean you are going to marry me now Lucy's settled? You must, darling. The difference between you and me is nothing to the difference between your daughter and her intended."

"An old man has privileges that a slightly old lady must never claim," said Alicia rather sadly. "Don't you see, dear, this settles it? Obviously I can't marry a man twenty-five years younger than my son-in-law. It would be too fantastic. You mustn't be too unhappy about it. Surely you knew from the beginning that it couldn't be. But I confess that I'm grateful to you for loving me and finding me desirable. It's sad to grow old while you're still young and pretty, and I was awfully depressed yesterday. I'm depressed now because I hate to make you miserable, but you won't be unhappy for long, I think. I'm going away the minute Lucy is married and try to make the best of the remnants of my youth somewhere else. Then some day I'll marry a widower of sixty-five and settle down."

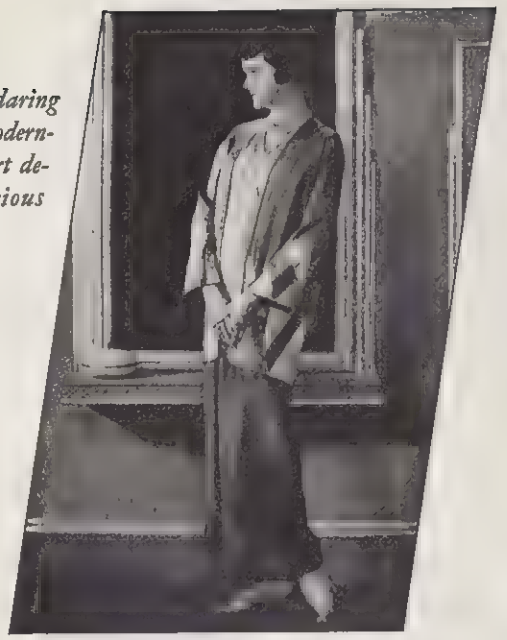
"All right," said the undaunted Richard, "I'll be sixty-five myself some day, tho not, in consequence of your hard heart, a widower. Don't you love me a little bit and pity me that only the fear of ridicule is shutting me away from my heart's desire?"

"Oh, no, Richard, it's not as bad as that," Alicia urged, "but you *are* too young for me. It wouldn't work, and in the end you would be sorry. But if it's any comfort, I'll promise to marry you when you're sixty-five—if you still want me. My first widower may be dead by that time," and she tried to laugh at her feeble joke. "Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite," said Richard, taking her hands in his, "as after all I've been through since yesterday I feel sixty-five this minute. We'll be married to-morrow, so I can give Lucy away next week."

Inopportunely Perkins appeared to announce that the motor was at the door to take Mr. Marcy to his train, and discreetly withdrew. As Richard rose to go Alicia leaned to him and kissed him on the forehead.

"In that case," she asserted, "you are much too old for me, for after all I've been through since yesterday, I feel just about eighteen."



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EDUCATION À LA CARTE

Continued from Page 2

allowed their children to drift away from them without making any inquiry as to the cause of the drifting. Didn't they themselves start the break when they sent their children away to school and gave over all the intellectual guidance to an adult human being, the embodiment of an institution, at once impersonal and foreboding?

The ten years' accumulation of written papers assures me that I should have felt an incalculable loss had I allowed the opportunity to slip by to preserve this kind of friendship. Such a loss would have been far more disastrous to me, as parent or as individual, than it would have been, in all probability, to the child herself.

One thing I remember distinctly is that it didn't occur to me that I was going to be too busy as housekeeper, cook, and all the rest to carry on a sort of home education. I haven't a doubt that I looked upon it as my opportunity, a sort of relief from the housekeeper's eternal round of daily chores, my sort of compensation for the cooking, the dusting, and the general family cleaning. It certainly didn't occur to me that educating my small daughter should be anything apart and separate from the daily life around us.

When I discarded the school I discarded the school's idea of education as an artificial process carried out under compulsory laws so many hours a day in a structure dedicated to that purpose. As I saw the thing, education was an integral part of the whole general busyness of any home life, and centered itself in the kitchen, on the piazza, in the fields, or wherever the mood or necessity led it. Had the education in my household degenerated from being part and parcel of all the daily activities into a private-tutoring affair I can say with assurance that the friendship which I coveted would have been torn into shreds, and that this particular experiment would have died long ago.

From the beginning my child became used to the idea of working out her small problems alone; always, however, within reach of help. In that way the child cultivated a certain kind of mental independence which I had to encourage because of the various demands which the house made upon me.

I couldn't be with her any great number of minutes together, and I was constantly being interrupted. If the child were at her small table in the sun on the porch, I would often call out from another room where I was in the midst of a general cleaning-up orgy; or I would listen to her story of Peter Rabbit, or give suggestions about the mixture of colors for painting a made-up butterfly. There were always door-bell rings, the telephone, marketmen, things on the stove to see to.

AS I look back now, I remember with what concern I regarded all these interruptions, and that there were times when I felt I might do a better job with the child were the house to run itself, so to speak. Pure delusion. My insistent schedule contributed, I am convinced, a valuable working basis for the permanency of my ideas of education.

Picture, then, a child about five years old seated at a small table in a sunny room or on a sunny porch. It is nine o'clock by the town clock; she has counted the strokes, and is beginning to count the strokes on the clocks in the house, which, by her own arrangement, are kept a minute or so apart. She must count them all before she settles down. Then her pet animals must be propped up near-by: these are her friends and must share her experiences.

It doesn't matter just yet what she is going to do: she will make designs, perhaps, with small glass balls, or cut out pictures of her favorite animals, or string beads. She becomes extremely busy and important, and I shall find her there when I look in at her fifteen minutes later.

The schedule habit was begun then—the habit of doing something quite definite at the small table at a certain time each day. It is that habit which, in all probability, saved our home education from slopping over into a confusion of trivialities; any number of such schedules, some made out by the child and some by myself, exist as a proof of the purpose and kind of work which we did. They show that a fundamental idea lay under a strange mixture of methods and working schemes—the necessity of daily work.

Just how many days followed like this one I do not recall, nor yet how many months. The schedules which we made out would tell me were this the place for me to look them up. And without them I can not remember the different sorts of things which the child made with her hands, but, I fancy, they were the usual kindergarten sort of things, perhaps, supplemented by her own invention.

Personally, I was always clumsy with such things, and I feel sure that my contributions were not significant. What I did that was of some importance was letting the child alone with her small affairs, giving her bits of colored paper to cut, crayons to mark with, stray pieces of cloth or linoleum to do things with—in short, starting her, in one way or another, and then letting her go her own way.

JUST when my supreme inspiration came I don't remember. There is evidence to show that it came some time before February, 1918, before the child was four years old. The persistent idea, from the day I made up my mind not to send the child to school, was that I should try to find out what was in the child, that I should tap her unknown resources by any scheme I could invent, and that I should encourage a very special kind of outward expression. I was determined to experiment with the idea of making written language the center of the educational program around which all other interests should be made to revolve quite naturally.

There was no reason why an adequate use of language should not clarify the ideas which children wanted to express through their basket-weaving, their color-designing, or their bead-stringing. In the schools—even the creative schools—written prose held an unimportant place compared to that of the plastic arts; I would give it the most important place in my scheme of educating the individual. Could it be said that a child of four, or five, or six had nothing to say worth the trouble of written prose? How did one know? Had any one made the attempt to find out? And what was the reason?

Was the reason, I wondered, because it had not occurred to the majority of people—parents and schools alike—that the pen or the pencil was entirely useless as a tool? Years are spent in perfecting a method of penmanship; but I am one who can not speak enthusiastically over time spent in cultivating either the curved or vertical style. I am simply not interested in penmanship as an art. Nor do I think that the pen is of any real use to a child as a practical tool; it is stiff, laborious, clumsy, and years are gone before it becomes flexible and manageable.

Books have been written by parents, by teachers, and by psychologists about the imaginative life of the child from five to twelve years, but there has been scarcely a trace of that life recorded by the child himself. Isn't the pen the reason for this reticence? At least, isn't it possible to chuck such an outworn thing, substitute something different, and give the child a chance?

I suppose if I hadn't made up my mind to make written prose the basis of the education of my own child I shouldn't have clamored so loudly for something more useful than either pen or pencil. It was, of course, the small portable typewriter that solved the problem. It takes only a little imagination to visualize what a typewriter means to a four-year-old; it means *magic*. Any mechanical toy becomes a nuisance unless it is used intelligently; and the typewriter, like all the rest, can soon lose its life in a junk-heap if it is used without direction. To discover the possibilities of the typewriter is an adventure in itself—for both child and parent.

It is impossible to give here in detail the uses we made of the typewriter in our scheme, but I am obliged to admit that it has been the most important single piece of educational equipment in the house. I felt its importance within a few months when it first fascinated and interested the child, and then when it gradually stimulated her mind to a consciousness of its own powers. And already I feel its importance in the young life of my other five-year-old. Fingers are small, to be sure, but there are two pretty strong ones, and correct fingering (which I think is important) is only a matter of time.

Letters, already familiar in books, are visible; punctuation-marks are queer enough to demand investigation; the capital- and figure-shifts are noisy and abrupt; and there is a bell that rings. And the child, through brain, eye, and fingers, can control this piece of wonder! Separate letters go soon into words, then sentences, and then follows the reading of the child's own type-script. Copying from the primer and then composing (the child's thoughts and words, each letter dictated by some one) are two steps in a working scheme. Reading and typewriting become a better working combination than reading and penmanship; together they have a definite and recognizable similarity to the printed page of a book.

Familiarity with the typewriter itself is all that matters in the first months, and such familiarity means not only writing, but reading and spelling, and, I dare predict, it means the *desire* to compose something on one's own account.

The first letter to a grandmother was among our most exciting adventures, and it was a mountain of concentration and effort. I remember dictating letter by letter, with correct spacing and punctuation, what the child wanted to say; and I remember watching the look of triumph and pleasure that came on her face as her own words took form slowly beneath the pressure of her own small fingers. Signed, envelop addressed and stamped—this letter of a dozen words, perhaps, was a real contribution to the world's creativeness.

WHEN this first letter happens you may be sure more will follow. In our case letter-writing became the substitute for the school composition; in these ten years there exists not a single piece of writing that was ever called a "composition," but hundreds of letters written to friends of all ages testify in favor of this form of recounting personal experiences and emotions, and against the cold and impersonal school theme. Description, narration, and argumentation merged themselves together in the child's one desire to share with her friend a sunset, a mountain, an exciting adventure.

I have been speaking of the letters specifically because, in our scheme of education, they served as the most important form of personal expression, especially during the early years. I think that form had much to do with the child's *desire* to write and to reveal herself. But the letters are not all: verse, stories, imaginative conceits, comments, and criticisms exist in the same pile.

It is from the pile itself that I gather the following items: that the child's use of the typewriter at four years old was jerky and halting; at five, slow but pretty fairly accurate; at seven, competent and correct; and at eight it had become a tool entirely under her control, used without conscious effort. It shows, also, that, just as gradually as the typewriting itself demanded less concentration, just so gradually did the child's thoughts find clearer and fuller expression.

My own editing and correcting in the early years give way to the child's own editing and correcting, until, finally, it is noticeable that both disappear: at nine years old the corrections are almost negligible. Here I am tempted to say that if all teachers of grammatical form and structure would insist upon typewriting instead of penmanship their job would not be the hopeless one it is, provided they take the children young enough.

The parent who has never heard of rhetorical usage, who desires only that the child shall express himself clearly and vividly, need never envy the teacher who is encumbered with the whole load of structural and stylistic baggage. To un-

Continued on Page 51

Mme. Payot.. *Noted Parisian Beauty Specialist*

Tells an easy way to keep skin lovely

"Recently I discovered a way in which the success of my work as beauty specialist could be increased. I recommend to my clients the soap of palm and olive oils which, separately, have great cosmetic value—and which, in the blending of Palmolive Soap, are doubly effective. It supplements excellently the effects of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Dr. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPAUSE
PARIS

Madame Payot, in her artfully decorated Paris salon.

FOR many years the elite of Paris have listened to the beauty advice of Mme. Payot, teacher of many famous beauty specialists who now carry the great Payot methods to cosmopolitan centers throughout the world.

Today, Mme. Payot advises the daily use of palm and olive oils in soap, in a simple 2-minute treatment, and warns against the harsh effects of the wrong kind of soap. Here is beauty news, indeed!

Madame Payot's discovery

Madame Payot, in her appropriately modern background on the rue Richepause, Paris, tells of this discovery on complexion care:

"I found," she says, "that some women habitually use soaps that harm the skin, that some of my treatments in consequence seemed to have no permanent effect . . . that I am constantly working to overcome the bad results of improper home cleansing.

"So, I commenced to recommend to my patients the soap made of palm and olive oils—which, separately, have great cosmetic value, and which, in the Palmolive blending, are doubly efficacious in the case of blackheads, open pores, greasy skin, etc."

"The difference was immediately apparent," says this distinguished exponent of beauty culture. "This home cleansing rule gives the correct foundation for the use of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

The Payot Salon in Paris, beauty shrine of Europeans and Americans alike, with its chaste elegance of mirrored walls and angular paneling, is an interesting example of the increasing use of modernist decoration.

In the leading beauty salons of every American city this very same treatment has long been recommended. Lovely Americans travel all over the world to hear over and over again the merits of this most popular of home facial treatments. They go to Jacobson, of *London;* to Pessl, of *Vienna;* to Elise Bock, of *Berlin;* they visit the salon of the exquisite Lina Cavalieri, in *Paris*—and everywhere, everywhere they are given this same advice on complexion care: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap.

Madame Payot prefers a soap with an olive oil base because it gets down into the pores, releases accumulated dirt, dust, oil, make-up and leaves the skin fresh and radiant with delicate color.

Her 2-minute treatment

Here is the famous Palmolive treatment, recommended all over the world, as Madame Payot would advise it: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is a refreshing astringent.

For a dry skin, a touch of cold cream before adding powder and rouge; for oily skin, an astringent lotion.

A simple treatment, yet it undoubtedly explains why Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France—known the world over as home of exquisite cosmetics. Here in America, and in forty-eight other countries, it is more generally used than any other soap.

4431

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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30, p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Recipe for Strawberry, Raspberry, Blackberry, or Loganberry Jelly

Thoroughly crush with masher or run through food chopper about 3 qts. fully ripe berries. Place fruit in cloth or jelly bag and squeeze out juice. If a sparkling jelly is desired, drip juice through cotton flannel bag. Do not drip over night as uncooked juice ferments quickly. Measure 8 level cups (3½ lbs.) sugar and then 4 cups (2 lbs.) juice into large saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. At once add 1 bottle Certo, stirring constantly, and bring again to full rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot paraffin wax.

NOW IT'S SO EASY to make perfect jams and jellies

THERE IS A MODERN EASY METHOD that anyone can use successfully to make delicious jams and jellies.

Because it is most efficient and economical and retains the fresh natural flavor and color of the fruit, this method is recommended by famous cooking experts like Alice Bradley and Sarah Field Splint. It is taught in the Home Economics Departments of universities and colleges all over the country.

This is the modern "short-boil" method. Certo makes it possible.

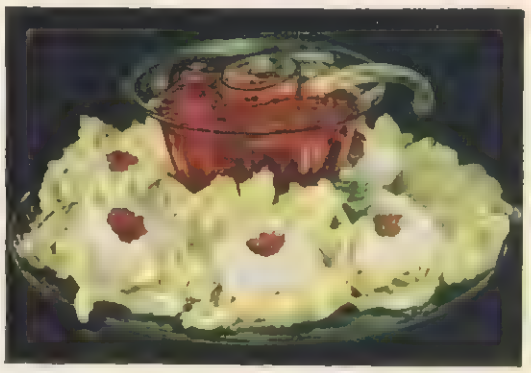
With Certo *anyone* can now make delicious homemade jams and jellies from *any* fruit or fruit juice—quickly, easily, and be certain of success every time!

Only one or two minutes' boiling is required hence its name—the "short-boil" method). This short boil prevents loss of juice by evaporation and gives you 50% more jam or jelly from your fruit.

Think what this method means to any housewife—especially to the young, inexperienced one! Delight your family with such treats as blackberry jelly, raspberry jam and jelly, pineapple jam, ripe peach jelly, cherry jam and jelly.

There is simply no limit to the variety you can make with Certo. You can use even those delicious fruits that never before would jell! Certo opens up a whole new field of jam and jelly making to you. Read the recipe above for berry jellies, and see how easy it is! Berry jellies are so delicious, and there are so many delightful ways of serving them.

There are 97 equally easy recipes for delicious jams and jellies in our recipe booklet. A copy of this booklet is under the label of every bottle of Certo. Get it from your grocer.



Your family and friends will be delighted when you serve this salad of Cream Cheese and Strawberry Jam.

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FREE: Two booklets—one, on how to make jams and jellies by the "short-boil" method—the other, an illustrated booklet of "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies." Mail coupon to Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept. She will write you and send the two booklets.

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load my own mind of those things was the privilege of my special kind of job. I don't suppose the individual whose letters and other writings I am looking over has ever spent ten minutes of her life in the investigation of a book on rhetoric, and I am sure she could never be convinced of the use of that sort of book.

MY OWN child, then, had plenty of solitude in which to become acquainted with herself, plenty of work to do every day which meant the forming of a mental habit, and a typewriter always at hand. She was encouraged to "let herself go" in personal letters; and she was given honest criticism, and never ridicule, no matter into what odd corners her imagination led her. Can any one say just where facts end and fancy begins? Or when may come into the child's head the desire to invent, to create something of his own?

That I believed in the potential creativeness of all children was a good start in the right direction; taking *that* for granted may have encouraged a revelation instead of a suppression of herself. Anyway, there is no sign of restraint in the pile of writing that is before me. And the impulse to invent, to mingle fact with imagination, starts in the early years when the typewriting was only just manageable; gradually it increases, shows itself in bits of inventive prose and verse, rushes on at greater length in longer stories, in bizarre conceptions, until, at the age of nine, there came the full story of childhood.

In this story of thirty-five thousand words all childhood is made articulate—its passions, its longings, its curiosity about the world, its love for details of bird, plant, and animal life, and its devotion to natural beauty. It is a deluge of facts, of actual experiences, and of fanciful inventions. Form and structure change to fit the mood and caprice of the thought, and both are ruled by the desire to make her own dreams and interests in her world vividly alive to some other person.

I can honestly declare that those thirty-five thousand words would have been non-existent had there been no typewriter, and—I may add also—had not the child and I together discovered that its educational possibilities went far beyond those of its practical usefulness.

In the nine-year-old's long story there is no hint of the "genius" theory of creative writing. Hard work, rather; hard work while the story was taking form, and more hard work after its completion. Was the young writer satisfied with the result? Not at all: followed revisions, deletions, a thorough going over for details of word and form, hours of painstaking rearrangement—all done by the author herself. And then was there complete satisfaction in *that* result? Not at all—there never will be: there will never be anything but a restless impatience with the inadequacy of any form to which she tries to surrender herself.

It is the price the individual pays, and the ten years of freedom from standardization have made an individual of the child. It is, also, the price the parent pays when she takes it upon herself to give the child such freedom. Even now I remember our awareness of the fact that we were not offering her either the easiest or the happiest path. But we made the choice deliberately, some choice having to be made between allowing the school to do its job and taking a hand ourselves. Now there remain only the desire and the necessity of standing by the result.

Which means—I should start out again in the same way that I did ten years ago. I remain still convinced that nothing *except* training in language—the training in an art the child is going to make a lifetime use of—has enough real value to serve as the basis of anything that can be called education. I should call again upon the service of the small typewriter: there is no substitute for it, no other tool so adapted for the encouragement of self-expression in language. And again I should give the child plenty of solitude, plenty of work to do with her brain every day, and plenty of encouragement (personal and mechanical) for self-expression.

I discovered very soon—and my discovery holds good to-day—that all the other interests that are called "subjects" in the schools became more real and alive through the very use we made of them in connection with written language. The desire to write something of her own, to invent something out of her own imagination, stirred the child's curiosity. That led to a study of the stars, plants, animal life; led later to geography, mathematics, and history, then to other languages.

Facts were absorbed, packed into the mill of the mind, and came out later in a new form. Correlations all along the line; no interests hanging in the air unrelated and alone; all the fragments of the household life ever present to declare that life and education were the same thing. But to talk of the advantages which the home has as a laboratory and workshop for the curious and acquisitive child—this is a subject in itself.

DOES all this sound as if the ten years had been dull, a bore to the child or to me? Her education has been just what her life has been—exciting, adventurous, and stimulating—the life of the average normal, healthy, young person. And life should become even more exciting, more adventurous, and much more puzzling as we go along. For go along we must—there is nothing else to do. Nothing yet has dulled the edge of her curiosity, or of mine, either; and I am still willing to follow her lead, and willing to change direction at a hint.

Mental habits which have been acquired in the ten years are transportable, and so is the typewriter; and a fair amount of solitude can always be picked up on demand. Much hard work and study are ahead of her, but they are part of the process of finding out things, and, as such, they will be open roads to something exciting and alluring. Just what it will be I don't know: that is to-morrow's secret—or the next day's. As for me, I shall share the secret, too. And the fun—for, up to this very hour and minute, this particular experiment is still my personal and private lark.

WOMEN AND COMPANIONSHIP

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Civilization, it appears, has created the modern middle-aged woman. The woman, generally, of forty. Civilization has made her possible. There is no need, now, for her to be exclusively maternal or domestic. Her physical charm, her sheer feminine individuality, can be maintained almost indefinitely. Her vitality remains unimpaired; her looks, often as not, are improved; her spirit is stronger, more restless, than the spirit of her youth. That, certainly, was not the purpose of nature. Women, the truth is, have improved upon nature. But they turn their new powers and opportunities to the oldest of feminine occupations—the pursuit not of knowledge or of abstract good but of fresh and reassuring personal victories.

Women like that are not, in essence, new at all; they are, simply, the women who have always been familiar with a longer grant of years. The women of the present, it is asserted, are made up of knowledge and abstract good. At no period of their lives are they interested in personal victories. They are above perfume and a disconcerting use of dark lace. Their lives are compacted of candor.

If this is true then the present human relationships of women are identical with the relationships of men. If it is true practically all the wretchedness, all the mistakes, of life are at an end. Marriage will be simple—a calm arrangement with every possible development foreseen and provided against. A wife, soon, can tell her husband the exact truth; she can say when she is tired of him, what she thinks of him, and that she sees through every one of his futile pretenses. There must soon, in that case, be a new race of husbands. A race I will not speak about.

Such women would be no less clear with other women: they would not discuss dress or scandal; the science of genetics would take the place of the passion of maternity; not a word would be said about their weights. They would deal entirely in crisp impersonal truths and read books about the economic structure of a society based on credit.

No, it is increasingly clear that I am not concerned with them. I am obliged finally to drop them from my consideration. My consideration, finally, will be to discover if women prefer the companionship of men or of other women; but before that can be arrived at it is necessary to conduct a fresh inquiry into the characteristics of women.

IT WAS imperative first to inquire into the attitude of women toward the men married to them. I should like to avoid the question of sentiment. Of all sentimental relations between girls and men. That has no place here. It is, however, highly important to discover the quality of any relationship between girls and men not founded on sentiment. Do such relationships actually exist? It is not too much to assert that they do.

They do, but they are not very absorbing—to either girls or men—and they are always the result of particular and unavoidable causes. A woman and a man, at times, keep a companionship after their love for each other is dead. At times! A woman and a man may grow to be companions after it is discovered that love between them is an impossibility. A girl and a man may be companionable up to the point when love is a possibility.

In the first two cases companionship is the result of the failure of love, and in the third it only exists until love is imminent. A woman, for example, almost never asks a man for advice in the personal conduct of her life. She often demands material advice, but, where her especial problems are involved, the masculine mind is totally useless. Men are not, at bottom, sufficiently practical where life itself is concerned. They know a great deal about affairs, but they are ignorant about life. They are absurdly ignorant about women.

A man will advise a woman to follow a course of action only possible to masculine traditions, prejudice, and opportunities. He will not see that women, very often, are forced to move indirectly. When this is brought to his attention he will be very severe, appealingly innocent, about it. He may be counted on to deliver an address upon masculine honesty.

Masculine honesty and its feminine counterpart are, of course, wholly different. An honest woman, basically, is honest when honesty is plainly wise; an honest man, carried away by the sense of his high-mindedness, is often no better than a nuisance. Women realize this, and consequently men's advice is useless to them. A woman will ask for it, naturally; she will give every appearance of leaning on it; she'll exhibit a limitless admiration for a man's understanding; but, privately, she will be appalled, simply appalled, at what she is invited to say and do.

It is very pleasant, on the other hand, for a woman to have the superficial companionship of a man. A great many excursions and occasions are made possible. A wide variety of pleasures are open to her. But if no sentimental passage has occurred in such a companionship the woman is perpetually waiting for it to occur. She knows that it will. She must be prepared for it. The man, sooner or later, will attempt to kiss her, and then the situation must become intense. A kiss, for the great majority of women, is not a great affair. It doesn't, very often, upset them, but it does upset the man involved. Under its urge he is proprietary. An immediately progressive process is set up in him. A battle or a surrender inescapably follows, and companionship is lost.

A man who has lost a woman's affections is either melancholy or indignant or wholly indifferent. It is difficult, secretly it is impossible, for him to reconcile his opinion of himself, his masculine vanity,

Continued on Page 54

For the OUTDOOR GIRL

Strong is the appeal of the girl who excels in sports and yet retains her greatest charm—*a soft, smooth skin!*

Complexion-beauty need never be sacrificed to the drying, coarsening effects of sun and wind if you protect your skin with Black and White Peroxide (Vanishing) Cream.

Smoothed over the face and neck, this dainty cream vanishes instantly, leaving a thin film of protection against dust and the weather, and prevents impurities from entering the pores. It keeps the skin soft, smooth and fair and holds face powder on for hours with natural beauty. Try it *today!*

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Peroxide Cream
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Personal Daintiness

The Confidence of Complete Cleanliness Comes With The Proper Practice of Feminine Hygiene

Feminine Hygiene practiced in a safe and wholesome way does make you feel and look younger.

The satisfaction of knowing that you are dainty, fresh and clean comes at once with the use of Stirizol. It also eliminates body odors quickly.

For more than twenty years Stirizol has proved its value. It is very soothing and healing—extremely effective—yet not harmful. The $1.00 jar of Stirizol Powder will make many quarts of solution of the strength best suited to your individual needs.

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STIRIZOL
VERY REFRESHING

REAL OR APPLIED TAN

You can now easily secure an athletic look

By DORIS LEE ASHLEY

IT ALL started way back in March, when Helena had the good luck to be taken to Florida by her father. She had been in miserable health all Winter after an attack of influenza, and it was thought that a trip South would be beneficial. She was thrilled over the prospect, and assembled her belongings with all the eagerness of a bride. I called while she was packing her bags, and gave her a package, which she opened with a smile of gratitude and anticipation, for, as she said, I was always giving her something that no one had ever heard of before.

This time it was a bottle of cream that a beauty specialist was to launch on the market in June, which promised, if applied according to directions, not only to prevent burning and blistering of the skin exposed to strong sunlight, but to produce an even, rich tan. Certainly it would make Helena's trip a painless one. Her skin was so sensitive that she was always seeking to protect it. I told her that the creator of this particular cream claimed that it contained ingredients that absorb that portion of the ultra-violet ray of sunlight that causes sunburn.

She laughed happily as she thanked me again. She was delighted to know that she could really bathe daily in the ocean without fear of the sun. Would I be a good, kind fairy and send her another bottle, or mail one to her in Florida, as she was going to inveigle her father into surf-bathing again without his silly old bathing-cap, which always had annoyed her, but which he insisted on wearing to protect his very, very bald head.

"Picture me anointing his head, arms, shoulders, and knobby knees with this cream! It is going to take some persuading to make him go in for bathing again, for he has been so badly punished by sunburn that I shall have to demonstrate to him the efficacy of this cream before he will believe me—the doubting Thomas," she murmured affectionately.

In the meantime, before they returned, several remarkable new preparations appeared on the market. I joined the group of girls met to welcome home the travelers, apparently as sunburned as they were. Helena greeted me with a hug and a kiss, saying, "You precious old dear, where have *you* been to get such a glorious color? Why, I really think you have a more beautiful tan than that which I have so carefully cultivated with your help and of which I am so proud. Take off your hat and let me really see it. I have never seen you look so well. It is most becoming."

"WELL, I must confess it is most becoming to me, but the best part of it is that I may be sunburned in my new egg-shell-toned evening frock to-night or interestingly fair of skin to-morrow evening in a black-chiffon dinner-gown. What do I mean? A chameleon at will? Yes, I mean just that, and if you girls will come over to my apartment to-morrow night I will make each of you up in a most becoming shade of 'sunburn,'" I promised that admiring group of girls. And you can believe that those who had engagements broke them for that evening.

It was fun the next evening to watch fair-haired, fair-skinned Muriel, with her blue eyes, transformed into a beautiful golden-tan beauty by means of a thin film of a liquid powder and a dusting of a well-known complexion-powder in the new sunburn hue. Her light lashes were darkened with a cream, her eyebrows touched with a pencil, and blue eye-shadow added to her upper lids. In almost every instance it was found necessary to use more eye make-up than usual, except in the case of a very dark-eyed person.

Brown eye-shadow was in some cases more effective than the blue. Muriel, who never used rouge, was delighted with the bit of brilliant color I added to her cheeks and lips.

WHEN YOU PUT ON AN EVENING GOWN, AFTER A DAY ON THE BEACH, YOU CAN USE A SUNTAN LOTION TO MAKE YOUR "TANS" MATCH

Dark-haired Janet, whose skin is warm-toned, we decided would make a gorgeous gipsy. After thoroughly cleansing her skin I applied a bronze-colored oil. This oil was applied with absorbent cotton and rubbed into the skin with the finger-tips until the entire surface was evenly toned. Over this was added a thin film of a lotion that was also dusky in tone. It was truly amazing what this combination did to her skin. It was a glorious shade of copper bronze, the tone that results after a Summer spent in the open, but instead of the coarse suntan skin hers was as soft and fine in texture as a baby's.

I ADDED a very bright rouge to her cheeks and lips and touched her eyelashes with a well-known liquid preparation, and then stepped back to gaze on my handiwork. Every one raved over our dusky beauty; but I was not satisfied, for the part in her hair and the convolutions of her ears were too pale for a sunburned person. A deft touch down the part of her black hair with a piece of cotton moistened with the bronze oil and a light "washing" of her ears and she emerged a perfectly beautiful example of "synthetic" sunburn.

Auburn-haired Gladys was a perfect joy to "sunburn," for the orange-colored foundation cream I selected for her seemed to become part of her very complexion after it had been rubbed evenly into her skin while it was still moist with skin-tonic. When I had opened the jar the girls shouted with derision, yet were utterly amazed when I showed them how delightfully a bit of this vivid cream toned into the skin. Over this was added a film of liquid powder in a warm, rich tone that produced the most wonderful velvety, petal-like smoothness.

Should you decide to allow the sun to have its way, or appear as if it had, write for the free leaflet "For and Against Suntan," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

The dusting of complexion-powder in a tan tone that followed was not necessary and could have been dispensed with, so perfect was the finish of this liquid powder. At my suggestion Gladys removed her stockings so that I could show them how wonderfully the foundation cream and liquid powder "tanned" the legs. I also did her arms up brown. The girls clamored for a bathing-suit to see what a delightful Summer girl friend Gladys would make.

If you have followed advice and carefully cared for and protected your skin against sunburn and windburn so that it is as fair as in Winter, take to the synthetic tan and have the fun without the pain of sunburn.

Here it is July, and if you are planning to spend your vacation at the ocean, you will want to go surf-bathing, or if in the mountains, to go swimming in still water. Decide now whether you will anoint yourself with the sweet-smelling white cream mentioned earlier in the article and go forth to brown becomingly and painlessly, or whether you will preserve your fair skin, yet appear as brown as the proverbial berry whenever you please to do so.

Rather fun to be a chameleon, I think. It makes life interesting, to say the least. Remember that this artificial tanning will not rub off while bathing and has the added advantage of keeping the skin protected from the burning rays of the sun by the very nature of its dark tone.

You doubtless have friends, just as I have, who are actually afraid of exposing themselves to the Summer sun, especially at the seashore. Anointed with the protective cream mentioned above, they can, without fear, spend a very pleasant day at the beach, motor-boating, motoring, or golfing, in fact indulge in any out-of-door sports, without painful after-effects.

Men with bald heads and supersensitive skins, and those who hate that first painful burning we all thought necessary in the beginning of the season, can still be tanned without burning, blistering, and peeling. Babies and young children should certainly be protected with such a cream, as it also keeps the skin soft, and prevents it from being coarsened and weather-beaten, as is usually the case after a Summer spent in the open. In fact it should be kept in the bathroom closet just as a certain preparation that relieves the pain of burns and sunburn.

NOW, whether you plan to spend your holiday on land or sea, in traveling, or settled at camp or a smart Summer resort, you should decide before you pack your bags whether you will be a chameleon Summer girl or a real but painlessly tanned one of a rich golden hue. The girl who has but a brief two weeks may be wise in deciding on the synthetic tan, which she can continue to use when she returns to her desk until it bores her. When you use the applied tan do not forget the eye-sockets and ears, and be sure to rub the liquid powder, cream, or oil well up into the hair at the back of the neck, and, if you part your hair, into the part, so that the white line does not give you away.

Your hands and arms, if they are to be exposed, should receive their quota of the colored preparation. Also brilliant rouge, rather than the dark-toned, and accentuating the eyes are usually very desirable and effective. It may happen that the décolletage of your favorite dance-frock may not correspond with that of your new bathing-suit, but that need not worry you, for the line of tan may be continued with one of these new preparations without detection.

Oh, this is going to be a most wonderful Summer of beautiful Summer girls!

John Barrymore · F. Scott Fitzgerald · Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. · vote her the

Most Beautiful Young Mother

John Barrymore

Mrs. Richard O'Connor

of Dover, New Jersey . . . chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most beautiful young mother

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

"MORE THAN ANYTHING—I would teach a child to tell the truth!"

She looks at you with beautiful, cloudless blue eyes—eyes that seem no older than those of her little boy. She is only twenty-two. Her beauty is of a delicate, reticent sort; golden hair, as bright as silk; a skin of that wonderful morning-glory purity that is hardly ever seen in people after early childhood. Her manner has the candour and simplicity of a child's.

But her mind is that of a woman; resolute, courageous, sincere, truthful.

She made a romantic marriage at sixteen. Her baby was born when she was seventeen. She has had to face realities early. It has given her an unusual maturity of thought and outlook.

She loves babies; loves to dress them, bathe them, feed them. "That's the fun of having children. I wouldn't have a nurse for Jimmy Dick, no matter how much money I had."

Her fresh beauty made such an instant appeal to her judges that all three unanimously voted her first among lovely young mothers.

She has been a Woodbury user for years, and attributes her extraordinarily beautiful skin to the fact that she never uses any soap, but Woodbury's on her face. "I always wash my face with warm water and Woodbury's soap at night. It does something for my skin that no other soap seems to do. It gives it a fresh, live, stimulated feeling—and at the same time keeps it perfectly soft and smooth."

THE SERIES OF beautiful Woodbury users now running shows us that charm of feature, of coloring, may vary in their appeal for every different individual. But the charm of a beautiful skin is universal. It touches every heart, appeals to every one alike.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has helped thousands of beautiful women throughout America to gain and keep a clear, fresh, flawless complexion. Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap. No matter what faults your complexion may have—Woodbury's will help you to overcome them. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and in the booklet that is around each cake, find the treatment your skin needs. Start using it regularly tonight! *You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"*

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2113 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2113 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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A bringer of beauty from within

IN some mauve and gray salon, you may loll for hours while dexterous fingers smooth the years and troubles from your brow. Or, at home, you may use, yourself, good creams and pure, to freshen your complexion and to make smooth your skin!

And in both cases you may be wrong —through no fault of the creams nor of the technique! For many a woman unjustly blames her lotions and her creams while the fault is her own—and directly her own!—*in that she has failed to keep herself immaculately clean internally!* and has thus robbed her creams and unguents of their powers!

She, then, should know the good effects of Sal Hepatica, which doubles the potency of every lotion and unguent she pats on her skin. By thorough internal flushing, cleansing the system of the poisons and waste, it clears the complexion of defects — banishing blemishes and replacing dullness with lovely clarity. It keeps the skin pure and youthfully translucent.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the famous European Spas

In the natural saline springs of Europe, Sal Hepatica has a wonderful precedent. These famous spas — Vichy, Carlsbad, Weisbaden — have for years and years drawn the fashionable and distinguished people from the four corners of the earth to "take the cure". Our own physicians — as well as the physicians of Europe — heartily recommend the saline method for restoring the complexion to natural beauty and for correcting a long list of human ills.

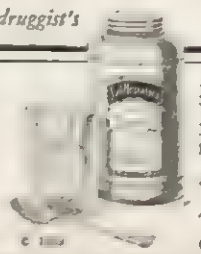
Constipation, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication give way. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify the blood-stream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet that explains the uses and benefits of Sal Hepatica as the standard laxative for your entire family.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30c, 60c, and $1.20*

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!



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71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Continued from Page 51

with what has happened to him. There will always be a grain of resentment, an attitude of reproach, in his bearing. In the end it will drive him away.

His attitude will always be the attitude of a general toward the field of a lost battle. There only remains, then, the man and woman for whom love is an impossibility. A woman, in such a case, can be amusing and companionable, entirely satisfied; but a man can not be counted on—he will hurry away the moment his interest and vanity are more immediately engaged by another, a less impersonal, feminine creature.

THE contact between women is very different. There is a dignified old legend that the sole concern of women is men. This, in the remote, the Victorian, past, may have been true, but—fortunately or unfortunately—it has ceased to be a fact. The only consideration of women is no longer men. How, in the face of the men of to-day, could it be? Men become less and less romantic, less and less, I am afraid, vital. They are being civilized, to a very slight extent, it must be admitted, but they are being civilized. They are becoming a part of the economic and social structure of the world. Their individual characteristics are fading into, it must be admitted, a rather dun general color and pattern. Men increasingly are becoming clerks, the indistinguishable minor parts of a human machinery. They are beginning to look like clerks—fat and bald objects with impaired digestions.

A fat, hypochondriacal man, or a thin man with alimentary interruptions, is not exactly designed to fulfil the ideal aspirations of an imaginative woman. Not wholly. It would be hard for her to find in him all the explanation and reward of her existence. She really needs more than that. Any normal woman would, above everything, like to be consumed, simply consumed, in a romantic and passionate love.

She gazes thoughtfully at the men about her, the men available for her, and comes rapidly to her senses. Her thoughts are turned from happiness to comfort, from passion to luxury. There is, because of this, a shadow over her life; practical necessity, even luxury, is the last thing a woman would select in life; but, fundamentally sensible, she is forced, out of the destruction of her different hopes, to grasp what is available.

The result is ironical—the woman who, by marriage, acquires comfort or safety or luxury separates it from the man who brings it to her and, against her best efforts, forgets him entirely. She is, to that extent, incurably honest. She is unable to sell herself beyond a superficial degree. Her need for romance, for a romantic man, will persist in the face of a realization that both are impossible. No, women are not lost in the vaguely masculine figures of the present world.

A very large amount of their lives is, by necessity, occupied by other things. Feminine affairs. Feminine but not, strictly, domestic. A great deal of time is spent in the companionship of other women. That companionship is rather more satisfactory than not; women, for one thing, have inexhaustible subjects of conversation. What they are, a man is helpless to discover. He will listen to women —who have forgotten his existence—with a feeling of amazement and exasperation. They are, perpetually, absorbed by details—the details of a dress, a petty disaster to a dinner, the minute consideration of obscure feminine conduct.

There is, in the companionship of women, a relief from the hypocritical burden of their relationship with men that often saves them from sheer ruin. No one can perpetually live in a state of repression; there must be moments of escape. Of relief. Even a woman must occasionally say what she thinks. It wouldn't, as I have made clear, do for her to say to a man what she thinks. No man could support it. The foundations of his existence would be destroyed. A woman will hear almost anything with a calm and undisturbed curiosity, an entire scientific detachment. She will, especially, be logical about men.

Men, and not women, are appalled by the realities of life and of love. Women take them coldly. They do not seem to take life coldly, that is part of their philosophy, part of their feminine show, but they do. The disasters that, metaphorically, kill men scarcely disturb women at all. There are things which disturb, destroy women, but they are hidden from men. A woman will live for years with her spirit dead within her, and the man most closely concerned will never know it. Other women, however, will know it instantly. They'll say nothing.

It is, even, impossible for a man to guess what is important to a woman. The things important to him are quite different. A woman all, apparently, materialism, will throw material considerations to the winds in an act of absurd and hopeless altruism. Or she'll suddenly turn from the most supreme self-sacrifice to a life of pure selfishness. Moral, she will become, in a conventional sense, immoral. Immoral, suddenly she'll grow devoutly single-minded. Women understand such mysterious shifts. To a woman it is all as plain as the nose on her face. No explanation is necessary.

Women attach themselves, they attach their hearts, to strange, unpredictable qualities. Objects that mean nothing to men are their most precious realities and symbols. A woman will regard the whole course of her marriage with complete indifference and remember the day of her wedding with a fervent emotion. Fifty years after the day of her wedding she will know if it rained or was clear. Only women understand why.

There was, perhaps, at one time, a great fundamental rivalry between women. A private and relentless warfare. I remember intimations of it, but that has vanished. Women, now, are more allied than they are divided. In a particular sense, perhaps, they are as divided as ever—a woman still conducts the affairs of her heart with reference to no one else. Publicly, to men, she'll deny this, but it's true. Women, again, know it.

There is a healthy and brutal selfishness about a woman's affection. No artificial consideration is allowed to interfere with it. Women accept that; they are more philosophical than rebellious. The historic bitterness, the secret knife, the sulfuric words, have been largely dropped. I can only repeat that the cause no longer seems to justify the old passions. A man lost is not the loss he once was. Men, under democracy, begin to look alike.

The woman men dreamed about, the men women wrecked themselves for, belonged in monarchies. In states supported by kings. States where there were soldiers in scarlet, looped in gilt; and where women were charming or they were nothing. They are safely past. Gone. Democracy was a calamity for women. They fight it instinctively, with every power given to them. Justice and equality, where the individual woman is concerned, are poor returns for privilege. But, in spite of that, the world has changed. The world, now, is a world of majorities.

The women I know accept this, on the surface. They are even faintly political—that is, they vote for the men supported by their husbands, the men valuable to their husbands. The charities they conduct are organized, economic in structure, impersonal in administration. But whenever there is a moon, particularly the moons of May, when an orchestra plays in seductive dance-measures, they are not even faintly political; their charities are the reverse of impersonal.

THE truth about women is that they are more charitable than men. Experience makes that imperative. They are forced to forgive injuries, overlook faults, continually. A man who is injured sets up an enormous clamor of resentment. He is instantly and loudly outraged. He fights or goes to law or commits suicide. A woman, commonly, does nothing. She says nothing. She tries, in the difficulty of her situation, to forget what is unpleasant or even incurable.

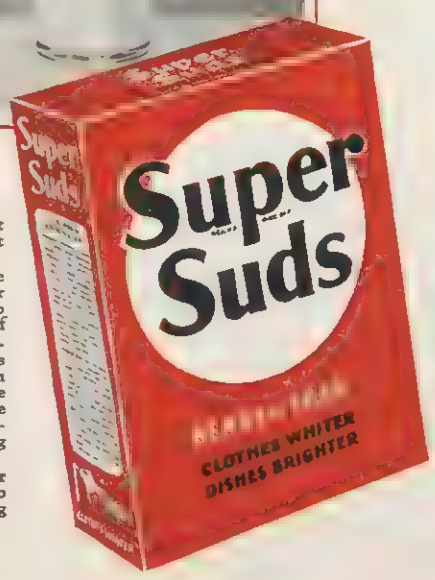
Other women secretly support her. They know the quality of her courage. They know, too, her defects. They say nothing. Women, then, are more secure with women than with men. This, of course, is entirely wrong. It is the result of the imperfections of civilization. Of society. Love, the enemy of civilization, is gradually vanishing from affairs and relationships better economically, more practical and moral, without it. The perfection of that I must miss.

⅓ of America*

now Speeds Housework

with Super Suds

Nation-wide investigation* shows why one woman out of every three uses this new bead form of soap



Make this amazing test!

Instant suds . . . not only on top . . . but all through the water. No other soap but Super Suds can give you this.

Prove this to yourself by making this simple two-second test. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water of dishwashing temperature.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds all through the water, not just on top. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips floa undissolved on top or sink to the bottom, leaving the water in between clear and soapless.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds gets to work faster . . . cleans with such amazing swiftness.

MILLIONS of women have found a way to save from one-third to one-half their dishwashing time. A faster, easier way to wash clothes.

It's Super Suds. Soap in a wonderful new form. Not a chip. Not a powder. But tiny hollow *beads* so tissue thin that they dissolve into fast working suds the moment they touch water. Because of this amazing speed, Super Suds has become America's greatest dishwashing soap, in less than a year.

Four reasons why Super Suds is better

(As given in 212,960 answers from women*)

1. ***Instant suds in any kind of water.*** In water cool enough to keep your hands soft and white (even hard water) . . . without waiting. . . without stirring, Super Suds will give you suds in a flash. Just as the test picture at the left shows you.

2. ***Suds all through the water, not just on top.*** Super Suds gives not only instant top suds, but instant "underwater" suds as well. These suds penetrate at once to every drop of water in the pan. Giving a rich down-to-the-bottom soapiness that speeds cleaning.

3. ***Saves one rinsing for clothes.*** You don't need to rinse and rinse to get Super Suds out of your clothes when you're through washing. You don't need to inspect each garment for clinging bits of half-dissolved soap. For Super Suds *always* dissolves *completely*. You can get clothes whiter, clearer, absolutely soap-free, in actually one less rinse than you need for chips or flakes.

4. ***Makes aishwiping unnecessary.*** Because Super Suds rinses off dishes like magic, no dishwiping is necessary. A hot rinse and dishes drain dry to clear, sparkling brilliancy without the touch of a dishtowel.

Get Super Suds today. Your grocer has it. Use it for dishes, for laundry, for quick wipe-ups of sinks and linoleums. Wherever you want speedy, *safe* cleaning. 10 big cups of soap for only 10 cents.

*We made a cross section investigation of America on soaps; visited 20 cities ranging in population from 41,326 to 3,188,012; called on 21,296 women; asked them 212,960 questions. The facts in this advertisement are based on this investigation.

Super Suds 10¢

4083

Absolutely new

PERFUMED GLAZO

For the very first time, your nail polish can be as alluring in scent as your other beauty preparations. For now you can have your choice—Glazo plain or Glazo *perfumed*.

Glazo liquid polish is the favorite of smartly turned out women everywhere because it replaces artificial looking nail tints with *natural gleam*. For Glazo's tint is delicate, subtle—not too deep a shade nor too pale, just a natural soft shimmer which is utterly new and correct. And the new fragrance is delicate and subtle too—absolutely in keeping with the smart restraint of Glazo.

Through the "nail sheath"—
natural gleam

Just a brush flick and Glazo gives a softly gleaming nail sheath—thin as silk. Through it the natural beauty of the nail gleams, glinting enchantingly with every motion of the hand.

And this dainty nail sheath lasts a week. Glazo never peels, never shreds. It does not dim or fade or turn brown. It spreads on evenly and instantly, with none of that thick, gummy look. For a whole week it gives beauty and grace to the nails—to the whole hand!

At all toilet goods counters — Regular Glazo 50¢, Perfumed Glazo 60¢. Or send 6¢ for generous trial bottles of new Perfumed Glazo and Remover. Just send the coupon below.

The Glazo Inc
Dept 87-9, 551 5th Avenue, New York

Please send sample of new Perfumed Glazo with Remover. Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions. I enclose 6 cents. (If you live in Canada address The Glazo Co., Ltd., P O Box 2074, Montreal, Canada.)

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87-9

THE NEW PERFUMED
GLAZO

VISITING

Continued from Page 19

marveled and conjectured as they went back to the house. "I thought he'd spend every minute in the garage if he did anywhere! I never dreamed I could keep him away from home this long! I don't know what's come over that man!"

But there was still work for her to do. Dale was going into Denver. He could just as well visit the fruit-stores and bring them back a crate of peaches, she said. She'd noticed in the Denver papers how cheap peaches were this week. Then she could get a whole lot of them put up for "you children" before she went home.

"I hate to have you work so, Mother. Seems as if we ought to be doing more to entertain you. But the time——"

"Oh, I know you can't take the time! Not with three big men to feed!"

Mrs. Mason was so busy that when Mr. Mason came for them she actually hated to stop. He walked in on the two women in the kitchen, fragrant and hot with the steam from the peaches.

"Now, ladies," he announced, "you may come with me."

THEY were astonished and excited. It didn't seem possible the mystery was going to be solved at last. But they must finish with the peaches. After all, it was only some foolishness, and here was all this fruit——

"Thought you were so anxious to see it!" Well, they were. They decided that the peaches could stand. Oh, but they must get Dale, too! They mustn't go without him.

Mr. Mason grumbled, "Women always have so many things to do first."

He sent one of his little followers to the garage for Dale. The follower came back panting. "He's coming just as soon as that fellow with the car leaves. He says for you not to wait." The women hurriedly washed their hands. Mr. Mason let them get Junior. Then they started.

He was taking them, not into the barn, but to that old chicken-yard outside. That was the first surprize. Mrs. Mason actually felt breathless. She felt like—goodness, Christmas! The old board and wire fence around the unused chicken-yard was grown up to weeds; the wire was bulged and matted. What on earth could he have concocted here? One little silver maple-tree stood inside.

"Dad, hurry!"

"All in good time."

He was maddening.

"Well, here we are!"

"Dad!"

And this was actually it! The very last thing in the world of which they would have thought. "Why, it's pretty!" The children were showing it off proudly as if they had done it themselves. And that was how he had used the paint!

Bea cried, "It's the prettiest thing I ever saw!" He had actually made the chicken-yard into a garden. He had raked all the ground—how that man must have worked! And this was why they had heard the saw. He had made the nicest little bird-house, with windows, and gables, and a porch, just like the old Captain Perry house at home—Mrs. Mason recognized the model; and then below it, on the stump of an old post that he had painted green and festooned with vines, he had set a bird-bath.

"Where did you ever get hold of that bowl?"

He told them, "Part of an old crockery set I dug out there in the barn." He had found two kitchen chairs, painted them green too, and set up a little bench.

"Why, he's really made a garden!"

They were loud in astonished praise. Dale came to look at it, and when he had left the two boys came over from the garage. Blackie was highly gratified to think he had bought the paint. Children stood all around, saying proudly, "The bath's for the birds!" And before night the post-office man, the drug-store man, Charlie, and Charlie's mother had all come to look at "the garden." Mr. Mason was a famous man in Brownfield.

But still Mrs. Mason couldn't drop her wonder. She looked at him with eyes puzzled, remorseful, fond. She talked about it that night in bed. Where did he learn? How had he thought of it? She hadn't known he cared for anything like that. Until he said to her:

"Well, Mama, perhaps you can find out a thing or two about me even yet!"

BEA and Dale came back in the car after taking "the folks" to their train in Denver. It was a relief to be alone together and to say just what they pleased. Company always made work. But the visit had been very different from what they both had dreaded. And the house, when they went into it, seemed terribly lonely. Their family was so small. Dale was standing in the living-room, looking at the curtains.

"Gee, mother did a lot while she was here!"

He would always love his mother best. But Bea was going to miss his father. He was so original, she said. And so would Junior miss him. Dale said jealously it was always his mother whom the kids tagged after at home. Mother was the same wherever she was.

The crowd in the little house had made Bea feel at times that she couldn't breathe, couldn't wait for them to go home. She hadn't expected it to be so empty now. The room where they had slept still showed signs of their occupancy. "Your mother left her glasses! We must send them." The whole atmosphere of the house had changed during the visit.

The boys came in to supper, to the shrunken table. "We sure will miss your folks." Dale was gratified to have Harry speak longingly of Mrs. Mason's biscuits. But they both talked still about "the old gentleman." They said, "It certainly was an entertainment to have him around."

People in town seemed to miss them, too. Dale was proud that his parents had made such an impression. But it was "your father" again for whom they asked. Charlie's mother added, "Your mother was an awful nice lady, too."

The children kept asking after Mr. Mason, all his little confederates. "Has Mr. Mason gone home?" And what were they going to do with the garden?

"Oh, leave it!" Dale and Bea both said.

There the little garden stood, gay and incongruous, hidden by the fence and the chicken-wire, in the great burning landscape. Bea carefully filled the bird-bath again. Dale repeated, "I didn't know dad could ever think of anything like that!" He looked soberly at the bird-house. Now they were gone home again—had he and his father always misunderstood each other? It made Bea and Dale both homesick to stay here. But they hated to go back to the porch. There would be no ice-cream to-night.

"Shall I get some?"

"Oh, no, we can't have it all the time, so we'd better begin without it now." To-morrow everything would be just the same again. Except for this funny little garden. Dale was going back to the house, but Bea stayed and looked at it again. It was the only gay, different, pretty spot in this whole, harsh, hard-working place—and if they hadn't come it wouldn't be here. She followed Dale, and said lonesomely:

"Your father and mother are on the train now."

THEY were just getting into their berths.

Mrs. Mason was satisfied. She had had her visit with Dale. The family was complete again; and nothing wrong had happened the whole time. Her years of hunger had given way to a blissful sense of rest. But it was queer how anxious she was now to get home. She seemed satisfied to leave Dale. After all he was settled, he had another home; she and dad could only be visitors there.

"You *did* enjoy yourself even if I had such a time getting you there!"

Mr. Mason even admitted it. Mrs. Mason sighed as she bent to slip off her silk dress before going to the dressing-room. It was hard work to visit, in some ways, she said. He told her:

"That's because you don't know how."

But she couldn't help seeing how many

Continued on Page 58

Why Experiment with Dentifrices? ...*it's risky*

You can't go wrong if you use the world's most popular dentifrice—Colgate's. It cleans best, because its penetrating foam, in addition to polishing, goes deep into every tiny crevice and washes away the decaying particles which cause trouble.

COLGATE'S is a cleansing dentifrice, not a dental "cure-all." Colgate's has never claimed to cure pyorrhea; to correct mouth acidity—but Colgate's *does* claim to clean teeth better.

Millions of sensible people realize that when you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do *more* than merely polish the outer surfaces. Colgate's active foam possesses a remarkable property (called low "surface-tension"). This means that it can penetrate* deep into every tiny crevice in teeth and gums, where ordinary toothpastes cannot reach. There it softens and dislodges decaying impurities which cause trouble—washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists, which safely polishes the enamel to a brilliant lustre.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the teeth beautifully, but—because it contains the *world's greatest cleansing agent*—it cleans the crevices where ordinary brushing cannot reach.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste; more people use Colgate's than any other kind. This overwhelming leadership has been carried for over twenty-five years ... proof positive that Colgate's gives the extra degree of cleansing power which people prefer.

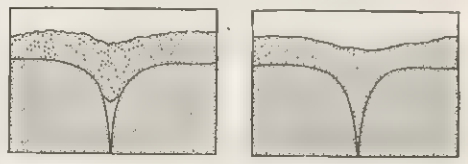
If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

Only 25c

The famous 25c tube of Colgate's is economical. It contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter.

The function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. These are things which only the dentist can do. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is false and misleading.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where decaying particles may cause trouble.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1683, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." FREE

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Vivaudou's smart touches of loveliness are at your favorite beauty counter.

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VIVAUDOU

Continued from Page 56

things those children needed. She couldn't simply put them out of her mind. When she came back from the dressing-room washed and refreshed, in her nightgown and kimono, she began to take a happy pride in remembering the success and surprizes of the visit. Mr. Mason was sitting in her berth before climbing to his roost above.

SHE thought of the garden, thought of him with Junior. It made her ashamed to remember how she had doubted him. Years and years ago she had almost brought herself to decide that in certain ways she would always be lonely, that there was something she would always miss, but she had never quite made up her mind to it, after all. Now she was eager to get home with him.

"Well, Daddy, I didn't know you had so many talents!" He looked half gratified, half foolish. She kissed him. She told him happily, "Now you must make *us* a garden when we get home!"

He had pulled away from her, wary and ashamed of too much sentiment; and was just ready to mount to the upper berth. But he turned, looked at her as if greatly incensed, and told her:

"No!"

She cried, "But why not? I thought you enjoyed it! We could hardly get you in to eat! And every one thought it was so pretty!"

He seemed ashamed and indignant that she had suggested such a thing. He'd be busy when he got home. He wouldn't have time to fool with things like that. Mrs. Mason stared up at him in amazed disappointment, slowly giving up the transformation of the visit, slowly yielding the picture of herself and of him wandering through a lovely garden in the twilight, perfect companions at last.

She told him, "You can do such things while you're visiting!"

"Well, that's different," he said.

THE GIFT

Continued from Page 13

"I'd love to be able to talk to them. Surely one could explain——"

"You can't talk to them. You can't explain. They have no understanding and no sense. They haven't feelings like we have. I have spent many years in the East, and as time goes by I dislike them and their ways more and more."

"Then don't you think that's why you can't explain anything?" said Ursula.

He looked at her quickly, and laughed. "Maybe. I don't know. You ought to try your hand at politics one day."

"No, thanks. Too messy for me. But I'd love to be able to talk to them. I like them." She struggled with a Hindustani primer, but she made little progress. She had never been clever at learning.

"She's a queer child," said Sir Giles to his spouse. "Quite an interesting mind."

He looked out of the window up the hill to where the seminary kept by the Brothers of St. Ignatius lay like a beleaguered castle.

"If she'd been my daughter," he said, "I'd have her trained for politics. I've sometimes thought a woman out here, with grit, and imagination, and a grasp of idiom——"

"My dear Giles, don't, for Heaven's sake, put odd notions into her head."

"She would have gone far——"

"As far as she will go will be to go back to Ireland to poor Blanche. I fear we aren't going to marry her off. Not a single offer. No young men come near her. And what do you think I discovered the other day? She has been going up the hill, riding there alone, and talking to the priests up there. Also into the bazaar to talk to the people. She might easily have had her throat cut in the bazaar."

He laughed. "She'll come to no harm."

"You always say that. You are so casual. You won't be content until we are all murdered in our beds."

"I suppose you forbade her."

"Most certainly. I have the prestige of the white woman to think of. In the bazaar! A young girl! Alone! What would they think? We all know their views on woman."

Ursula was sorry she could not go to the bazaar any more. It had helped her a lot with her Hindustani; besides she liked the people. She had gone down and sat on the white cloth-covered shelf of Shirez Khan's stall and talked to them. Old men with white beards, young men with oily hair, little boys in gold hats and clean white coats, their eyes rimmed with *kohl*. They had congregated round her. What had she talked to them about? She really could not remember. A lot of the time had gone in ragging Shirez Khan. She baited him gently, to the intense delight of the crowd.

"The time of the white people is finished. We shall soon have the country for ourselves again, Baba. You will see." That was his battle-cry.

"And when you've got it, what will you do with it?" asked Ursula in her funny, abrupt, little manner.

Shirez Khan had a different idea every day. He was of poor physique, with a sparse mustache and thin hair that straggled on his bony head. His chin receded and his eyes bulged. He reminded Ursula intensely of Sallie, the ferret, so that often when she looked at him she had to laugh, and Shirez Khan, seeing her, would laugh back at her without knowing why. At Government House she heard Sir Giles speak of Shirez Khan as a dangerous man, a wild fellow. She never said she knew him.

The women brought her their sick children and their naughty children. She was credited with having cast a devil out of the *chetty's* youngest-born, whereas in truth all she did was to give it a dose of castor-oil. They were all genial and kind and friendly, and, oh, so anxious for a little knowledge, a little understanding, of what things meant!

But Lady Crabtree forbade her to go to the bazaar any more. She met Shirez Khan once, up on the hillside beside the school kept by the Brothers of St. Ignatius.

"You come no more," he said.

"Not allowed to."

"Of course. We are unclean dogs. Why should you come anywhere near us?"

"Don't be after being an idiot now. We've been good friends."

"Good friends until it suits you, Baba. How can we ever be friends, your people and my people?"

She nodded. "One can. The brothers here know how. Ask them, some day, Shirez Khan; perhaps they will tell you."

She rode away, and left him looking after her. A miserable little man. Very like Sallie, the ferret.

THE troubles began in the Spring. There was brawling in the bazaar. There were riots in the streets over the mill strikes. It was no longer safe to ride abroad alone.

"Of course," said Lady Crabtree, "you'll put off the garden-party. We don't want a whole lot of bloodshed."

"I wish you would not talk in that loose fashion. There is no question of bloodshed."

"You won't listen to me, of course. Not until we all lie murdered in our beds."

Sir Giles stood firm. He held his garden-party on a Friday afternoon, just as Ursula had hoped he might. And for a time it looked as if things were going to be nasty. The mob, with banners, rushed the gates just as the band played "God Save the King" on the Governor's arrival. A wretched, motley crew they were, unshaven and unarmed. Why, oh why, did some one not get up and talk to them? Explain to them the nice relations between the stomach and work? It seemed ridiculous; but Ursula's face burned with the certainty that she could do it. But they were calling out the military instead.

Calling out the military. And this wasn't intended to be a battle. It was trying to be a conversation. Why couldn't Sir Giles speak to them? She stood there, alternately hot and cold at the stupidity, the heartlessness of it all.

Continued on Page 70

Fresh fruit drinks blended the *Sunkist* way

IT doesn't even take a hot summer day to kindle thirst for cooling, healthful Fresh Fruit Drinks blended the Sunkist way. For, nothing looks better, tastes better or is better for you than refreshing beverages made with Oranges and Lemons as a base, and various other fresh fruit juices added to give subtle flavor. And, to make these Sunkist blends more irresistible, you include pieces of the various fruits—delicious morsels that fairly sparkle in the joyous mixture!...“Sunkist Recipes,” a valued free book, gives you many new suggestions of how best to combine these fresh fruit juices, as well as many novel ways to serve California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. Mail the coupon at once. *You'll also be glad to know that small-size California Sunkist Oranges are abundant this season. And, naturally, they cost less. These small Oranges are just as juicy, sweet and delicious as any of the larger ones you ever ate. They are particularly valuable for juice purposes....* Have in mind that there never has been improvement on those two outstanding health-making, thirst-quenching standards—Sunkist Oranges and Sunkist Lemons. The other fresh fruits merely give variation. So, if you have only Sunkist Oranges and Lemons handy you are serving *everything* needed; everything that is satisfying, invigorating and cooling.... It is a good-health-measure to have a supply of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons at all times. Medical Science advises you that they are among the most potent correctives and preventives of the almost universal malady, Acidosis. These California fruits, while acid in taste, *are actually alkaline in reaction* and definitely help balance the average faulty American diet. Mail the coupon for “Telling Fortunes with Foods” (now in its third edition) which discusses Acidosis and gives normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets approved by an eminent authority....Your buying guide should be the name “Sunkist” on the skin and wrapper of Oranges and on the wrapper of Lemons. It assures uniform quality.

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FASHIONS AND COLORS - PARIS AFFIRMS

Distinctive Fabrics Evidence New Color Interest

All Summer fabric fashion is divided into three parts: cottons, silks and tweeds. Your cotton frocks will include a linen, in white to be very smart; a gay plaid gingham; a piqué plain or printed; one of those fresh, summery cotton prints for morning wear; and organdy or voile for afternoon. In the silk field, Chinese brocade is added to the usual list of flat crêpes, rough crêpes, and those nice pongees. As the frocks shown here testify, you must include a polka dot somewhere in your Summer wardrobe—dots of every size and shape are quite important. In choosing colors, give white first place; then capucines, yellowish greens, most any blue, and Chinese red are liked. Remember, too, the newest wools stress pastel shades and the popular basket-weaves.

4865

4867—Print blouses are youthful. Designed for 12 to 44. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material for skirt and coat—2 yards 39-inch print for blouse with long sleeves—Width of skirt about 2 yards at bottom.

4885—Chartreuse complements brown with assurance. Designed for 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch brown wool crêpe for skirt and jacket—1¼ yard 39-inch chartreuse. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4865—Confetti prints have carnival spirit. Designed for 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material—2¾ yards for binding. Width about 2¼ yards.

4885

4850—Checks remain important. Designed for 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch checked material—½ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4831—A favored color alliance. Designed for 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch red material—⅜ yard 39-inch white material. Width about 1¾ yard.

4850 4867 4865 4885 4831

4850 4867 4831

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 85.

PARIS DESIGNS NEW NECKLINES *with* TIES, BOWS OR CAPE COLLARS

4662

4718

4780

4821

4895

Jacket 4712
Frock 4763

4712—Jacket. 4763—Frock. For sports wear the tailored jacket and sleeveless frock are the favored costume. Both designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 5 yards 39-inch red material, ⅜ yard 39-inch for tie. Width about 1½ yard.

4821—The pointed theme of the flattering cape collar is repeated in the flounces that give this frock its soft flare. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch brown material—1⅛ yard 39-inch eggshell for collar. Width of frock about 3¼ yards.

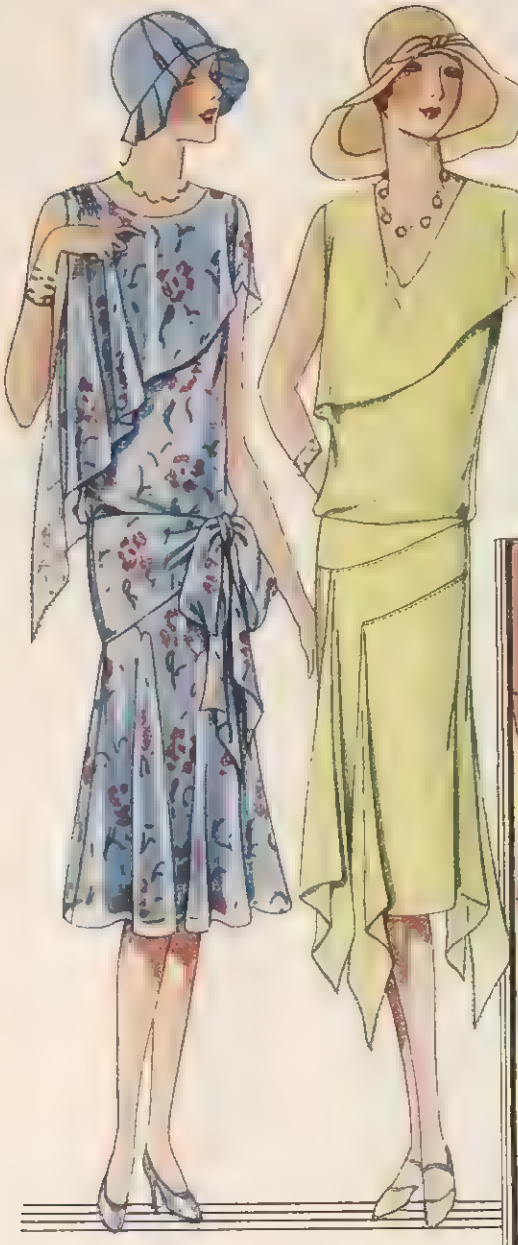
4895—The vogue for bordered material is cleverly utilized here to accent the smart tunic effect. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch printed bordered material—1⅛ yard binding. One of the new tunics. Width about 2 yards.

4780—Printed chiffon or crêpe de chine is ideal for this summery frock with its scalloped cape collar and bow-tied sash. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch printed material—⅞ yard 39-inch plain purple. Width about 3 yards.

4662—It is a season of color, so white silk or linen sports frocks will be trimmed with at least two colors. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material—½ yard 36-inch blue—¼ yard 36-inch yellow. Width about 1¾ yard at the bottom.

4718—The perky bow and pleated skirt front, applied in curved outline, are up-to-the-minute details of this sleeveless piqué frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch material—1⅝ yard 36-inch print. Width about 1⅝ yard.

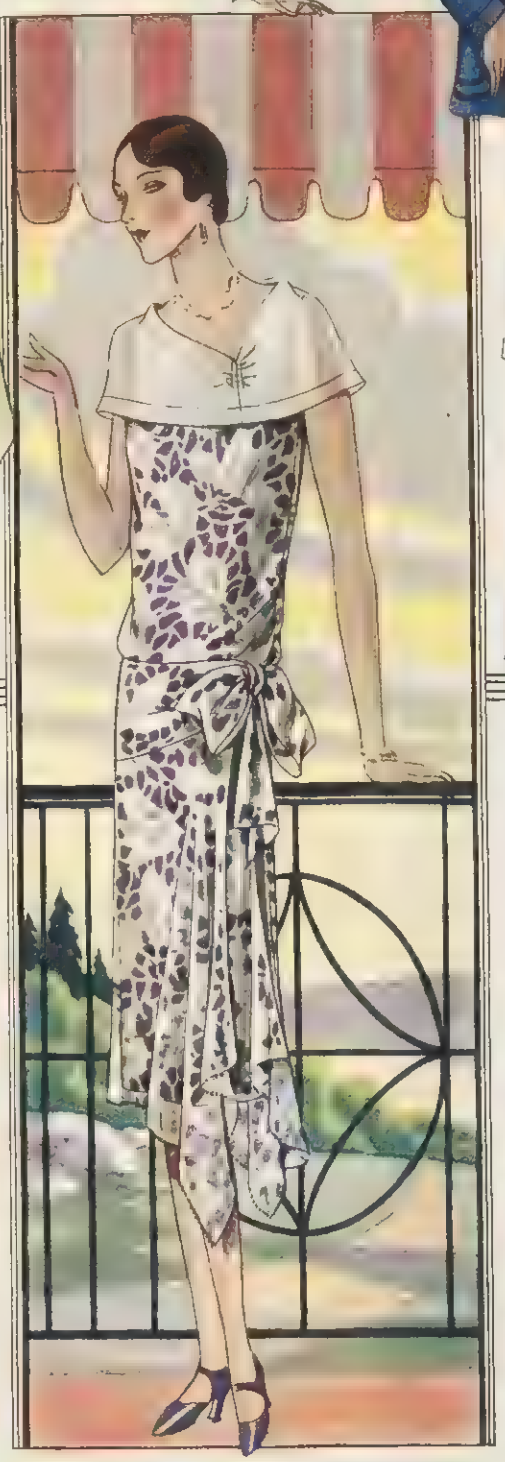
RESORT FROCKS MOLD CHIFFONS AND SILKS IN FEMININE LINES



4758 4881

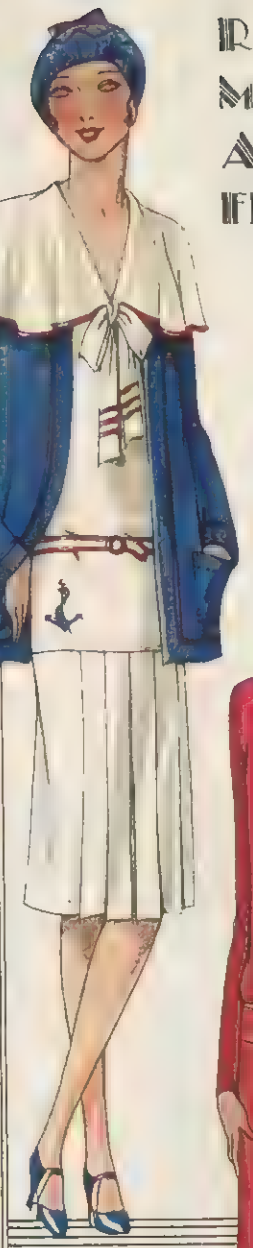
4758—Sheer fabrics such as chiffon or georgette fall very gracefully in flowing lines of this unusual cape collar and full circular skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 2¾ yards at the bottom of the frock.

4881—Elusive femininity inspired this delightful chiffon frock with the cascading drapery in front and the skirt falling from a yoke in deep points. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch chartreuse material. Width about 1¼ yard.



4886

4886—Modishly demure is the cape collar which is shirred in front. An overskirt hangs in points below hemline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch printed material—¾ yard 39-inch plain for collar. Width of frock about 1¼ yard.



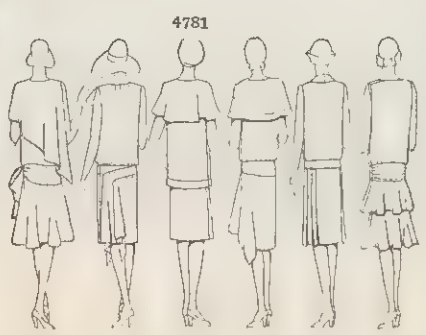
Jacket 4781
Frock 4843
Embroidery 12269

4781—Jacket. 4843—Frock. Embroidery 12269, blue or yellow, trims this jaunty ensemble. Both designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch red material—3¼ yards 39-inch white—⅝ yard blue to bind. Width of frock about 1⅝ yard around.

4865

4865—Suitable to street or resort wear is this model which effectively combines plain and dotted silk crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch red material—¾ yard 39-inch polka-dotted for collar. Width about 2¼ yards at the bottom.

4860—This frock skilfully blends the tailored chic of revers with the feminine charm of swathed hips and circular flounces. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch print—¼ yard 39-inch plain for revers. Width about 1¼ yard at the bottom.



4860

EVENING GOWNS AND WRAPS OF NEW FEMININE CHARM

4845

4858

4877

4797

4872

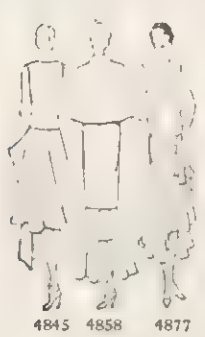
4886

4845—The closely fitted bodice and flaring skirt impart youthful charm to this dance frock, which gains added interest from the huge bow which falls below the hem at one side. Designed for sizes 12 to 38. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch print. Width about 3⅛ yards.

4797—Lustrous satin, flat crêpe or transparent velvet is the fashionable choice for this evening wrap. New and graceful is the cape which divides in back below the shirring to form flaring points. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch material for wrap.

4872—The mode for fitted, short-waisted bodices and full skirts finds novel expression in this taffeta frock whose billowing skirt is fashioned from four gathered flounces. Designed for sizes 14 to 38. Size 36 requires 8⅝ yards 39-inch chartreuse. Width about 4½ yards.

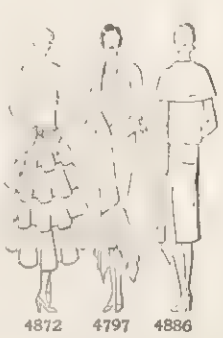
4886—For informal evenings—this frock with the cape collar shirred in front is ideally suited. Charming irregularity of line is achieved by the overskirt dipping below the hem. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 39-inch. Width about 1¼ yard.



4845 4858 4877

4858—This attractive version of the Summer evening wrap features the deep cape. Transparent velvet falls easily into this silhouette. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch red material. Very smart.

4877—Inverted-tucks at side of the pointed hip-yoke lend a modish dressmaker touch to this chiffon gown. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch printed material. Width of frock about 3¼ yards.



4872 4797 4886

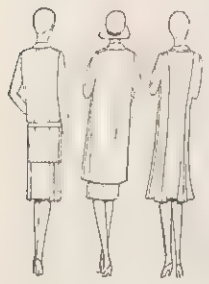
Dots, plaids, and modernistic designs share honors for informal afternoons

4895—The use of a modish bordered material for the long, tunic blouse gives a two-piece effect to this attractive frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch bordered material—1¼ yard 39-inch contrasting—1¼ yard binding. Width about 2 yards.

4885—Basket-weave or covert for the coat and dotted tussur for the separate blouse and skirt compose this smart daytime ensemble. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material for coat—3⅝ yards 39-inch for frock. Width of frock about 1¾ yard.

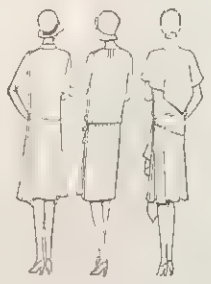
4892—An unusual version of princess lines is presented by this front-closing frock whose vestee and collar add a chic lingerie note. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch plaid—¾ yard 39-inch plain for vestee, collar and cuffs. Width about 2 yards.

4744—Delightful for Summer afternoons is this frock whose snug hipline with a draped collar and skirt achieve the newest silhouette. Chiffon and mousseline are suitable. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 3⅜ yards.



4890—The bolero and the skirt which dips to a point are important style notes. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch print—⅝ yard 39-inch plain for collar, jabot and binding. Width about 2½ yards at the bottom.

4873—The skirt fulness of this wrap-around frock is skilfully disposed to form the molded hipline. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material—1½ yard contrasting binding. Width about 1⅜ yard at bottom.



Princess lines are in vogue for Fall

4863 4880 4864

4863—The Princess line is again displayed in this sleeveless dress model that is so new now. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2⅛ yards. Embroidery 12313.

4880 This fitted frock has the appearance of a coat dress fastening down the front. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch material. Width about 2 yards at the bottom.

4864 The circular skirt is attached to a Yoke. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39 inch printed material for frock and 36-inch plain to trim. Width about 2⅛ yards.

4863 4880 4864

Cape effects distinguish the straight-line street coat

4891 4868 4888

4891—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch material—3 yards fur for trimming.

4868—Three tiny capes. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch novelty material.

4888—Simple street coat. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch blue material.

4712—A tailored jacket. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch woolen material.

4871—Jabot is flattering. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 39-inch dotted material.

4887—Designed for sizes 14 to 36. Size 30 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material. Width of the skirt 2⅝ yards.

4883—Elbow length cape. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch gray material.

4891 4868

4712

4888 4887 4883

Jacket 4712
Blouse 4871
Skirt 4887

4883

Flair for youthful detail animates midsummer mode

4771

4763

4772

4771—Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch print—¼ yard white.

4763—Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch cotton material.

4772—Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material. Width 1½ yard at the bottom.

4858—Smart cardigan of white piqué. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch.

4866—Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch checked cotton—1 yard 36-inch white material.

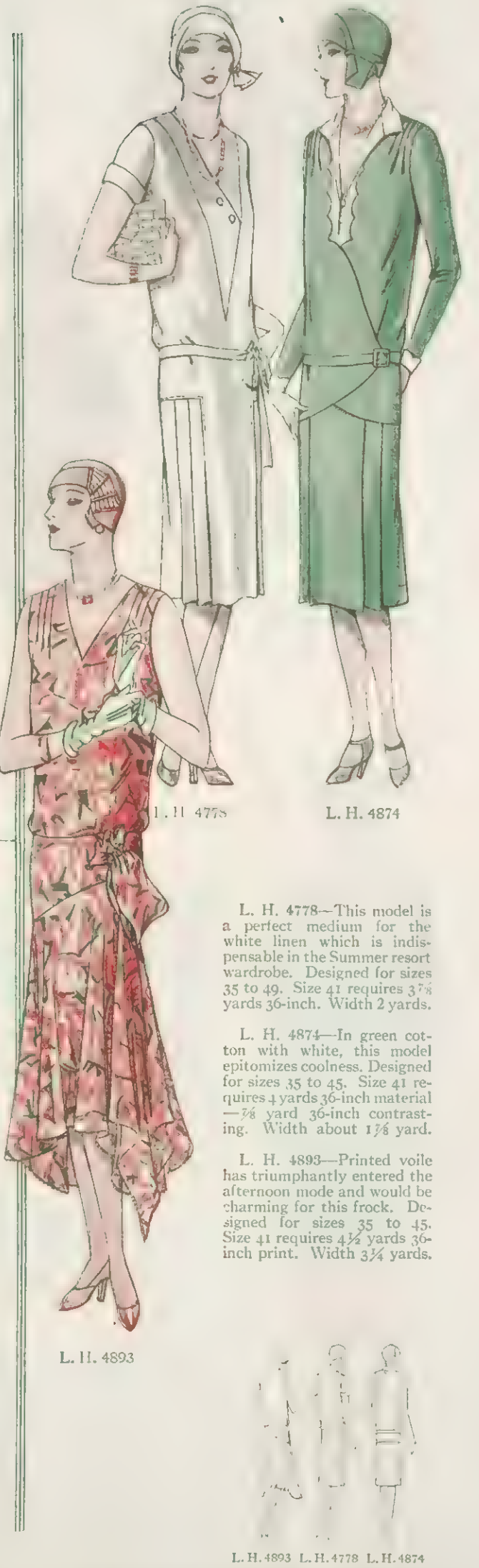
4777—Designed for sizes 14 to 36. Size 30 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material. Width of frock at bottom about 2 yards.

4709—Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material. Currently chic in red linen.

4869—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch material—⅛ yard 36-inch polka dot.

4546—Forms new tuck-in frock. Designed for 26 to 40. Size 30 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material. Width 1½ yard.

Slender lines deftly contrived



L. H. 4778

L. H. 4874

L. H. 4893

L. H. 4778—This model is a perfect medium for the white linen which is indispensable in the Summer resort wardrobe. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch. Width 2 yards.

L. H. 4874—In green cotton with white, this model epitomizes coolness. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4 yards 36-inch material—⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting. Width about 1⅞ yard.

L. H. 4893—Printed voile has triumphantly entered the afternoon mode and would be charming for this frock. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4½ yards 36-inch print. Width 3¼ yards.

L. H. 4893 L. H. 4778 L. H. 4874

Youthful variations of the summer mode expressed in interesting new fabrics

4882

4875

4882—Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch material for suit—⅞ yard 36-inch lighter.

4875—The cape coat and beret are smartly practical. Designed for sizes 2 to 6. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch.

Jacket 4876
Skirt 4059

4413

4811

4789

4361

4870

4876—This tailored jacket is made of plain and plaid linen. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch material—¼ yard 36-inch plaid.

4811—A colorful ensemble. Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 13 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch printed material for coat and skirt—1⅜ yard 36-inch plain.

4870—A rough tweed is used to fashion this cleverly tailored coat with its military cape. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch.

4059—The pleated skirt and white collar are smart details. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch plaid—¾ yard 36-inch plain.

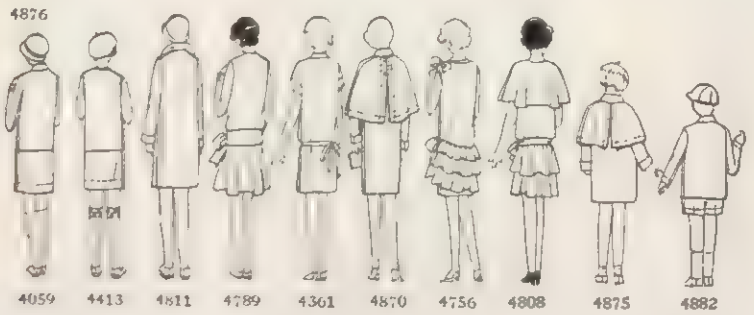
4789—Bows at the neck and girdle are smart features. Designed for sizes 10 to 16. Size 13 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch for blouse—2⅜ yards 36-inch dark.

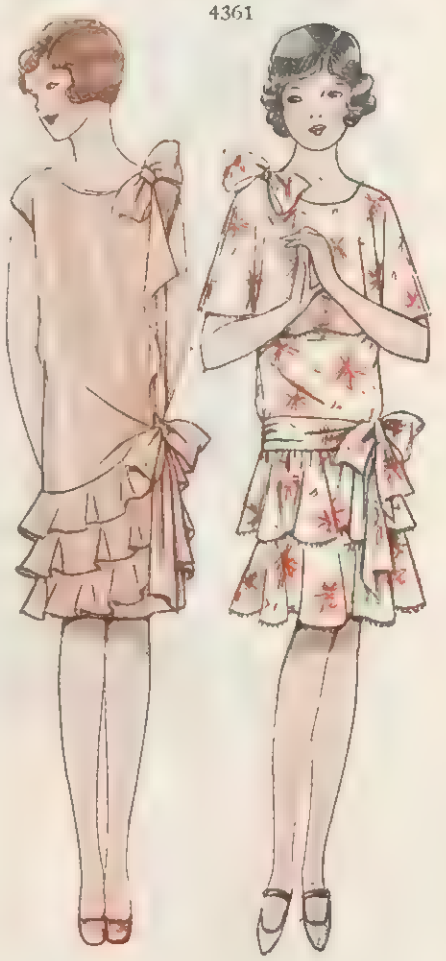
4756—Three circular ruffles trim the tiny skirt, while bows are placed at the hip. Designed for sizes 10 to 17. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch.

4413—This combination makes a chic sports ensemble. Designed for sizes 6 to 16. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch material—1 yard 36-inch contrasting.

4361—Inserted sections lend individuality. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch checked material—⅝ yard 36-inch plain.

4808—A deep cape collar is in accordance with the two circular flounces. Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 10 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch printed material.





4789

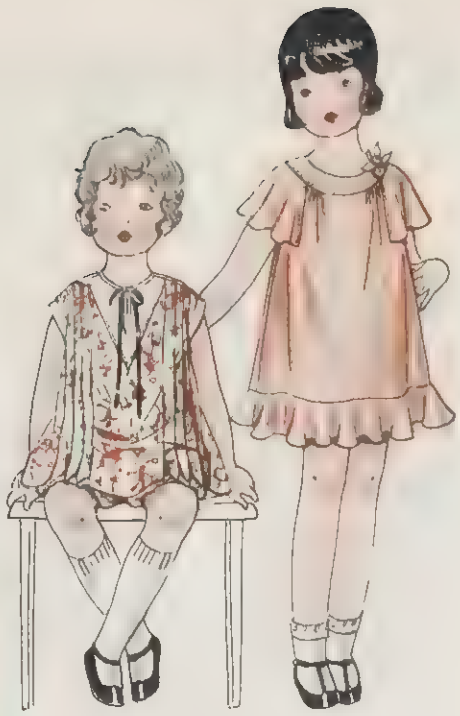
4361

4756

4808

Juvenile nonchalance is achieved in this group of attractive new frocks

4442 4889 4896 4894 4655



4755 4862

4755—Designed for sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 2 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch print—⅜ yard 27-inch plain.

4862—Circular pieces trim the sleeves. Designed for sizes 1 to 6. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch material.

4605 4786

4442—Designed for sizes 10 to 17. Size 15 requires 2½ yards 36-inch checked material—2⅛ yards 36-inch plain for jacket—⅜ yard 36-inch plain.

4894—Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 2 yards 36-inch material for frock—½ yard 36-inch contrasting for cuffs, collar, belt, and binding.

4786—The circular peplum attached to the girdle is a feature of this frock. Designed for sizes 10 to 16. Size 15 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch plain material.

4889—Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch checked material—⅜ yard 36-inch plain material for neck banding and trimming.

4655—Designed for sizes 4 to 10. Size 6 requires 1½ yard 36-inch checked material—⅜ yard 36-inch trimming—2⅝ yards frilling—1¼ yard ribbon.

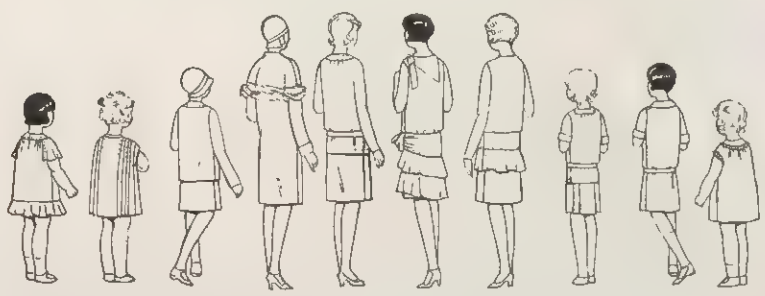
4884—Tie-ends of the cape collar are distinctive. Designed for sizes 11 to 17. Size 15 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material—1¼ yard 3-inch banding.

4896—Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch plain material for blouse—1⅜ yard 36-inch striped for skirt, neck banding and cuffs.

4605—Circular flounces are in diagonal line. Designed for sizes 12 to 17. Size 15 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material—⅝ yard 18-inch allover lace.

Children's and misses' frocks and coats gain individuality in design and material combinations by following the mode as decreed by the Paris openings.

4884



4862 4755 4442 4884 4889 4605 4786 4896 4894 4655

Film Clings to Teeth—

In it are the acids of decay. Film-free teeth are white and healthy.

Remove Film *quickly,* scientifically

You must remove film to give teeth gleam and sparkle—to combat serious tooth and gum disorders. The new way urged widely by dentists.

SOONER or later teeth get that discolored look. Then be careful, for that is likely to be the day when serious tooth and gum troubles get their start.

That is because dull teeth mean *teeth covered with a film.* And film, it's found, is the source of the commoner dental diseases, including pyorrhea, bleeding gums, decay and many others.

How to remove film is the most important dental problem of the day. To do it scientifically the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent is urged.

You will be sent a free 10 days' supply to try. Please mail the coupon before you forget.

Film—what it does

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel the dangerous coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—film invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How the new way removes film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now science produces a special film-removing agent. First it acts to curdle film so that light brushing easily removes it.

When film is gone teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is scientifically combated. And the danger of many ills that appear in later life may be immeasurably lessened.

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

Try this way—FREE

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try. Do not delay. It will work wonders with your smile.

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail Coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 137,
1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name

Address

City

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family

8226

Continued from Page 58

On the platform, keeping perfectly cool, looking as if nothing had happened, sat Sir Giles. He chatted to a man in a gray frock coat. Slowly the soldiers made their way round the platform, with rifles in their hands.

Ursula thought, "It's just like showing the poles to Torpedo. It makes them wild, and they trust nobody." The sun-tanned faces of the soldiers were entirely blank, entirely without animosity. They might have been robots functioning to the pressing of a distant button.

As they came the people got angry. The whole tone of the crowd changed. Some one began shouting.

Ursula was hustled here and there in the crowd. She thought, "It's those guns. They ought not to have brought out guns. You don't take a gun to children."

Then some one fired.

Beside her stood Shirez Khan, more wild, more Sallie-like than ever, a smoking revolver in his hand. He had fired at the Governor. He was shouting, and about to fire again, when close beside him Ursula laughed. Laughed, and caught at his hand. "Here, you," she said, "what do you think you are after?"

She wrenched the revolver from him and slipped it into the deep pocket of her white-silk coat. Not a soul saw them. It all happened in the twinkling of an eye. Then some one seized her to rescue her from the stampede. The last she saw of Shirez Khan he was being rounded up with a score of others. His protruding eyes were bloodshot. He was shouting, but she could not hear what he said.

On the raised platform the Governor sat, calm and aloof. A trifle pale, but still carrying on, with complete composure, a conversation with the man in the gray frock coat.

"I WANT you at the jail this morning, Ursula," Sir Giles said next morning. "You are sure you can identify the man?"

"Quite sure."

"He had me, as near as anything, past my ear. I feel sure we must have him. They caught every blackguard in the place. What surprizes me is that we couldn't find the revolver. They were all searched, and it isn't anywhere about the grounds. That, of course, would show us our man at once."

The jail-yard smelled of curry and of lilies and dust. The prisoners came, a motley collection, and fell into line under the peepul-trees. Short men, tall men, brazen men, cowed men. Shoulder to shoulder they stood. And amongst them was Shirez Kahn, his thin hair astraggle on top of his bony head, his protruding eyes bloodshot and wild.

"They will march past in a moment; then you can have a good look."

They marched past.

Ursula said, "I don't get him."

The Police Inspector said, "He must be here. We got every one of them."

"I saw him as close as I see that man," said Ursula, and her light-blue eyes met the eyes of Shirez Khan, and she smiled.

"He is not here."

The policeman said, "Then we must concentrate on that revolver. Once we get that, we shall run him to earth. I'll have the place searched again to-day. He must have thrown it into the bushes. I was convinced we would hear it was Shirez Khan. We have had our eyes on him for some time. He's been talking very wildly."

The Governor left. As his party entered their cars there was a commotion in the yard. Some one had fainted.

SHIREZ KHAN walked up the hillside. He was free as air. The police had returned him his own clothes, given him a meal, and let him go. With a crowd of others he left the jail gates. They went off in groups, yammering and chattering. Strange that the Missis Baba had not recognized Shirez Khan. Good that things had fallen thus. For now Shirez Khan would shoot another day and straighter. His followers laughed covertly, telling one another that.

Shirez Khan did not go with them. He went up the hill. He had no plan in his head at all, and only one idea. A poor, broken, muddled sort of an idea, but it was something. As if for one moment he had seen, through a window, a view of life different from any he had known before. Or heard, for one moment, through the opening of a door, music that he knew meant something, but he did not understand what it meant.

Why had the Missis Baba stayed his hand? Why had she hidden his revolver, and, looking him full in the face, told them all that she did not recognize him? She had nothing to gain by it. No form of advantage could accrue to her therefrom. It was wonderful. Like a mother toward her child. What was it, working inside people, made them do things like that? Shirez Khan wanted to understand.

"Ask the Brothers of St. Ignatius." The Missis Baba had said that to him once, laughing. He turned in at the school gates. There was a service going on in the church. Strains of music stole out into the hot air. Shirez Khan sat down in the porch, burying his face in his hands. Later one of the brothers found him there. He knew him. Every one knew Shirez Khan, the agitator and seditionist. A jolly, red-faced man was Brother Paul.

"Well, Shirez Khan, and what are you looking for?"

Shirez Khan said, "How should I know what I am looking for?" and his voice was like the voice of a sick man, and not like the voice of a paid agitator.

"Come inside and let us teach you," laughed Brother Paul, and he went on his way. But when he came to the sacristy, Shirez Khan was at his heels.

Ursula often wondered what became of him. All she knew was he was heard no more in the bazaar. She made the revolver into a brown paper parcel and threw it into the river, ten miles out, on a moonlight picnic one night.

She went home in June. Her mother was sorry to see her, minus both husband and tiger.

"I was too hopeful," she sighed. "Poor Ursula! She had better take the farm."

Ursula did. She wore a blue pinafore, and there was usually manure on her boots, just as her mother had known there would be. She and her parent seldom met.

Ursula never married. To the end she could do anything she liked with animals. She seemed in some queer way to understand what other people only guessed at.

No one ever realized how she was wasted.

ARE YOU LISTENING IN?

Letters, postal cards, and telegrams keep pouring in from readers telling us how much they are enjoying the Pictorial Review programs that come to them through the Radio Household Institute. Don't miss these unique programs every *other* Tuesday morning at 11:30 (Eastern daylight saving time), 10:30 (Central daylight time). Tune in on any of these stations:

WEAF	WLIT	WSAI	WEBC	WSB
WEEI	WRC	KSD	WRVA	KVOO
WTIC	WGY	WOC WHO	WBT	WKY
WJAR	WGR	WOW	WJAX	WFAA
WTAG	WCAE	WDAF	WHAS	KPRC
WCSH	WTAM	KSTP	WSM	WOAI
	WWJ	WTMJ	WMC	

PROGRAM DATES

July 2, 16, 30	September 10, 24	November 5, 19
August 13, 27	October 8, 22	December 3, 17, 31

Why Women Prefer this Fleecy Soft Sanitary Protection

It is softer than ever before; more comfort-giving and designed to relieve a vital feminine problem.

THE soothing softness of the new Kotex provides just that kind of gentle protection women demand in sanitary accessories. Downy-light, its delicate folds of filler are like nothing else you have known in comfort. And the very gauze wrapping is treated by special process so that it, too, is softer than ever before.

Cellucotton absorbent wadding is not only fleecy soft but it is absorbent to just the correct degree. It is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton!

Rounded tapered corners

Because corners of the pad are now rounded and tapered it fits so as to give no evidence of sanitary protection . . . fits with greater comfort, too. It is disposable, as you know, just like tissue (reason enough for women to prefer Kotex). Layers of the filler are adjustable. They can be changed to suit your needs.

Now, Kotex deodorizes completely

A process to be found in no other sanitary napkin now deodorizes Kotex safely and thoroughly. This is so important that it has been patented.*

Super-Size Kotex

Many women prefer Super-Size because it contains extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Super-Size Kotex has been reduced in price, just as the regular size has. Now 65 cents for a package of twelve.

You should know the soft, gentle comfort of the new Kotex. Buy a box at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for 12, or in vending cabinets of rest-rooms, where it is sold by West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Co., 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Such Fleecy Softness

can come only with this downy filler

The fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding offer a type of softness that no substitutes can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals insist upon Cellucotton, to give patients the greatest possible degree of hygienic comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad Which Deodorizes

*Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.

[*Prices slightly higher in Canada*]

Are White Teeth Impostors?

4 out of 5 say, "yes!"

Though too few of us realize it, teeth of gleaming whiteness do not signify immunity from diseases that take high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

NO favorites are played. Pyorrhea and other gum diseases treat everybody alike. They ignore teeth and attack gums. And unless forestalled they ravage beauty and youth. They hurry the destruction of health and teeth. If contracted, only dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance.

But modern dentistry brings you protection. If you will let him, your dentist can preserve the health of teeth and gums. See him at least once every six months. And between visits brush teeth and gums vigorously, every morning and every night. Of course, to obtain the best results, you should use a dentifrice that is good for both teeth and gums.

Forhan's is such a dentifrice. After using it for a few weeks you will note a distinct improvement in the appearance of teeth and gums. For it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay. In addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound. As you know, such diseases as Pyorrhea seldom attack healthy gums.

If you agree that prevention is better than cure, add the daily use of Forhan's and a semi-annual visit to your dentist to the routine of life. It is economy. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, today. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York City

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's the Perfect Mouthwash.

It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no tell-tale odor. Try it.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

SECRET SINS OF MR. PITT

Continued from Page 16

then stood hesitating, making marks with his cane. But eventually he turned toward Madison Avenue, and they followed.

This time the trail led to a number in the upper Forties. Henry disappeared inside the doorway, and by the time they dared follow him the stairs which led up from the vestibule were empty. Lottie's eyes fell upon the cards under the bells.

"The Crookshank Galleries," she read. "Vicuna, photographer. No, none of those. Velasquez, Spanish antiques. Say, Winnie, listen! Arlene Adoni, sculptress. Winnie, wasn't Henry always a sort of nut about statues?"

"He was studying art at Cooper Union when I married him," Winnie said, "but I soon made him give that up. Away every night——"

"Arlene Adoni!" said Lottie. "You know how all those artists are and the things that go on in studios. Why, women like that Arlene Adoni have no more morals than street-walkers! And so that's who Henry has been meeting——"

"Oh, Lottie!" her sister wailed. "Oh, Lottie!"

THE next day the trail was more complicated. Henry turned west at Forty-third Street and followed through to Broadway. What with the various street-crossings they lost him twice, but by good luck picked him up again. At Broadway he crossed to the island of the Times Building, waited for the traffic, and then hurried over to the movie theater. They saw him stand in line for a few minutes, finally buy a ticket and go in.

"Quick!" said Lottie. "We must get in before he gets a seat. Movies are a favorite meeting-place. Don't you remember that Merton-James case? *She* met *him* at one prominent motion-picture house or another every time they couldn't manage something else——"

The line had thinned, so that they followed hard on Henry's heels. And he was waiting behind the rope at the center aisle—Henry and an interesting dark woman who looked foreign. It is true that they did not appear to be together, but "That's her, and you can bet she was waiting for him!" Lottie whispered. "Of course they'll take no chances till they get in their seats."

The usher said "Two. This way, please," and led Henry and the dark woman down the aisle together.

There were two seats midway down and he bowed them in to those. Henry stood deferentially aside and let the lady enter first. She thanked him and they sat down. In the half light the two strained watchers saw him bend over and retrieve some object she had dropped. They saw him hand it to her and caught the profile of her smile as she accepted it.

"Henry must suspect that he's being watched," Lottie said, "he's so careful. But did you see the way she smiled at him? She isn't crazy about him—oh, no!"

And so violently can suspicion color the most innocent scenes that to Winnie, Henry and the woman were a pair of guilty lovers. She even got a kind of thrill in coming close to the sort of thing she was forever reading about in the tabloids. Just at that point she remembered that it was Henry, and that her rôle was that of the injured wife.

"Lottie, Lottie, take me away!" she said. "I've seen enough. Oh, Lottie, this proves it! I don't need to see any more."

The fourth day found Winnie so exhausted by her emotions that she felt unable to pursue the sleuthing further. Henry had come home late the night before, and she had said she had a headache and didn't want to be disturbed. She had not, of course, seen him in the morning.

LOTTIE came over in the afternoon and they held a council of war.

"You spring the whole thing on him to-night," Lottie said, sitting by the couch where Winnie lay stretched out in her frumpy pink negligée, a damp wad of handkerchief in one hand and the smelling-salts in the other. "Make him come through with a settlement. Make him give you your rights.

"We'll fix up a paper for him to sign. It won't be legal, but Henry's the kind of a fool you could hold to anything he'd agreed to."

"I want a divorce!" said Winnie.

"Now, dearie, don't be foolish!" Lottie said soothingly. "You don't see me divorcing Bert, no matter what he does. You get more out of 'em if you keep married to 'em. Just make him agree to go on giving you the hundred and ten a week. He's got more than he's let on—we know that. And if he hasn't—well, let the Adoni woman worry. You tell him if he won't come through you'll get a lawyer and make him."

Winnie wept into the damp handkerchief. "Oh, Lottie!" she wailed. "Oh, Lottie!"

"Quit sniveling!" Lottie commanded. "Show some spunk. You'll be a lot better off with him outa the house."

And because they did not continue their sleuthing, the two sisters missed one of the most significant events in Henry Pitt's whole life.

He had chosen that particular day to go to an exhibition at a large gallery where only rare and fine things were ever handled. A famous collection of New England antiques was to be dispersed, and the rooms were filled with the furniture and glass and china which Henry knew best.

He bought a catalog and began going from chair to high-boy to bed to china-cabinet, making notations—several of them of errors of description. He was very happy, very absorbed, and he did not notice a distinguished white-haired gentleman who observed him, even followed him about, till this personage said:

"Er—I say, rather a fine collection."

Henry looked up. "Very fine indeed," he agreed with enthusiasm. "There's not a piece I've seen yet but is genuine and in collector's condition. It's the catalog that bothers me. Now take this table——"

And Henry launched into a discussion of the angle molding, the turn of the leg, and other matters which identified the piece to such a discriminating expert as himself as coming thirty years later than the catalog credited it.

"Ah!" said the elderly gentleman.

"They're off on some of the glass, too," Henry went on. "The Sandwich factory——"

THEY talked and argued, and Henry cited authorities to prove his points, or compared some pieces to those in Uncle Henry's little house in Canterbury.

Time sped, but he forgot to keep track of it.

His companion grew more and more interested. Finally he said, "Come into my office. I've a piece of Stiegel I'd like to show you."

Somewhere a clock struck one. Henry, with a guilty start, pulled out his watch. It was not the hour, but the half-hour—half past one! He would be fifteen minutes late at least.

He flushed and said, "I'm sorry, I'll have to get back on the job. I'm late already. You see this is just a hobby of mine——"

"What does it matter if you are late?" said the elderly gentleman decisively. "Come along to my office."

Henry felt a sudden desperate sense of adventure. All right! He would be late for once! He——

"I must introduce myself," said his new friend. "I am Jonathan Weston. The gallery——"

But Henry knew. The gallery was Jonathan Weston's, and Jonathan Weston was one of the greatest powers in the world of art. Millions of dollars' worth of beautiful things passed through his hands each year.

Jonathan Weston's office was more like a little museum than a place where business was transacted. He had choice bits of everything from Babylonian days on down. They discussed the Stiegel flip-glass, which was a very fine specimen indeed, and then Jonathan Weston said:

"Mr. Pitt—" Henry had told him his name somewhere in the course of the conversation. "Mr. Pitt, you are wasted on

Continued on Page 74

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

"Suntan" with hose or without, requires utter smoothness of skin.

A Unique New Discovery in Removing Arm or Leg Hair

Utterly Without Fostering Bristly Re-Growth

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth skin—hair-free as a child's.

Every vestige of hair is gone—and reappearance of that hair delayed remarkably.

A new way that not only removes arm or leg hair instantly but delays its reappearance remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

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Continued from Page 72

any sort of job that doesn't have to do with this kind of thing. You may not know it, but I have observed you before. When we had the Chatham sale you left a catalog—lost it, I presume—and I picked it up. I didn't know your name, or of course I should have sent it to you. In it was a notation on that small, apron-front Queen Anne high-boy of apple-wood. It had come from a private consignee, and I had had my suspicions of the piece. In your notation you put your finger on the points that proved it doubtful, and I had it removed from the sale."

"It was a pretty piece," said Henry, "but it wasn't a thing I should have cared to own. The lower portion was real, but the upper part had been faked out of old wood."

"Exactly!" said Jonathan Weston. "We traced it and proved the point."

Henry smiled. "One gets a sense of that sort of thing," he said.

"A very few people do," Jonathan Weston agreed, "and that sense, Mr. Pitt, is a priceless thing."

"I am only an amateur," Henry said. "With me it's just a hobby. I grew up with such things and I love them."

Mr. Weston drew him out, and Henry told him about Uncle Henry, and how he had collected the beautiful objects which filled the little house in Canterbury. And before he knew it he was telling about his job as head of the accounting department of Messrs. Briggs & Hutchinson, and how he used his noon-hours to go about to the galleries and other places where pictures and antiques were to be seen.

"Mr. Pitt," said Jonathan Weston, "I could use you in my business. A man with your gifts and your sixth sense for what is authentic is wasted on accounting. How would you like to come with me?"

Henry was too dazed to answer for a moment. He said, "You're—you don't really mean that?"

"I was never more serious in my life. What do you get at this publishing-house?"

Henry told him.

"Suppose," said Jonathan Weston, "that we start you at two hundred a week. That's a little better than ten thousand a year. After the first six months we will see. I should say that you would be much more valuable to me than that. Your duties would consist in making the catalog descriptions for all Americana and passing on prospective material for sales. What do you say?"

And Henry said yes—falteringly, not because he had any disinclination to the proposition, but because he could hardly believe his own good fortune.

WINNIE had been working herself up to the point of hanging the goods on her husband ever since Lottie had left late in the afternoon. Lottie had taken Gwendolen home with her. "You don't want the child mixed up in it," she had said. "Leave her to me."

Gwendolen would be easy enough for her aunt to manage. From the cradle she had been taught that papa was a poor stick—a failure and a bad provider in a world where it was man's duty to make money and woman's to spend it—on herself.

Henry's attempts at knowing his daughter and winning her affection had always failed. Gwen was her mother's child in more than looks. Her father could pass out of her life without leaving a ripple.

Henry was late—very late. He had had to see the president of Briggs & Hutchinson and show him the contract he had signed with the Weston Galleries, and arrange for his immediate subordinate to take over his job. Then he had found it impossible to go straight home. He had felt too strange and queer. Elated and—well, as tho he needed to go somewhere and pray. Not being an orthodox churchman, he had rejected the various religious edifices which offered such an opportunity, and had walked for miles and miles—more a disembodied spirit than a man.

It was eight o'clock when he entered his own flat.

By that time Winnie had worked herself up to a point where she regarded him as a monster of infidelity to be ejected from her own pure life. She was pacing up and down the crowded little parlor and she looked a sight. Her face was white and her eyes were red and her hair was mussed and stringy. She still wore the pink negligée.

Henry heard her muttering to herself and thought with a sinking heart that she was probably having one of her nervous headaches. Winnie's nervous headaches bore a suspicious resemblance to tantrums. It was not reassuring. He had thought that maybe with the new job and more money——

He went cautiously into the parlor.

Winnie stopped still and glared at him.

"So—you're home!" she snapped.

"Why, Winnie—" Henry began placatingly.

"Don't speak to me!" she burst out hysterically. "Don't 'Winnie' me. I know everything, Henry Pitt, everything! —and don't you try to deny it!"

THROUGH Henry's mind flashed the thought that some one at the office had telephoned her the news that he had resigned. They might even have told her he'd been fired. Things like that got strangely garbled. "Winnie," he said, "I didn't think you'd care. I thought you'd be glad. I didn't think——"

"You didn't think I'd care!" Winnie exploded. "You didn't—! Oh, my Heavens! You low-lived—! Me home slaving for you, and you, *you*, lunching at the Ritz with your fancy sculptress with the fancy name! Arlene Adoni, indeed! And going to her studio. And meeting her at the movies! And all the time you didn't think I'd care—!" Her voice had risen almost to a shriek.

Henry looked at her in bewilderment. "Winnie," he said, "you must be ill. I don't know any Arlene Adoni. I——"

"Oh, no!" said Winnie scornfully. "Deny it. Oh, no! High-hat me, will you, Mr. Henry Pitt! I know I've never been good enough for a fine gentleman like you. Oh, no! Well—listen! I'm through. You go to your Adoni woman. She's welcome. I've had enough. But I got my rights, and they're going to be protected. You can keep on giving me that hundred and ten a week, or I'll put my interests in the hands of a lawyer and make you *squirm!* Give me my rights and you can go free—and welcome." She drew herself up triumphantly. "Me and Gwen——"

No! She mustn't say what she was thinking. If she said anything about marrying again, Henry might use it against her. And, besides, Lottie didn't approve of her getting a divorce. Well—she'd show Lottie. She'd put something over on her—Lottie, who thought she was so smart. She felt more pleased than she had in all those years since she had told Lottie about landing Henry. There was a broker, a Mr. Sidney Frankel, she'd met at Lottie's. Single. Rich. About fifty. Winnie smiled craftily to herself.

HENRY had stood very quietly while Winnie's tirade went on. He loathed scenes, but he was used to them. Then in the stillness inside himself a new and sudden decision formed. Here was a chance for freedom—something his code would never have permitted him to ask for himself.

"Do you mean that, Winnie—about my going free and welcome?" he asked when the silence had lasted a full minute. (A minute of such diverse thoughts.)

Winnie came out of her abstraction. "Do I!" she said. "Listen! Me and Lottie wrote a paper. An agreement for you to sign. Sign it—and get out! *Do I mean it!*"

Henry said quietly, "Where's the paper, Winnie? I'm quite ready to sign it if that's what you want."

Winnie pulled the crumpled document out of the bosom of her pink negligée, and, opening it, slapped it down on the table. It diffused a stale odor of *chypre* from the scented talcum she used.

Henry picked it up and read it. He said, "You know this isn't binding? But I'll sign it and give you my word that to-morrow I'll send you a similar agreement legally drawn up. Afterward "

Mentally he was calculating that a hundred and ten from two hundred left ninety, and that a man alone could do himself very passably on that.

He took out his fountain pen and wrote his name at the bottom of the paper. All

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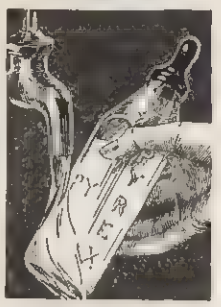

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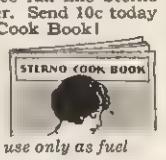

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the time he was afraid that Winnie would relent and throw herself in his arms. That had always been her technique before.

But when he turned to hand her the paper he saw that she had picked up a card from the floor and was gazing at it with dilated eyes. He recognized it as the little memorandum card he always carried in his vest pocket. He'd dropped it when he took out his pen, he supposed.

WINNIE said, "So, Henry Pitt, Arlene Adoni isn't the only one. You—beast!"

Henry looked at her blankly.

"Don't come near me! Don't touch me! 'See Angelica Kauffmann, And. Gal.!'" she read from the card. "Angelica and gal. Arlene and Angelica! Well, Henry, I will say you pick your women with fancy names!"

Henry could have laughed, but he didn't. Nor did he try to explain. He said, "Well, I'm going, Winnie. I'll come around and get my things to-morrow when you're out."

"Angelica!" said Winnie. "She's one of these artists, too, I suppose."

"Yes," said Henry, without cracking a smile. He was thinking how wonderful if would be if Winnie cited her as a co-respondent. He said, "I'm going now, Winnie."

Winnie turned her back on him, and without a word flounced over to the radio. She fiddled with the dials, and a deafening blare of jazz filled the little parlor.

Henry went into the foyer and closed the door. As he got his hat and stick the sound of the music followed him, cheap, raucous, a drippy tenor singing above the moan of the saxophones:

> . . . a broken heart;
> 'Tis the woman who pays
> Till the end of her days—
> But sorrow is——

The closing of the hall door cut it off. But Henry thought, "How Winnie will love that! Sympathy for her right out of the air!"

He descended the three flights of stairs to the street.

Night had settled down—a soft, warm May night with a sky that was brilliant with stars. Henry raised his eyes to the segment of heavens that showed between the tall rows of apartment-houses.

He was young yet; only forty; and the world was full of beautiful things.

Then his eyes came down to earth again and he stood idly marking on the sidewalk with his cane. Arlene and Angelica! He laughed softly to himself. He'd told Winnie the truth when he said that he'd never heard of Arlene Adoni. And as for Angelica—"Miss Angel," as Sir Joshua Reynolds used to call her—what would Winnie say if she knew that Angelica Kauffmann, decorator of tables and ceilings, minor artist, had been dead nearly a century and a quarter?

And smiling to himself over this, and swinging his Malacca stick, Henry started briskly down the street toward the subway station.

FIELD OF HONOR

Continued from Page 24

"My dear lord," she replied, "I am of a breed which pay little attention to the usages of diplomacy. My place is by my wounded husband's side, and nothing will keep me from it. If Garrett is not sent home I shall come and bring him. I am supposed to be a calm, restrained woman, but I promise your lordship and your lordship's pet physician a very uncomfortable half-hour if I come to London. This letter may shock your lordship, but I don't care very much whether it does or not." This ended her correspondence with Castlereagh.

A LETTER dictated by Garrett's self came to her, thanking her, and making light of his injuries. Doctor Bankhead had insisted on his being at the seaside, while he had wanted to go to Ireland. However, they had arrived at a compromise. He would go to Anglesea in Wales. How much it would mean to him to see her she could imagine; so went his words to the amanuensis. He added he did not feel himself at liberty until the war was over, and when well again he looked for employment from the Government. He felt she should know this.

She brushed that aside. Were he to be employed by the devil himself after convalescence, she would go to him now. She posted down to Dublin to take the Holyhead packet, but everything seemed to baffle her. She stayed overnight with the Moiras, but the Spring equinox was in full blast, and outside the bay the sea smashed against the rocks of the Kish and rolled into Dublin up the Liffey; so that the sloop-rigged Holyhead packet could not leave her moorings. Jocelyn was forced to stay in Dublin some days. Then suddenly, the raging equinoctial over, the sun smiled. She went down to Carlisle Bridge to take the packet.

She said, "But he is not here!"

Her eyes searched the private sitting-room of the little inn. There were small opened windows of leaded panes, through which the sun shone, and through which the carol of larks came. A grate of coal burned cheerfully, and on the floor were sand and rushes.

"But I am here."

She turned around suddenly and saw on a great couch against the wall a figure with leg in splints and bandages, and arm in a sling.

"You see, I can't get up to welcome you."

She saw what she had never seen before on him, a face so white and so drawn with pain that it was a living reproach to her, she felt. Her heart hurt her suddenly, for she saw gray hairs in black curls.

"My man servant placed me in the sun when he went down to meet the packet, but the sun has moved since." There was even a change in his voice. It had still its Irish modulation, but the years of England had made it into a quiet instrument. He had dignity and force. It thrilled her. It filled her heart as with a rich, warm music.

"It was so good of you to come," he said.

"I am a foolish person, surely," she said. "There is so much to say, and I have no words."

"How like you!" The old appealing smile went over his face like sunlight, like golden sunlight. "How you remind me of old days at Derrymore!"

She crossed toward him passionately. With a quick gesture she took off her hat and threw it anywhere. "But I will not have it," she said. "You speak to me as tho I were some valued woman friend come to see you, keeping me at a courteous distance. I will not suffer that," she said. "When you were well, tho I loved you, I would not move an inch toward you, such an arrogant, stubborn woman am I, but now I have come from the lowlands of Ulster, over the crooked roads and rocky highways to Dublin, and crossed a tempestuous sea to be with you." She knelt down beside him. "I am a poor wife, but your wife, and you can not deny me." She caught up his left hand and held it to her cheek. "I should like to cry, but I mustn't, I suppose. It would disturb you."

"Is it really you, Jocelyn?"

"DEAR God!" she prayed suddenly, "is there something they have not told me? Garrett, you are not blind? My dear one, my dear one, they haven't taken your eyes away in the dreadful war?"

"No," he said, "I see well enough. But I have been so lonely that I am incredulous."

"You will not be lonely any more."

"I wrote you," he told her, "that when I am well I must go back."

"I know," she said. But his gray eyes were on her. She could not evade; so lied. "When you are well you will go back, if you wish." Her heart said with a savage pride, He shall never go back. "Garry," she said, "in the days when you would

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PETROLEUM JELLY

put your hand on the pommel and vault in the saddle, and your face was brown as Autumn bracken, and your wrists supple and strong as your steel-hearted salmon-rods, I never cared for you as I do now, when you are white and ailing and frail."

"I suppose I am an awful sight, but it will not endure," he smiled, "now you are here. And you, Jocelyn, are younger and lovelier than ever I have seen you. You have the slender, proud bearing of the rowan-tree, and the face of some young princess become a nun, and you are young as Spring."

"Dear God! Am I like that?" she said. "Then I am glad. For your sake I am most glad."

WITH her coming, health came. Color crept into the pallid cheeks. Bones knit. The wound in the shoulder itched with healing. The aged Welsh physician, who had forgotten most of what he had learned in London, and had replaced by the knowledge of herbs and simples, rubbed his frail, waxlike hands with delight. He was a strange old man, like some benevolent druid of Mona, who practised leechdom before the bands of Suetonius crossed the Menai Straits to the magic-enshrouded isle. He insisted that his patient should each day read Saint Paul on charity, giving as reason for this prescription that the inspired words put the patient's being in harmony to receive the healing elements. He may have been mad, or uncommonly sane, but in Jocelyn's presence, and with his ministrations, Garrett got his health in the sea-air. He was not lonely any more.

With the deft fingers of the home-maker she had transformed the bare sitting-room into an abode of happiness. In the evening time what candles and daffodils and the well-swept hearth meant. Neighbors called on the wounded captain; one, an old Welsh baronet, talked of genealogy, and claimed to be the last Celtic King. Another visitor was the captain of coast-guards, a man whom the Government seemed to have forgotten, every subaltern being passed over his head. They all wished to hear of the war in Spain and of the Spanish people. And after a time Jocelyn, fearing Garrett might be tired, would send the company away.

She had taken the whole ground floor of the inn. There was their sitting-room, and next to that her room, and between her room and the room of the soldier servant Garrett slept. He slept well since her coming. Often in the night she would arise, and, slipping on her dressing-gown of claret-colored silk, she would steal in and listen to him. He slept so peacefully. Outside, the fishermen at their boats sang softly their Welsh melodies, and soon the nightingale would come to join the chorus of the melodious land. Her heart went out to him in the Spring night.

In the morning she would wake as the Welsh maid came, and, drawing the curtains apart, let in the golden flood of day, the newly minted gold of morning; and to Jocelyn it would be an adventure to go down and meet her husband. The soldier servant would have washed and shaved him, and then at breakfast they would sit at the table with its great bunches of narcissus and daffodils, the great brown teapot and the smoking farls, the small brown eggs and butter like primroses.

Everything was an adventure—the commonplace thing of going to the quays to see what silver harvest the fishermen had gained in the night. The women coming down from the upland farms around the hills, with their high Welsh hats, and no English. They were so native: none other could inhabit the withdrawn Celtic land. Each day came more primroses, and under the trees was a whisper of blue: the arrival of the hyacinth. Jocelyn felt she was receiving now what had been the due of childhood and which she had never had: happy playtime.

She had more joy in making their rooms comfortable here than in the regiment of Derrymore. She had sent to Chester for a pianoforte, and when it had come, drawn by heavy horses on a great cart, she had been delighted. From Chester, too, came a pony basket chair, as for old ladies, and great was Garrett's disgust. "For three seasons," he announced with great bitterness, "I hunted over the stone walls of Galway, blazing hell for leather from check to kill. Isn't it the tragedy of the world to see me reduced to this low degree? Devil a bone o' mine will it ever carry. Sure, 'tis only for a child!"

"And isn't it only a child is in it?" Jocelyn laughed. "And you wrecked and murdered in the havoc of the Spanish wars!"

"I declare to God," he said, "if anybody ever hears of this in the western world, I'll never show my face there again, so I won't."

"And who could ever tell it," said she, "in the western world, barring the birds, and there is no known speech of them?" So she persuaded him to go abroad.

She was delighted to see him drop, if only for the minute, his courteous gravity of the Foreign Office, and speak the folk speech of Ireland. The surgeon may not have known how near death he had been, but she knew. For in his eyes was the delight of a man who had never expected to see the golden-headed, green-sleeved month of May be reborn. He watched the curtsying birch-trees as tho he had never seen them before. The northwest wind blew steadily—the blue-green underwind—and by healing magic it seemed to wash Garrett, as tho he were washed in some blessed well. One day he could walk a little, and the day after he could walk more. When he rested, always were the songs of birds for him.

He said, in the quiet of sunset, the sunset that was going on past the quiet, snowy-breasted sea, "Thank God!"

"For all things," she said, "but what is in your mind?"

He looked at her. She was half sitting, half kneeling on the sward, looking out to sea, her dark head, her gracious and lovely face. Her head was tilted upward, waiting for the evening star to blaze out.

"That you came," he said, "for, you here, I am nearly a well man."

"My thanks are with it, too," she murmured, "for all I love Derrymore, yet do you know," she said, "how much trifles and small details were beginning to mean to me. And when that happens it means your life is empty. Battles, and struggle, and tragedy are healthy things. You do not know how healthy they are until you are irritated by a comb left in an unhandy place." And she smiled a little. "Also, when I was at Derrymore, I was in a sort of blank content, and now, Garrett, I am afraid. Even that is healthy."

"But you are happy here," he said. "Of what then——"

"Hush," she said. "Don't let them hear you."

HIMSELF smiled. For years he had not heard that strange belief of all Irish folk, some relic of dark pagan wisdom, that invisible in the invisible wind are the souls of baffled men, spirits who have been bereft of material things and have not attained happiness, but who cherish a vindictiveness against too happy folk, and against whose designs our weapon is the hilted sword of Michael.

So he did not announce news of happiness, lest the folk of the air should hear.

This little sward by the cliff was beloved by her, so that each evening after their meal they must go down there. The soldier servant would unharness the shaggy Welsh pony and lead him off. And Jocelyn would sink down on the short, sweet turf. There would only be the sound of the plovers as they stood by the shore, and the flapping of a crane's wings, or the low flight of some leather-bodied cormorant as he winged his way to his secret abiding-place in the cliffs. And then she would wait, her head raised, for the coming of the star.

"I'll give you a silver sixpence for your thoughts," Garrett said.

"I would not sell them for all the gold of the leprechawns."

"Will you give them, then?"

"Not yet," she murmured softly, "my dear one, not yet."

She was thinking, and she blushed a little at the thought, how much she loved this grave, courteous man that her young husband had turned into. When she had married him they had been so much boy and girl that they were like children going up a hill to see the world from its summit. They had parted. And they had met again. By contact with the world, by

affairs of state, by suffering, he had become a man. One felt he could govern a household; behind him one would be safe. And in the misty days of the Isle of Man and the quiet days of Ulster, thought had made such a woman of her.

When they loved again, they would not be like children playing at love, but man and woman feeling the strong current of it, like two on a cliff with the west wind blowing against them, the wind that is like wine, like new and heady wine, calling forgotten, ancient melodies out of the heart.

She had never ceased to revolt against the wedding-service that for all the pomp of churches could not conceal a vulgarity hard to be borne. In spite of solemn, archaic phrasing it was no more than an attorney's instrument, binding until death, for all that death in a true marriage mattered as little as Winter. How could one promise love, honor, and obedience unless by grace of love they were born.

And each day she felt love grow, as she saw by the cliff-side grass the stalk of the daisy becoming longer. A night would come, with Garrett healed, and on one of her visits to see was all right with him, he would wake and utter, "Is that you, Jocelyn?" and she would not go away. And it would be fitting as the gorse in Springtime, right as sunshine. And none would know, she promised herself gloriously. Not less secret than the mating of nightingales would that be.

One evening early behind them the vast neighboring moon rose in a circle of new gold, of fresh and primrose-colored gold. How near it seemed! And Jocelyn, looking around at it, seemed frightened.

"What is it?" her husband asked.

"But it was only yesterday afternoon that I saw it, a new one, in the western sky!"

"I don't remember." Garrett was puzzled too.

They looked at each other, a little aghast, for in Arthur's enchanted land anything seemed possible. They might have arrived at the day of wonders, told of in Celtic prophecy.

"If it were not yesterday then it was the day before yesterday," Jocelyn said, "for I remember thinking to myself how curved and clean and beautiful it was, like a sword in some Eastern sky. Oh, Irwin!" she called.

The soldier servant appeared leading the shaggy pony, stuffing a clay pipe into trousers pocket. "Irwin," Jocelyn said, "do you remember when the new moon was?"

"I mind it well, my lady, for there was never a finer sight in the air. Like the silver belly of a new-run cock salmon it was. That was twelve days ago."

"Are you sure, Irwin?"

"To the very day, my lady."

"Then, O Son of Mary!" she cried in wonder, "where are those twelve days gone?"

LIKE a story from a child's book, or like some vision in a grotesque dream, the news of London came to them. Now that the Prince of Wales was Regent, and the old, mad, blind King roaming through Windsor Castle in his dressing-gown of yellow silk, affairs went on quietly. The Whigs, who had expected all spoils of office on Prinny's accession to the regency, were severely disappointed. Poor Sheridan, who had been promised the Irish Secretaryship, was flung aside, and there could be no further doubt that the country was governed by the Marchioness of Hertford, who in return was governed by her cousin, Castlereagh.

It all seemed like a grotesque story, the fat Prince, fifty, paunchy, who had sprained his leg teaching his daughter the Highland fling, and lay groaning surrounded by courtiers; the evil, old crone in Hertford House; and the white-faced, deadly Castlereagh. Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Regent's canonized but illegal wife, was rapidly put in her place, and all hands were considering a scheme whereby the Princess might be divorced. His hatred of his legal wife was the Regent's ruling passion. He had faith that Lady Hertford and Lord Castlereagh would get rid of her for him.

Like battles seen in the clouds came news from the Continent. Napoleon, after carefully provisioning France, had quitted his new Empress and his young son, called the King of Rome to wage war on Russia, where once again English influence had become paramount. The pick of the French army in Spain was withdrawn, so that General Wellesley was now able to secure solid victories, commanding as he did the English, Portuguese, and Spanish armies. He had now been made an earl of England and a duke of Spain.

FROM where she lay in the great bed, through the open windows she could see, against the dark banner of the heavens, the circling stars; stars bright as diamonds, stars blue as a blue flower, stars that wore the purple of kings, stars gold as Hesperus. Not all the flowers or trees seemed to her to have such awakened life as there was in the quiet night. The murmuring sea that was so near, the great bulk of Snowdon; all woke to mystic life in the night. And of that life, this night, she was sharer. She was aware of all the keen life of the night. For some reason she felt she could, if she wished, leave her body, and go to the summit of Snowdon, where the keen, high winds blow. A small, invisible wind floated past the plumes of the rowan-trees, ringing the red bells of their berries. And now as she listened she could hear the clink of a boat on the pebbles and the soft voices of the Welsh fisher-folk singing their song that was like the rustle in the rowan-trees, "*Ar hyd y nos* (All through the night)."

"Now the gentle breeze is seeping"—their voices were not the voices of men at all, but a melody of chiming sea and wind among the oaks——

"All through the night."

The figure beside her stirred in its sleep. In the starlight, soft as small wild flowers, she could hardly see, but with sense sharpened by the night, she could imagine the face that wore from wind and sun a mask of beaten gold, and the arm outthrown, bright and strong as living silver. His arm, white as milk, was thrown over his head, and her fingers moved gently over the black curls of his head. "Sleep, my dear one," she whispered, "sleep." She smiled at his soft breathing. Dear God, how peaceful he was, now there were no problems any more!

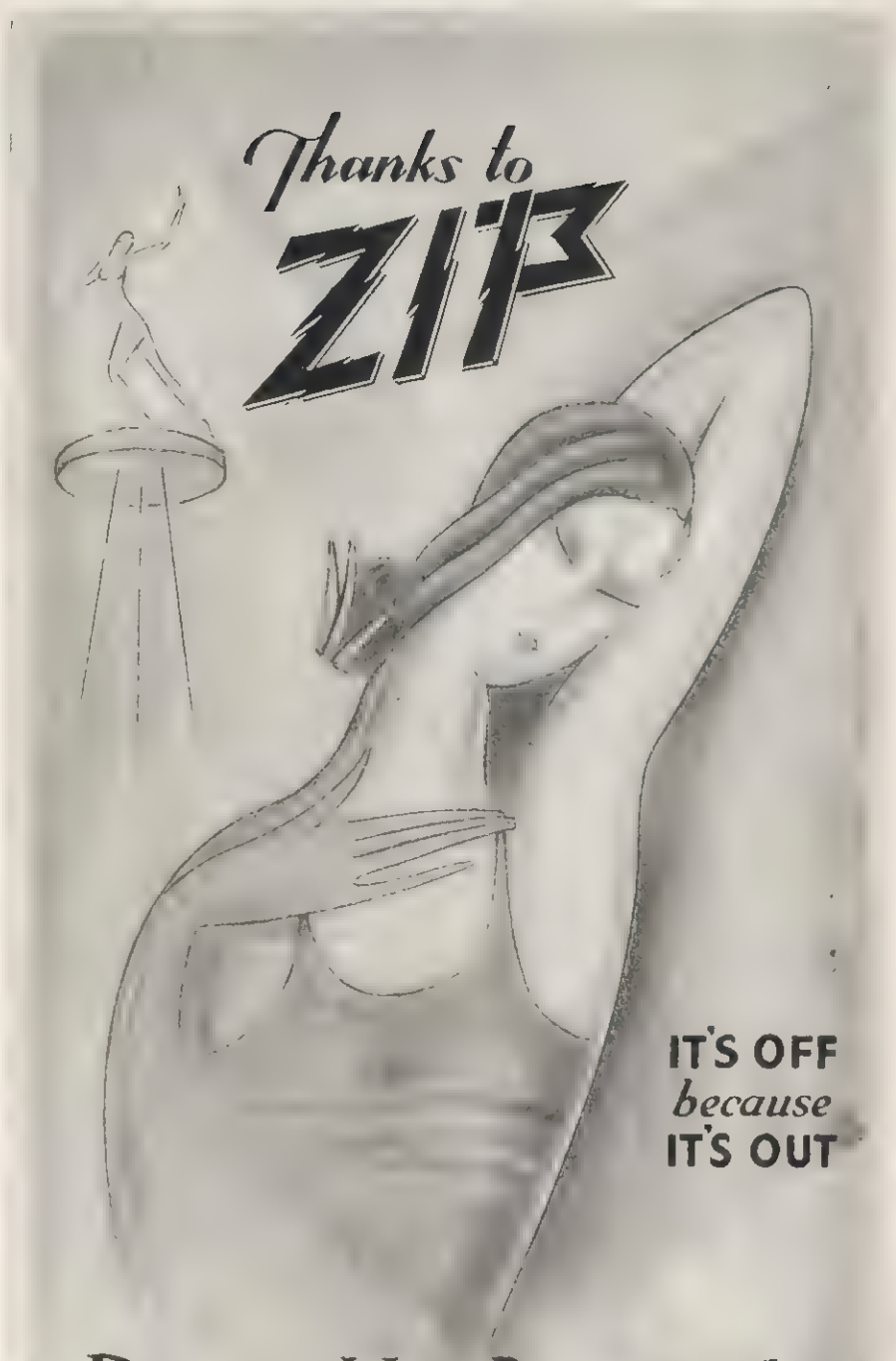
She prayed that not yet might the dawn come, that not yet might the secret sea put on its beaded day face, or the little clamor of the birds remind the gods of the mountain that they must retire into Snowdon's heart, and, herself, rise, and in her pale night-frock seek her proper room. It seemed ridiculous that the entry of a maid or of Garrett's soldier servant should drive her away. But she could not bear any one to know. She must flee in her white night raiment, like a ghost of the night. Even that was unfitting, she felt, to wear the convenience for sleeping. She ought to be attired in some dress of mystic ceremony, a vestment of ermine and red silk and gold, the bishop's cope that Michelangelo devised to accord with medieval ritual. Only with that could the glory that was hers be fittingly clothed.

A little feeling of gray was in the air. Soon a rosy tinge would come on the illimitable sky, and then a flash of gold, and the June night would be over. June night—she thought the words were like some dark flower, a piece of old brocade hallowed by ceremony. Here in the small Welsh country it was different from Ireland. In Ireland June was a pang to the heart. So many were in exile, or dead by the common hangman, or forgotten in their graves on lonely battle-fields. In England's self, June was too rich, richness of white and golden kine, and too many roses. But here in Wales was a manner of wild peace, not mourning Ireland or fatted England.

Through the casements came an odor of wild roses and thyme, and the small music of the incoming sea. Only here in the drowsy Cymric land, after her body had passed through the little death of love, could she have been so aware of the mystic world; of great mountains that have souls like men, and small islands dreaming in far-away seas, and the sea's tumultuous, passionate self.

The song of the fisher-folk took up its soft, heart-piercing melody from the foreshore.

She turned to the sleeper by her side to see if he were troubled by the singing, but he was in the deep sleep that comes



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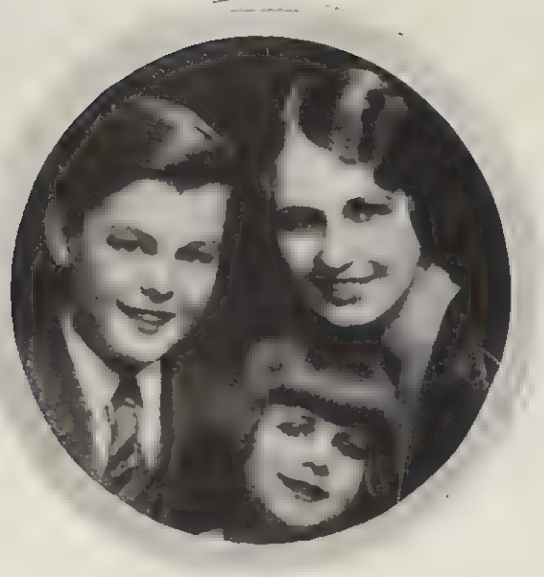

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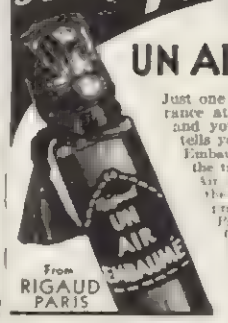

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with the dawn. Light had crept like a thief into the room, and already she could distinguish the dark curly head on the pillow. The outflung arm had its hand closed, the closed right hand of Ulster. How deeply he slept now! Before midnight, when she had come in, his sleep was light as a child's. She had hardly opened her door and stolen in, when he had raised himself on his elbow and rapped out, "Who's there?"

"Hush, dear one," she had implored, "some one will hear you. It's I, Jocelyn." And now the limbers of the Grand Army might roll by, and he would not awake.

As she watched through the casement a star faded, disappeared. She could see now the tendrils of the vine upon the sill. A bird cheeped, and a second answered it. Dawn had come. She leaned over and kissed her husband on the brow. "My lover!" she breathed gently. She drew her feet beneath her, and, turning, and resting on her hands, she sprang to the floor. Not more quietly did a bird alight. She waited an instant to see would he awake.

Silver waves of dawn passed by the window, like waves of the sea seen from the port-hole of a ship. "Thy kingdom come!" she prayed softly. Not more heavily than the light feet of birds did her feet move across the oaken boards. As she opened her door it occurred to her that she was like any light woman stealing away at dawn. But it was not that, she knew. It was that she wished to keep the jeweled place of love secret as the kingfisher's nest.

WHEN the sun rose, the Grand Army saw before it the Niemen running to the Baltic sea, the flooded, complaining river running between green corn-fields and groves of silver birches. Beyond it was Russia, the Holy. A land of small, fast horses and emeralds and churches roofed with gold. They said, "When we return we will have pack-horses laden with jeweled pictures, such as the Russians worship, and skins of the ermine and the silver fox." Eh, what tales and what loot they would return with! They laughed when they thought of poor devils in barren Spain. What they were missing, those men!

Bonaparte had said they were going only to free Poland. But the old soldiers with the notches of battle on their red faces laughed. The battering northern sun hit the young recruits with hammer blows, and they had marched so far. They wiped their brows. "Heavens! how hot it is!" But the old soldiers snorted. "What rot! If you had been in Syria as we have——"

They looked from the soft, mystic country ahead of them past the deep river, and saw the Grand Army prepared to cross. Even the tired young conscripts' backs stiffened and their chests swelled with pride. How fine it was! Four hundred and twenty thousand fighting men. Thirteen corps, exclusive of special troops and the guards. All the old warhorses were there. There were also the Emperor's brother, Jerome, and Angereau, and Murat. A thousand pieces of artillery, six bridge equipments, an equipment for sieges, provision-wagons by the thousands, and innumerable herds of oxen. There was a rumor that the greater part of the provision-wagons had been delayed. But with all those cattle they didn't see themselves starving.

And he was with them, himself, the Emperor. Since he got married to the Austrian girl, people had said he was becoming soft, dandling the *bambin* on his knee like any bourgeois, getting a belly on him. Nothing like it! If the Russian Alexander thought that, he was going to be properly shopped.

The band of the Imperial Guard crashed suddenly into the "Marseillaise," and three columns, like three great cumbersome serpents, began to move toward the bridges. There seemed to be a hitch as two divisions of the advance-guard wrestled at the bridge-head, each eager to be the first to put its foot on Russian ground. It was settled by a small figure on a white horse trotting over the bridge and reaching the invaded land first. For an instant it passed unnoticed, then from all the throats of the army a shout arose, drowning the anthem of the Imperial Guard, as the rider was recognized. It rolled over the Russian valleys and terrified the birds in the trees and made the

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wild animals in the forest slink into their dens. It crashed forth like some huge spiritual missile hurled against the sun: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

SOMETHING told Jocelyn, as the saying was, that the lank figure with the mahogany face, great beak of a nose, and black, piercing eyes, boded no good to her happiness. He had ridden up to the inn door and demanded Captain Garrett Dillon. The man looked like some sort of cosmopolitan adventurer. He had the odor of the Continent about him, and the readiness of one who had traveled everywhere. Jocelyn was about to refuse him admittance when Garrett called "Basilio!" and "What brings you hither, my old friend?"

And the man smiled winningly, and, drawing a great blue envelop from an inner pocket, said, "Dispatches from the Foreign Minister, sir, and I am so glad to see you looking well again."

"Jocelyn," Garrett said, "this is Basilio, one of our most trusted messengers." And Jocelyn bowed frigidly. Already in Garrett's tone was a change. He was again one of the gentlemen of the Foreign Office. His face had grown keener. There was a ceremonial gravity in his tones. He did not open his big blue dispatch.

"Perhaps you would like to read your letter in peace," she said, hoping vainly that he would tell her to remain, that there were no secrets between them. But he bowed pleasantly and said, "If you don't mind, Jocelyn, for a few minutes," and held the door open for her, and when it shut at her back, she felt a room of happiness was being closed against her. She was furious to find tears in her eyes.

The blue envelop contained a second one, marked "Secret and confidential." Garrett opening that, and glancing at the page, saw the firm, flowing script of Castlereagh. Since February the Downshire nobleman had been Foreign Secretary. His letter began by hoping that Garrett had effected a complete recovery, and then, apologizing for speaking so much of himself, reviewed the political situation. In addition to the Foreign Ministry, he had accepted the position of leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Canning of course felt himself entitled to this post, but in his present mood of petulance, perhaps it were better for him to remain out of office. With these two positions Garrett could see what measure of activity confronted him. His plans were very far-reaching, and he would give an idea of them to his young friend.

As he knew, Russia and England were at peace again, and peace was restored for the present between Russia and Turkey. Peace was to be formally signed between Great Britain and Sweden. Bernadotte demanded Norway as his price, and it was being given to him. The Czar had also promised him the throne of France when Napoleon was overthrown. Needless to say, this matter would be considered when the time came. Our Russian ally was rather generous. Subsidies to foreign troops in the coming year would amount to ten million pounds sterling, and this, with the scarcity of food in the country, would give rise to attacks in Parliament. There was also the coming war with North America.

Would Garrett come and give him his assistance? He would find special employ for him at the Foreign Office. He reposed a trust in his young friend that he extended to none else. If he refused, the offer was not open to any other. Apart from the kindness Garrett would be doing him, he assured his correspondent that the coming few years at the Foreign Office would be the most interesting of the century. That was, of course, provided they did not fail. He awaited his young countryman's answer.

Garrett went across to the window, and tapped on it with the letter. Of course Jocelyn would not like it. Nothing would conquer her hatred of Castlereagh. But there seemed nothing else for Garrett to do. He doubted if he could obtain employment again with the army in Spain. The commander-in-chief disliked him intensely, as indeed he disliked all his countrymen. Garrett felt that in General Wellesley's soul there was a deep dislike of Lord Castlereagh, tho he concealed it. Only for Lord Castlereagh, Wellesley would be nowhere. Wellesley knew it. Garrett felt that the moment

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The Original and Only School of Its Kind in the World

Wellesley felt himself sufficiently strong he would desert his protector. The picture of the lonely, misunderstood man, all nerve and nerves, came to him. He turned quickly to Basilio.

"Have you seen Lord Castlereagh lately, Basilio?"

"He gave me that dispatch with his own hands, sir."

"Did he say anything?"

"He said he hoped you would be with us soon again, sir, and urged me to return quickly with an answer."

"All right, Basilio. Return and tell his lordship that I shall wait upon him at the earliest opportunity."

The messenger smiled. "We'll all be glad to see you at the office, sir."

He wondered, when Basilio was gone, how he would tell Jocelyn, for he knew, tho she had said nothing, her hatred of the grim figure had not lessened. So it was with every one. The whole country loathed him. The Cabinet hated him. But he was the only man who could save the country from Bonaparte, and they must have him. The poor, who were now beginning to feel the want of bread, hated him with a hatred that burned. The extent of his power and the trust given him might be seen in Canning's downfall—the gay, clever, and honest Canning.

To Garrett, who knew Castlereagh better than anybody, there was something unearthly and strange about him. His very attempts to be human were pathetic. All his life was a concealment. None but Garrett and the big physician knew what crises of nerves the man had, how close at times his brain was to snapping. Garrett knew this man needed him. When everything was awry Garrett's mere presence seemed to calm him, his accent of Ulster, and the harassed minister would steal away to the Ards of Down, to the world of magic that his boyhood knew. If the nation needed this man, and this man needed him, then his duty was clear.

THE door opened softly, and, turning, he saw Jocelyn standing with her back to it. "So you are going back to bloody Castlereagh," she said.

He had never seen her face so white, so drained of blood, and yet upheld with so much pride. "I told you when you were so good as to come, the first day of our meeting, that return I must."

"You did," she said. "Indeed you did. All through you have acted with dignity and honor. It is I," she said, "who have acted in mean fashion, hoping by passion and beauty of body to keep you by my side. I might have known that you were not the man to give up for a woman what you think your duty. It is true that I am your wife, but I am after all a woman. I am not saying that in any bitterness. I am only saying it because I am seeing now what I should have seen before."

"It will be all the same when the war is over. We will be together again, happy as we have been. If you will only see that, Jocelyn."

"If you were to put your hand where my heart is, underneath flesh and bone, you could feel where it is cracked like some old jug that has been let fall. All my life I have been prepared for shocks until now, when I have been unprepared. In these untruthful nights and days I had conceived your love before me like a shield. And—there you are!" she said, letting her hands fall.

"My dear one," he said, "you know I must go. Even yourself in the coming days would have little respect for the man who turned aside from battle. My dear, dear one, we have been apart before and then returned to an undreamed common happiness. I am assured it will be the same again."

"It can never be the same again." She seemed to him frail as violets standing against the door. "Each hour in life, each small, uneventful hour marks a change. So what of this day of lightning that strikes the heart? You could not do otherwise being what you are, upright and sane. As to me, my dear, I have always been mad. You know that. When I was in my mother's body all her thoughts were of the glory and terror of the rebirth of France. And as a child the martyrdom of Henry Munro bit into my soul. You must forgive me, my Garrett,

Continued on Page 82

WHAT THE MODERN WOMAN DOES— SHE DOES WELL

Women today have innumerable activities and interests, and the things they do are done superlatively well. Therefore, it is not surprising that more and more women are finding it intensely interesting to make their own clothes.

When a chic, well-dressed woman says, "I made it myself," her friends are apt to feel a little thrill of admiration and probably envy, for she has done something creative, artistic and self-expressive; all of which is very modern and desirable.

Really, it isn't a bit difficult to make a smart frock with the wonderful printed patterns, which have instructions for every step of the work printed right on the pattern, and simple clear little sketches of how to put together and finish sleeves, necklines, trimmings, etc., drawn on the tissue sections representing these parts. Then with each pattern comes the Pictograf which shows you how to make your dress step by step, just as a professional would do it. Pictorial Printed Patterns are cut out ready for use and there are no margins to trim away or overlap when cutting.

Select a Pictorial Printed Pattern from the hundreds of Paris models for Fall, then purchase from the new stock of the latest fabrics which the stores have now in fascinating profusion, and give yourself the deep satisfying pleasure of making a truly distinctive and modish frock.

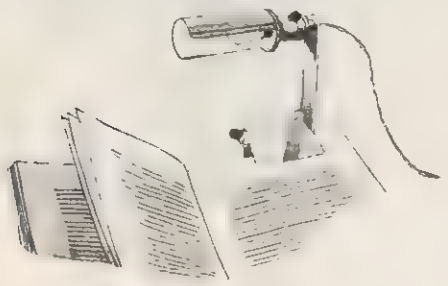
PICTORIAL PRINTED PATTERNS

Are on Sale at Representative Stores Everywhere

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

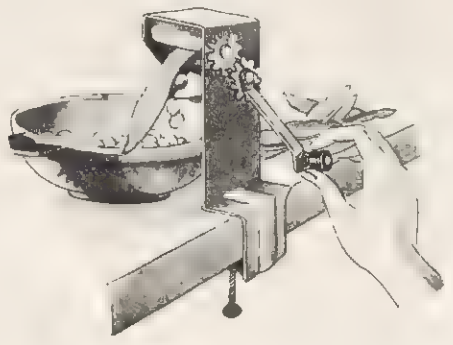
New Devices for Summer Comfort

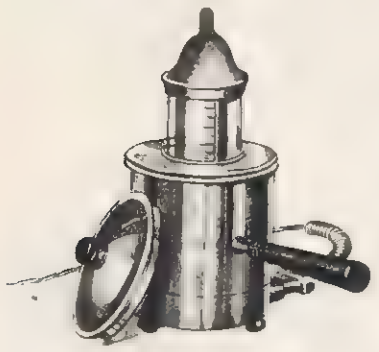
SMALL tasks have a way of assuming large proportions when the weather is warm. Then as at no other time we need all the help we can obtain for even the little jobs. I have been shopping to find some new devices and aids to comfort for these Summer months, and I'm sure that one at least of these, if used, will prove very helpful and also add interest to your daily routine.—N. H. E.



EXTREMELY convenient for late readers in bed, invalids, and all other souls who are devotees of the printed word, is this reading-lamp, which clamps to your book or magazine. It has an adjustable shield, so that you may center the light where it is needed and not as a halo around your head.

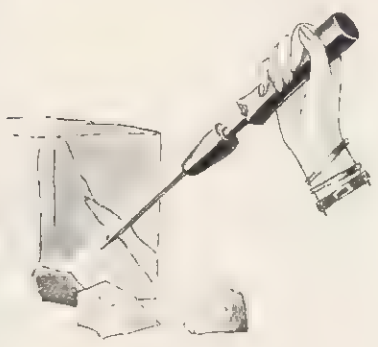
SHELLING peas by hand on a June morning may or may not be a pleasant task, according to what else you have to fill your days. Anyway those leisurely or "tired" housekeepers who wish to do other things have found that the little pea-sheller shown here saves a lot of time.

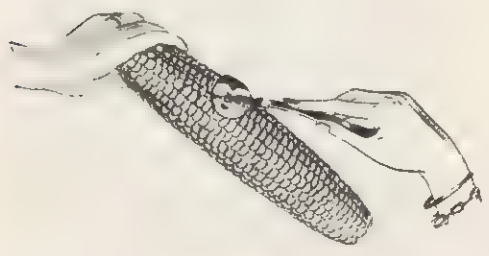




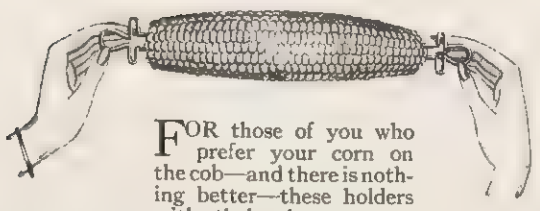
GOING traveling with the baby this Summer? If so, you will find this bottle-warmer a most satisfactory item to take along. With it you can quickly have the baby's bottle at the proper temperature day or night. It may also be used for making a hot bedtime drink for the person who suffers with insomnia, for heating water for shaving, or even for making coffee for the particular person who prefers his own brew.

THERE are ice-picks and ice-picks. This one is shown because it is so economical of ice. The first section of the handle is fitted with a spring so that pressure may be exerted at the exact spot where you wish to break the ice. This gives you neat little pieces instead of huge, scattered chunks.





IF YOU prefer to serve your corn off the cob this little corn-scorer will aid greatly in its preparation. It is slightly curved and has sharp teeth which score the top of the kernels so that the heart of the corn may be readily removed without the husks with the back of a knife.



FOR those of you who prefer your corn on the cob—and there is nothing better—these holders with their sharp prongs hold the corn securely and avert burned and buttered fingers. And they are so very reasonable in price.

For further information about any of these articles send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Household Hints, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Amazing new *Speed*-Iron

Does in 2 hours the work that took 8 by hand

Permit us, please, madam, to show it in your home.

NOW, the appliance experts of the Hurley Machine Company have perfected an amazing new machine that reduces the ironing day job to a pleasant 2-hour relaxation. And its price, madam, due to the tremendous number we are building and selling, is less than half that of any machine of comparable features and quality.

Note how easy to carry from one room to another or to put away when ironing is finished.

Eight hours of ironing in the average home

Students of home-keeping methods tell us that the ironing job takes 8 hours each week in the average home.

Take your own case, madam. Hand ironing ages you faster than any remaining household task. Actual tests show that a 6½-pound iron is raised on an average of twice a minute when ironing clothes. The pressure downward requires as much, if not more, effort. This energy expended over a period of 8 hours (the time it takes to do the average family ironing by hand) should unload from a truck over six tons of brick. Yet you perhaps wonder why hand-ironing leaves you fatigued—dragged out.

Science has found a remedy

Note first its amazing simplicity. With ten minutes' practice anyone can operate it. Note, too, its compact size—its roll of generous length—the comfortable position of the operator. This machine has an ironing surface equal to ten flatirons. It heats in 4 minutes. It irons everything, from the stacks of flat work, that make up some 90% of the average laundry, to the fine dainty things that take so long by hand. It is portable—can be placed in any pleasant room—and removed to corner or closet out of the way when not in use.

Presses men's trousers—Women's skirts

And does them with an efficiency equalled only by skilled hand pressmen. Many tell us it pays for itself in a few months in this work alone.

This machine is a Thor. For 25 years women have accepted the Thor name on a washer or ironer as the highest guarantee of superior quality and service. The world knows nothing finer.

Madam—make your decision! 8 hours of drudgery or 2 hours of pleasant relaxation with 6 hours to call your own. The coupon below will bring you more of the details in beautifully illustrated booklets describing the amazing new Thor Rotary Irons. Send for them, please, today. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

Thor

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HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY,
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Please send me booklets describing the New Thor Ironing Machine.

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From Paris To You

This is the time of year when the Fall modes take definite form, and now that the styles are changing more decidedly than they have for many seasons past, it is important that every woman who wishes to be smartly dressed keep a close watch on what the Paris designers are showing.

The best way to do this is to secure at once a copy of Pictorial Review Quarterly for Fall. Here between the covers of this beautiful book you will find the newest and smartest Fall modes which have been carefully selected from the early openings of such great Paris houses as *Agnès, Marcel Rochas, Molyneux, Maggy Rouff, Brandt, Augustabernard.*

Get a copy now and be among the first to wear the refreshingly new and chic fashions which this Fall season offers. On sale at representative stores everywhere. 25 cents a copy.

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In England send above coupon to 163 Great Portland St., London, W. 1, with remittance of 1/6

Continued from Page 80

but these things are beyond reason and unreason. I am being very selfish, making things so hard for you.

"When you fought in Spain, I did not mind, seeing it was steel against clean steel. Even were you going as aid to Mr. Canning, I should not mind, seeing that he is an upright, merry man. But dear God! dear God!" she sobbed, "the dreadful face of Castlereagh is between me and you, between me and God. I was happy as a green linnet in a small green tree, and now the hovering gyre of Castlereagh is like that of the dreadful Indian birds that scour the bones of the Parsee dead. Oh, God must be asleep or away," she uttered bitterly, "that such foulness should batten on the orb of the clean world."

"You will forget it all," he told her, "in Derrymore."

"I SHALL never see Derrymore again, its oak-groves, or small Ram's Island, or Lough Neagh's self, with the glistening pebbles on its shore. I had thought to bring you back there, and to snatch for ourselves, like some miser's treasure, peace in an unpeaceful world. I had dreamed of it, of crossing the little bridges of the Toome, of coming there when the sun was setting, over the braes of Gallion, and the lights of each tiny house coming out like stars, and the scent of peat-smoke and clean lake-water coming to us like the Draught of Healing in the stories of old Irish bards. How could I go there empty?

"Listen, my dear one, there is something I forgot to tell you in the hours of the thrushes and the hours of the nightingale. My aunt Ishbel, Munro's sister, is at peace at last, and she has left me her little property. A few hundred pounds a year, Garrett, and a house on the sea, near rowan-trees and sand-dunes. And when I am there—where it is I will not tell you—I may achieve a little peace."

"Dear God! Jocelyn, you can not go like that. After these months, this deep and true love——"

"My dear one, you must look on these days as gone. You must think of them as not with Jocelyn, or with your wife, but as some sweet adventure that has happened in your life and in the life of another. A brave and beautiful adventure which it would be indelicate to reveal, unwise to attempt to renew—" A swirling dizziness came into her head, as had come twice before, and she knew it was the child of which she had not yet told him, of which she would never now tell him, child of them both. She left the room swiftly without another word, lest she should swoon.

He thought: "She will weep now, in her room. She will weep, as women do, in their own rooms. And a little peace will come to her, and when I am gone the quietness and reflection will make her as before. For she is alone," he thought, "and she needs me. She is alone," he repeated. It never occurred to him that she might not be so.

OUT of the clean air of Wales, and out of the clear air of fighting Spain, Garrett felt that he had come into a place where all evil odors were covered with musk. He did not know whether it was he who had changed or Lord Castlereagh, but the great minister's manner seemed to him a little too unctuous, his smile much too bland. What his own position in the Government was he did not know. He was still in charge of the King's messengers, and with but a small reserve he saw all the secret and confidential work under Castlereagh. The talk of London sickened him.

There was the most unholy glee over the defeat of Bonaparte by the Russians —the "infamous Bonaparte," as he was called. Privately there was much criticism of the Russians because he had been allowed to escape, and the kindest old church-going ladies expressed a wish that he should have been trampled under Cossack horses, mutilated by Cossack lancers. All England seemed suddenly to have gone mad on the subject of Russia. A very ordinary fellow, Prince Kolooski, was adjudged to be the most divine waltzer in the Assembly Rooms. The Duke of Clarence was openly angling for a Russian princess in holy matrimony. The Prince Regent himself was all for

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ONE drop of this amazing liquid and you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." *Satisfaction guaranteed.* Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

marrying into the Russian imperial family, if the Princess of Wales would only give him an opportunity of getting rid of her. But the Princess in her seclusion at Blackheath remained chaste as any nun.

The Prince began to show the bloated form of dropsy, and was hissed and hooted by the people wherever he went. General Wellesley was also going down in public esteem. Quietly and ominously, on the outskirts of the Cabinet, Mr. Canning was waiting. And press and people united in eulogizing his public and private life. There were rumors every day of a turn in the elections, of even a revolution, but Lord Castlereagh was quiet and bland.

Beneath the quietness, the blandness, the political duplicity, Garrett found the Foreign Secretary working harder than ever. All Europe seemed to think Napoleon beaten, the end in sight, but Castlereagh never stopped. An immense organization of spies seemed to have taken form out of nothing. Cocottes and waiters of foreign extraction were smuggled into France, and there, directed by Bow Street agents, went ahead with their work of extracting information of value.

Common gamblers were impressed into service. Gentlemen who had made mistakes in their careers were given the option of standing trial or engaging in secret work. Garrett was surprized to find that even in the prisons work was not neglected. French and American prisoners of war were well treated so long as they would imbibe revolutionary principles against their own countries. There was no province of subversive work against the enemy that had escaped Lord Castlereagh's attention.

"I don't see what good this can do, my lord," he told Castlereagh when he discovered that the patriotism of prisoners was being suborned.

"These men will return to their countries when the war is over. Of what use are they?"

"There will always be another war, and these men, or the descendants of these men, will do our work in their countries," Castlereagh smiled.

"I see, and these cocottes and waiters, sir, are they to be trusted?"

"Curiously enough, they are," Castlereagh smiled. "For one reason, if they play us false we see that the French are informed of their former activities, and the French give short shrift to spies. And for another, they must be true to us, for there is money to be gained in London as cocotte and waiter, when there is little to be gained in Paris."

"It all seems to revolve around a question of money," Garrett said sourly.

"Everything does, Garrett. That is what the ordinary citizen does not see. That money spent in this war means acquisitions of taxable territory, trade-routes for the future, the crippling of the enemies' commerce. The new theory of war is business."

"Before Heaven, it does not mean that in Ireland."

"No, Ireland has no business sense, is a poor country, can not see that the longest purse wins in the end. But what words are these, Garrett? Has madam been preaching her rebel principles?"

"I am not so sure now," Garrett astounded himself by saying, "that madam is not right."

BUT the Foreign Secretary was too fine a diplomat to be bothered by this.

"It is the way of young men to be revolutionary," he said blandly. "When I was young I was a sworn member of the United Irishmen, and I toasted the sovereign people as hotly as any Frenchman," and he smiled.

"Do we not all know that, my lord!" Garrett said quietly.

A curious change had come over Castlereagh since last he was in office. Garrett had noticed. In the old days, in spite of the evil he had done to Ireland, the Foreign Secretary had loved it. He was like a man who had changed his religion through reasoning and whose heart still clung to ancient ceremonial, and a church which had taught him his prayers. The smell of peat-smoke, the flight of green plover, a half-finished bar of music, and Ireland, the loved and troubling ghost, walked again in the dark corridors of one's being. But now his shamefaced love of Ireland had been replaced by a cold, malignant hatred. When one spoke

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Prepare yourself with a bottle today; have it ready to pack in your bag. With Absorbine, Jr. you can face your holidays with the pleasant, satisfactory inward thought: "Sunburn will not spoil a minute of my vacation."

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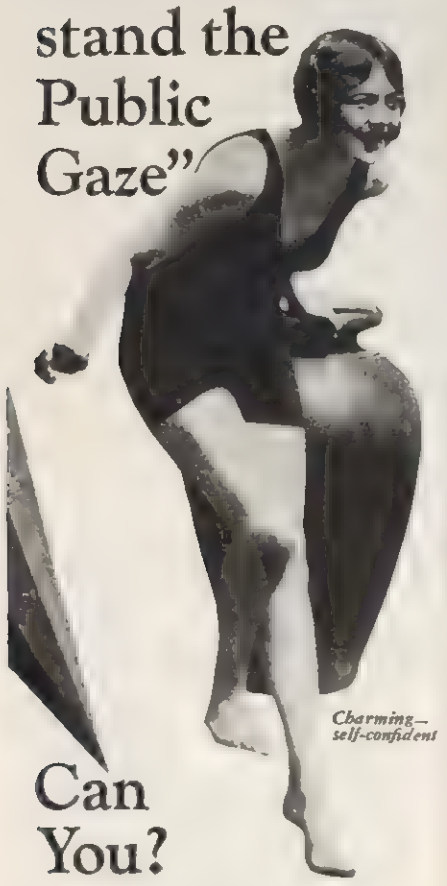

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of Ireland a frozen smile would creep over the ex-Irishman's face.

Garrett noted how the Prince Regent's affection for Ireland had given way to mistrust. The slobbering German princeling with the bluff heartiness of a public-house keeper had always appreciated the time when the gentlemen of Ireland had wished to make him King of Ireland, not out of any particular liking for him, but because they hated his father. He was the sort of Englishman who wept at Tom Moore's Irish melodies.

But lately he had taken a turn, as the street phrase was, against the sister kingdom. All that he had promised to do to her was forgotten. From the days he had entered the portals of Hertford House, and the dreadful marchioness, Lord Castlereagh's cousin, had him in thrall, he had been bitter against Ireland. That was Castlereagh's doing. Garrett was shocked to find that the alliance between the Hertfords and the Prince Regent was not an ordinary political one, as he had believed. It was another vulgar intrigue. Mr. Creevy, at Brooke's Club, told him of the many times at dinner that the Prince had been stricken dumb for hours and great tears coursed down his fat cheeks for love of the marchioness.

"But Lord Castlereagh must disapprove of this, Mr. Creevy."

The bluff Englishman looked at him keenly. "Lord Castlereagh lives on that." And he said a dreadful word in connection with the Foreign Secretary. He looked at Garrett. "You're a funny crowd, you Irish," he said. "Your music is lugubrious, your wars are joyous, you'd cut a man's throat for an ill-judged word, and yet you get your hackles up at the thought of a man living with a woman in other than wedlock."

"Exactly," Garrett said. "And that is why Lord Castlereagh must disapprove of it, because he is Irish, too."

Mr. Creevy removed the churchwarden pipe from his mouth, and looked at the fire. "You are wrong. Lord Castlereagh has no country. His origin and his end are in the gutters of hell. I admire his brain. I think he is a splendid statesman. But the cesspools of hell hold no fouler spirit."

"I am afraid you are blinded, sir, with the common prejudice against him."

"I wish I were blinded as you are, boy, by illusions I have either lost or never had," said Mr. Creevy.

THE Foreign Secretary, pausing from his routine work, sat back quietly in his chair. He ran his beautiful hands over his white, mask-like face, arranged the frills of cuff and bosom, and began to review the situation quietly. The battle with Bonaparte was all but over. Like an old card-player, he knew that the game was coming to a close. No skill in the world can compete against cards. He held them. Bonaparte might produce a last great flash of genius, but he could never win. Lord Castlereagh held too many cards. And Bonaparte knew it.

How hard it had been to beat Napoleon none in England would ever know. He was only thought of as the Corsican bandit, the infamous Bonaparte, but Lord Castlereagh knew him better. The astounding vitality of the man, the extraordinary attraction of him. The Bourbon King, whom Lord Castlereagh had decided to replace on the throne, would never have the hearts of the people as Napoleon had had them. Even now, when defeat was in the air, the young men were rallying to him. He would have a new army in five months. But Lord Castlereagh had the money. It was extraordinary, Lord Castlereagh mused, the solidity and vitality of gold coin compared to human life.

There was the tragic part of it; that he, who handled the tide of English gold, had so little of it himself. It was infuriating to see sailors and soldiers receive vast grants and prize-money for operations he had planned. And for himself a title, an Order of the Garter, was considered sufficient. And he needed money. Only once had he made money, and that was in the old Irish days, when Mr. Pitt was spending so much money on Irish secret service, and it had gone through his hands. After all, what he had done was only what any official would have done in that Government.

But here was the point: He had become great since then, and the man who had been privy to various little transactions, the informer Reynolds, gave him no rest. He had made Reynolds postmaster-general at Lisbon, where he was making a large income. But how long Reynolds would leave him in peace he did not know. The shadow of Reynolds in the background had made him very wary of using any occasion for gaining money, tho occasions had been scarce. The agent who handled the remittances of England to the foreign powers was Nathan Mayer Rothschild, and none could think of proposing an arrangement to him. One would be afraid of the contempt in his eyes.

Even apart from the lack of money, it seemed to Lord Castlereagh that he got little credit from any except in the small circle of his power. The old English county families despised him in spite of his family alliances. They would always remember he had been Mr. Stewart. Even the Irish peers he had made at the Union kept aloof from him, hoping that by damning him the origin of their patents would be forgotten. Lord Castlereagh smiled at that, for tho the manufactured nobility of Ireland might strut in London he knew that the hearts of the peasantry clung to their chieftains. To their old chieftains they would give their last crust, for the old chieftains would give their last crust to them.

WELL, what did it profit a man to think of Ireland, sneered the Foreign Secretary, for Ireland had been. Nothing could be more dead than Ireland, thought Lord Castlereagh, and his hand had done it. Now let it be a kitchen-garden, a small paddock, a field of corn for England. He might, if he had chosen, have made it greater than England, but Lord Castlereagh hadn't chosen.

He must, he thought to himself, now that the Napoleonic days were drawing to their close, make a further effort for power. And always he had in mind the States of America that had once been England's. A great campaign against them, the utter reduction of them, would be a scheme great as any mad plan of Napoleon's. When the day came he would hit, and the day was coming soon. The navy had at present to keep its eye on Napoleon. But soon all the navy would be free. His colleagues in the Cabinet knew little of his plans.

There was that confidential report of Mr. Jackson, who had been across as plenipotentiary in 1809. Mr. Jackson was a man with a career. He had been very useful before the bombardment of Copenhagen. Mr. Jackson had kept his eyes open in Washington too. There would be a savage outcry against his methods, but nobody must see his notes —least of all young Garrett Dillon. At the thought of the young aid, Lord Castlereagh's mind and heart rose.

In an age where he had found little but corruption and duplicity, the Foreign Secretary thought of the young Irishman as a visitor from one of the clean, aloof stars. The Foreign Secretary had discovered a peculiar quality in himself and accounted it unto himself for righteousness, that once a man had done a foul job for him, thenceforward he distrusted and disliked that man. Now the Jacksons were capable diplomats, but he disliked them, tho he received them with unction.

He had no intention of keeping his bargain with the Jacksons if he could help it, for an agreement with a knave was not a binding agreement. One had to do these things, for one was acting for the community, and the common level of the community, he had found, was, as to honesty, little above the common level of the Fleet Prison. For oneself, one must hold oneself inviolate. For when one departed this life, and was with Christ, which is far better, what one was judged by was one's own character, not the character of the community.

Lord Castlereagh thought of his own life, austere and pious. In an age when the future King flaunted his amours not one word had ever been uttered against his own integrity as to women. He drank no wine, and gambling was anathema to him. All knew of his devotion to the Bible, and as to religious ceremony his attendance was exemplary. He was a living precept and example to all. If they did not care to follow his example, so much the worse for them.

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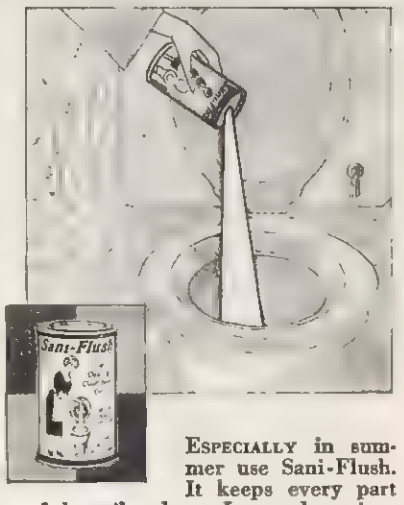

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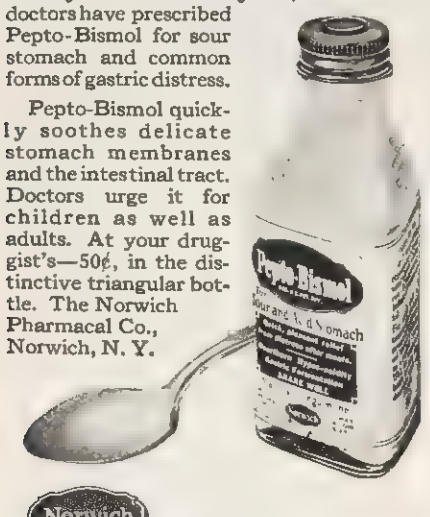

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In all his acquaintance he could see no one that approached him in righteousness except young Dillon of Ballinderry. The boy was high-minded—too high-minded to ever be a success in politics. He was known as the "Incorruptible" in the Foreign Office, but that title was of no value to you in public life unless you were corrupt. The boy had faults; he was outspoken, lacked tact; was not averse to a glass of wine, and was overmuch attached to horses. But these were things that age would cure, and he was so tremendously efficient. The King's messengers were as trustworthy and physically fit and experienced a lot as you would find anywhere. Garrett had been ruthless. Garrett's "He goes or I go!" left no option.

Castlereagh always liked the look of the boy, his hungry Irish face and steady eyes. No buck or professional duelist of the period had ever picked a quarrel with young Dillon. He liked his aloofness from women. That probably came from his unfortunate marriage, about which he was so taciturn. Very regrettable, very foolish, thought Lord Castlereagh. But then, who can tell how a marriage will turn out?

Lord Castlereagh had in mind a reward for young Dillon when all was finished. He would make a marvelous gesture, rewarding the young man for being a backbone of strength and honesty in evil days. Garrett would protest and object, but he would override him. Through the Marchioness of Hertford he would see that the Prince created Garrett the Earl Clandillon and a representative Irish peer. How useful he would be in the Upper House!

FROM the small garden of the aged house, Jocelyn could see the sands of her island stretch white and fine into the vast Atlantic—the purple, sailless sea. Between her and Nova Scotia, New Scotland, there was nothing now but an odd ship and the protection of God.

A country out of a fairy-story, Jocelyn had thought this Hebridean isle when she came hither from Scotland. The house her aunt Ishbel had inherited and passed on to her was such a retreat as must cure any heart that was broken. Never were land and sea the same from one to the other moment.

Her own house, covered with saffron stonewort, and thatched so well and evenly that the white sands were not whiter than its sloping roof, had an enduring loveliness. Jocelyn sighed a little when she thought of all it had taken to get the old house in repair, to buy the Highland cattle with the long horns that even now would be soon coming home for the milking, and the small ponies that had the strength of big hunters. She was not yet accustomed to be straitened for money. But then, the thought came to her, what money did she need on the edge of the world? And her next year's income would be in the hands of the banking folk before her child was born.

But her house, her small neat estate, was beautiful. Her little Hebridean garden was not like the great gardens of Derrymore. Where the wind was like a giant and the sea like a tyrant, the making of a garden had difficulties. But they were kindly giants, kindly tyrants. On the edge of the great Atlantic drift there were warmth and color in Winter days that the mainland knew nothing of. And Summer was a saint's dream of peace.

ALWAYS there was a surprize that a grown child would have loved. In some narrow pool of the little river that came from a hill spring you might come on a great blue salmon, freshly from the sea, the blue of his back like the blue of a spearhead. Or you could see a great golden eagle from Hekla spread huge wings to come down upon the shore. Or on a night of moonlight a shower would come between you and the moon, and the moonbow, more delicate than any rainbow, would hang like a cluster of jewels in the sky. And in the Winter the galloping northern lights fought their desperate battle at the pole.

Here, too, was a link with the Ireland she loved, and from which she would ever be an exile, she thought. On a little island north of her had dwelt the gentlest of Irish saints, Calumcille, the "Dove of the Church," as the Gaels called him, the saint who blessed the passing whales, and blessed his old horse that had come to rub its nose against him on the evening before he died. She thought of the aged kindly saint, who had lived so long ago, and with a little feeling of awe knew that he would be near to her, without the house, when she was delivered of her child. And she put more faith in the Irish saint than in the shrewd Scots obstetrician from Glasgow who was to come at her appointed time.

Her island still clung to the archaic church, as did much of Ireland, but here in the quiet Hebrides there were no politics to religion. From where she sat on the edge of the strand on the sward of small sea-grass, she could see the women of the island spearing flatfish in the pools on the sands. The pools were red

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4718	45	1/6	4831	35	1/–	4874	45	1/6LH	4892	45	1/6
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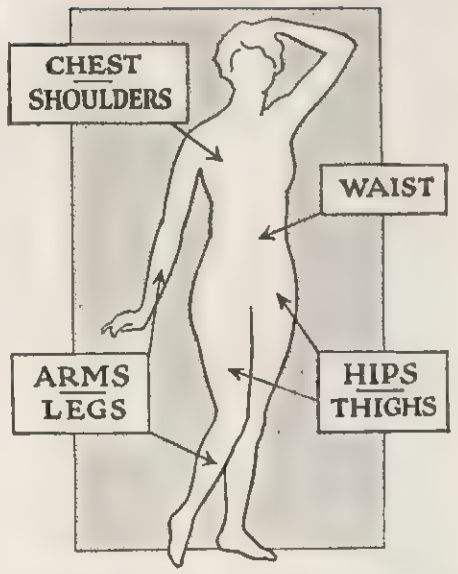

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as the setting sun, from the sun which was setting, and the women were wading in the pools with skirts high-kilted, their legs white as snow over the scarlet of water. It seemed to Jocelyn that they were like women of Tyre treading on the vats of red and purple Tyrian dyes. From their small church that had been an old fane of missionary monks came the small bell of the angelus: "The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary. And she conceived of the Holy Ghost," went its mystic call. And the women came out of the pools, dropping their skirts and kneeling on the white sand, grave and simple, and most close to God.

Because the quiet of Calumcille had come on, and her heart, if not happy, was at ease, a song came to her lips, as simply as a song came to birds at the close of day. What song she sang she did not choose, but one that came to her out of an old memory.

"Are you the woman of this place?" Jocelyn heard a voice above her speaking in anger.

She raised her eyes quietly. Above her stood a vast, spare man with white hair closely cut, like a well-fitting cap. He was very erect, very old, but his blue eyes were like the eyes of eagles, fit to look in the sun's eyes. He wore the kilt of his clan—Jocelyn had not the intricate knowledge of tartans—and a sporran of deerskin, but his short coat was of tweed and held the scent of peat and heather. In his gnarled hands was a stick of holly-wood. His eyes were blazing at her. Behind him stood two Highland boys or men who looked at her with hatred in their eyes, and a middle-aged man in urban dress, who seemed uncomfortable and fiddled with a snuff-box. The old giant seemed ready to strike her with his heavy walking-staff.

"Yes," Jocelyn said quietly, "I am, as you put it, the woman of this place."

"I know what you're singing, woman," he said, and he took his holly-stick more firmly in his hand, and a fear crept into Jocelyn's heart that this giant madman would kill her. "I know that song, tho your Gaelic is thicker than our Gaelic. But that song is known to me," he said.

"It's got a very nice lilt to it," Jocelyn said.

"It's got the lilt of hell," the old man said; "a song to make clansmen cut their chiefs' throats. A song conceived of French brandy and *louis d'or*. Woman, what right have you to sing that song in these clean lands?"

"You have the air and port of a gentleman," Jocelyn said.

"I am the MacNeil, and chief of these islands," the old man said. "Now judge whether or not I am a gentleman."

"I have already judged," Jocelyn said, "and God knoweth there is not the least beggar on these islands but is a better gentleman than *you*. For who here would bully a woman big with child?"

THE gillies looked as if they were going to spring at her throat. The urban man seemed distressed, took a great pinch of snuff, trumpeted loudly into a red handkerchief.

"Aye!" the old man said, "whose child? Have you come here into my clean place after the lecheries of France, to conceal your shame?"

"MacNeil! MacNeil!" warned the middle-aged man in town clothes.

"I don't know whether to be angry with you," Jocelyn said, "or to explain to you, because I know you are only angry for your people's sake."

"They are a small people," the MacNeil said, "yet they can have my heart's blood for drink. My life is nothing and my soul is little to me compared to the souls of this folk."

The gillies looked at Jocelyn with a fierce pride, and the urban gentleman seemed moved.

"Very well, then, to put your mind at rest," Jocelyn said, "my child was conceived and will be born in wedlock. And to further vouch for my respectability, his father is one of the gentlemen of the Foreign Office."

"Woman, you lie," said the MacNeil.

"MacNeil! MacNeil! I warn you these words are actionable at law," the city man was perturbed. "The whole affair is most illegal."

But Jocelyn cut the man of affairs short with a look, and rose up.

"Put your eyes on me, MacNeil," she said, "and tell me: am I a woman who lies?"

The old chieftain looked at her, and decided evidently she was not.

"Then why for are you not with your man?" he asked bruskly.

"Because he is close to Lord Castlereagh, and the sight of Castlereagh is to me the sight of a foul thing out of the sewers of the city of the devil. I think even the flowers and trees droop when he passes by. I suppose you admire Lord Castlereagh——"

BUT the old chieftain's face had darkened to a thunder-cloud. He took the great holly-stick in both hands and broke it as tho it were a twig.

"The badger, the dark and stinking badger!" he cried. "Eh, but I think ill of England that no man is hero enough to kill him for the sake of all."

"MacNeil! MacNeil!" the man of affairs warned. "These are dreadful words. These things are better kept to yourself, MacNeil."

"Then your husband," the MacNeil said to Jocelyn, "is not an honest man."

"No honester man lives," Jocelyn said proudly. "He is so honest that he can not see the evil in Castlereagh. Also, MacNeil, Castlereagh has a winning tongue."

"And you could not persuade him—"

"Is there anything more obstinate," she cried, "than a man in his honesty?"

"But why for have you come to this lonely place?"

"Because it belongs to me, Chieftain. If I will not live with my husband, I will not live on him."

"It seems we were mistaken," the MacNeil said to his man of affairs.

"I'll ask you, MacNeil, to speak for yourself. I was never with you in maligning the lady." The man of affairs wiped his spectacles. "I was never in the habit of making hasty decision, MacNeil."

The old chieftain looked at his gillies.

"Rob Ogg and Shian Donn, when you have left me on the shore of Scotland, ye will return here, and be at the call of this lady, night and day, in fair or stormy weather, and come to Scotland on an errand if she needs it."

"But I will need nothing," Jocelyn protested.

"May I have my pipes, MacNeil?" asked Shian Donn.

"Your pipes will be sent you, Shian Donn."

"But I don't need a piper, MacNeil."

"If the gloom comes on you," the MacNeil said, "and you in your dangerous way—Shian Donn is a sure specific against the deep Hebridean gloom."

"But there are pipers in this island," Jocelyn protested.

"There are people who have learned the pipes," asserted Shian Donn. "My lady, there are pipers, and great pipers, and myself, this man."

"This is arranged!" said MacNeil. "Now Rob Ogg, you are to go over this island and the next islands, and tell them that the Lady of Castle Trim is MacNeil's friend."

"But none will hurt me on these islands, MacNeil."

"None. But this is courtesy to the islands' self. As Rob Ogg is the world's wonder with a boat, and tireless over plain land and hilly land, if a need comes on you to send a man into Scotland's self. Wee lady," he took her hand, "you will not refuse an old man who wishes to help a small person into life. It means much to me, who, in my young and soldiering days, have helped so many out of it."

"Is it true what you said, MacNeil, that you are my friend?"

"It is God's truth!"

"Then I have two friends on this edge of the European world."

"Whom else could you rank as a friend here with MacNeil?" the old chieftain asked stiffly.

"Calumcille."

"Och, him!" The MacNeil smiled, pleased at the answer. "Then you're well befriended, wee lady, what with me and Calumcille."

The concluding instalment of "Field of Honor" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published July 25th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

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When you send us a change of address we act on it at once, but it is impossible for us to make the desired change until the second month following the date when we get your letter. This is because the tremendous circulation of Pictorial Review makes it necessary to have all addresses ready six weeks before the time for mailing comes around.

Intelligent women let their tooth paste buy their cold cream

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Now that delightful sensation is brought to you by Listerine Tooth Paste—25 cents the large tube.

Try it one week. Note how quickly it cleans. How it removes all traces of discoloration and leaves teeth gleaming. How it invigorates the entire oral tract.

Millions, finding that Listerine Tooth Paste gives such pleasant results have rejected older and costlier favorites. The average saving is $3 per year per person.

We'll wager that once you try it, you too, will be convinced of its merit. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

HE THOUGHT:
"How absolutely lovely she is tonight!"

SHE THOUGHT:
"How glad I am I washed my hair and changed to this fresh dress!"

Real cleanliness is the greatest beauty secret!

What is it that puts high-lights in your hair ... glints of gold or copper? What is it gives your skin the vivid pinkness that even great painters find difficult to get on canvas? What is it that transforms the simplest summer frock . . . makes it *charming?*

The answer, of course, is *real cleanliness.*

It isn't that we do not know these things. The question is, do we make *use* of this great aid to beauty as much as we might and should?

What doctors say about shampooing

The dryest hair is oily enough to catch the dirt that flies everywhere. As this grime kills hair luster, why let it accumulate?

Authorities advise a thorough shampoo every two weeks . . . and *oftener* when a hair dressing is used, when you perspire freely, when your hair is naturally oily, when in work or play your head is exposed to more dust and dirt than is usual. And remember, any good toilet soap is a good shampoo soap.

Don't fail, either, to wash your comb and brush thoroughly every few days.

Wash your face the only "best" way

The skin, also, is invisibly oily and dirt-catching . . . and water alone will not remove this film. Soap, the real cleanser, is needed.

Skin specialists say that creams and powders, when used as a *substitute* for soap and water, increase rather than lessen the possibility of blackheads and "shiny nose". They call soap and water "the most valuable agent we have for keeping the skin of the face normal and healthy".

Elbows, underwear and finger nails

Are your elbows dark and roughened? Then *brush* them every night with warm soapy water and see this unloveliness gradually disappear.

If you aren't able to manage as many professional manicures as you would like, soap-scrub your nails once a day with a stiff brush, and push the cuticle back with the towel while drying. You'll find that except for occasional shaping and polishing, little else is needed.

From stockings and underwear to dresses, scarfs, gloves, etc., there's only one safe rule about your clothing: anything that is *doubtful* is definitely *too soiled to wear.*

The kind of beauty called "elusive"

Other people know when we do and do not take baths. Other people notice when the attention we give to cleanliness is the 100% and constant kind.

Isn't "daintiness" just another name for being *clean?*... and "elusive" beauty, probably mostly *extra* cleanliness? . . . of body, face, hands, hair, clothing, and all the many little details?

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

You wouldn't care to meet Marvin

Winning new users by thousands. Listerine Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢

Money. Charm. Ability. In all New York there was no abler man in his field. Yet people called him "the prince of pariahs."

Men thought him a great fellow—for a little while. Women grew romantic about him—until they *knew*. People welcomed him at first—then dropped him as though he were an outcast.

Poor Marvin, yearning so for companionship and always denied it. Poor Marvin, ignorant of his nickname and ignorant, likewise, of the foundation for it.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

***Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.**

LISTERINE

Beauty renews itself at night

If you give your skin this simple bedtime care

EACH night you can prepare your complexion for new loveliness tomorrow—loveliness given by nature while you sleep.

For—in your marvelous skin itself are the only real makers of beauty . . . invisible glands of oil and moisture which will keep your skin smooth and young, soft and lovely—if you let them. All day long these tiny beauty-workers struggle with dust, soot, soft clinging powder. But at night they must be *free,* truly free—to refresh and renew your skin.

Help your skin to make itself lovely—Ivory-cleansing sets free the tiny beautifiers in your skin. It removes not only surface soil, but deep-in dirt.

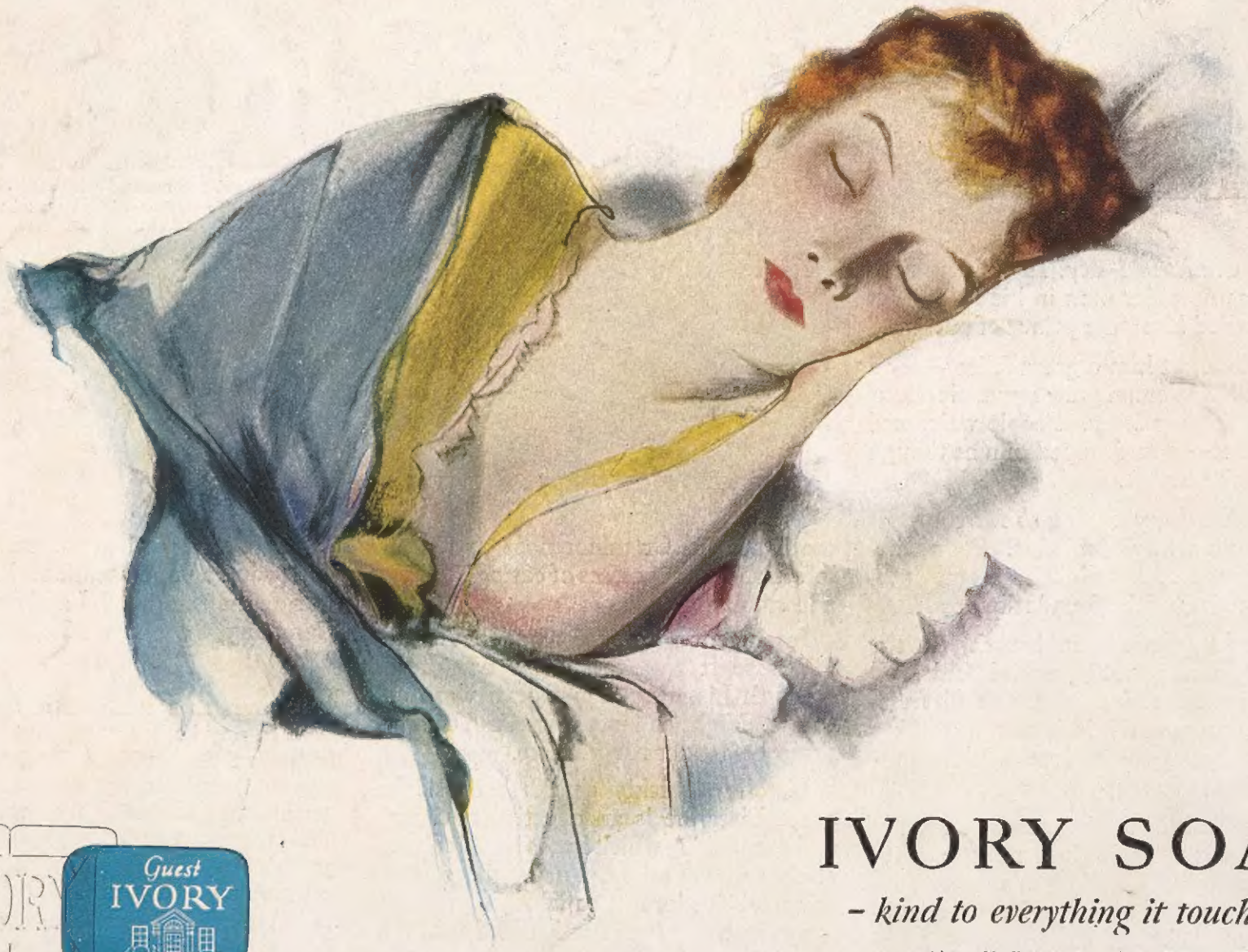
Ivory lather, as you know, is clear, buoyant, without the slightest greasy "feel." So it bubbles down into the pores and coaxes out the clogging dust, cream and powder. It really does *coax* it out, for Ivory is gentle enough for a baby's rose-petal skin . . .

This clear, bubbly lather rinses easily too and leaves your skin actually *feeling* supple and free. (Use cold cream first, if you wish, to soften dust and make-up—but be sure to remove the soiled cold cream with a deep Ivory-cleansing.)

You can not buy a finer, purer soap than Ivory. Nor can you give your complexion a finer "beauty-treatment" than an Ivory-cleansing each night. Then, while you sleep, your skin is free to make itself lovelier; and when you wake, it is fresher, younger, than when you went to bed.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different skin? For hair, hands, figures? The 'why' of wrinkles." Send a post card for "On the Art of Being Charming" to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VR-79, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY

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